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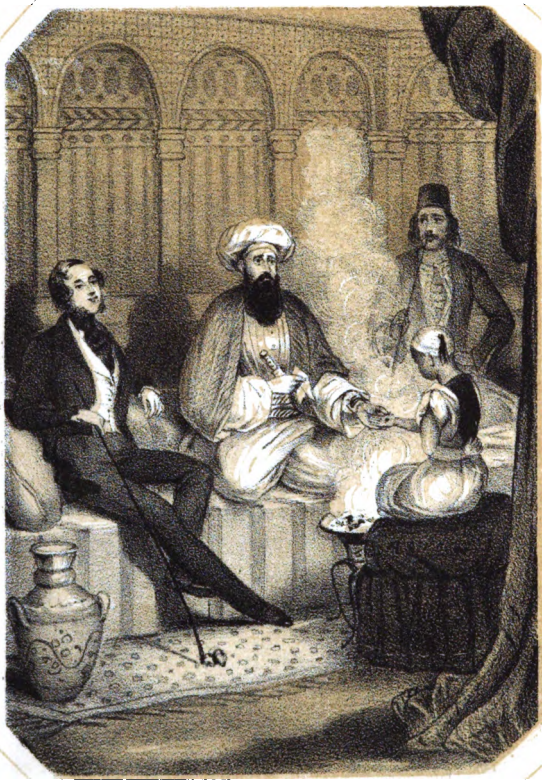
Curiosities [afterw.]
Romance of modern travel

P. R.

General

Per. 2031 f. $\frac{105}{1046}$





CURIOSITIES
OF
MODERN TRAVEL:

A Year-Book of Adventure.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo Terror to delight us.

SOUTHEY.



LONDON:
DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

M DCCC XLVI.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of this "YEAR-BOOK OF ADVENTURE" is confident that the narratives and incidents comprised in this volume will afford even more pleasure and information than those contained in its two predecessors, the past twelve months having ushered in a greater number of interesting and attractive books of travels than either of the previous years had produced. Among these it may be sufficient to enumerate "Eothen," the Countess Hahn-Hahn's "Travels," Mr. Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross," Captain Wilkes's "United States Exploring Expedition," — all full of sparkling descriptions of people and lands, ever interesting and ever new. As not the least curious of the contents of the volume which he has now the pleasure to lay before his readers, the Editor would draw attention to the "Exposure of Abd-el-Kader, the Magician of Cairo."

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CURIOSITIES OF MODERN TRAVEL.

EXPOSURE OF ABD-EL KADER, THE "MAGICIAN OF CAIRO."

EGYPT has ever been the land of magicians and enchantments. In the days of the Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph," and became the oppressive task-master of the Israelites, the magicians whom the tyrant summoned to withstand Moses succeeded *twice* in imitating the miraculous judgments which the prophet was empowered to bring upon the land of Egypt; but beyond these *two* instances, their sorceries were stayed. Probably, even this partial display of supernatural power was permitted in order to show more certainly whence the divinely appointed messenger to Pharaoh derived his power of working miracles; and the magicians at once admitted the superiority of the prophet's wonders over their own, for "they said unto Pharaoh, *This is the finger of God!*"

In the present day, we are always inclined to doubt the reality of superhuman interference with the affairs of men, and certainly are not disposed to consider that the power of working miracles is any longer delegated to man. Had the lights of modern philosophical discoveries shed their splendour in by-gone ages, many wonders now enshrined as miracles in the pages of profane history would have been related as either skilful or merely fortuitous adaptations of natural laws, which research or accident had enabled a *few* men to discover, and which they carefully concealed from the *many*, for the sake of the spiritual supremacy or temporal advantages they could derive from their credulity.

While we may now, marvel at the easy faith which caused men of otherwise clear understanding to remain tranquilly in a state of mystic bondage, we must not too proudly presume that we are yet entirely freed from the same shackles. In the following account of the "Magician of Cairo," while perhaps a clue to the mystery is furnished, there will be found some minor details in several experiments which no one has yet been able to explain. Since the first narrative by Mr. Lane, in 1836, the scientific world has been puzzling over the "miracle." As we shall see, a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, in 1837, professed to furnish a solution of the problem; but it was reserved for Mr. Lane himself, through the medium of Lord Nugent, in his lately published work, "Lands Sacred and Classical," to throw that light on the mystery which

now makes it rank as an ordinary piece of trickery, leaving unaccounted for only a few phenomena, probably having their rise in the excited imaginations of the parties chosen as the media of the reputed supernatural revelations.

I. MR. EDWARD WILLIAM LANE'S NARRATIVE.

"A FEW days after my first arrival in his country (Egypt), my curiosity was excited on the subject of magic, by a circumstance related to me by Mr. Salt, our consul-general. Having had reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, from the fact of several articles of property having been stolen from his house, he sent for a celebrated Mughrebee magician, with the view of intimidating them, and causing the guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to confess his crime. The magician came, and said that he would cause the exact image of the person who had committed the thefts to appear to any youth not arrived at the age of puberty; and desired the master of the house to call in any boy whom he might choose. As several boys were then employed in a garden adjacent to the house, one of them was called for this purpose. In the palm of this boy's right hand, the magician drew with a pen a certain diagram, in the centre of which he poured a little ink. Into this ink, he desired the boy steadily to look. He then burned

some incense, and several bits of paper, inscribed with charms ; and at the same time caused several objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw all these objects ; and last of all, the image of the guilty person. He described his stature, countenance, and dress, said that he knew him, and directly ran down into the garden, and apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before the master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.

“The above relation made me desirous of witnessing a similar performance during my first visit to this country ; but not being acquainted with the name of the magician here alluded to, or his place of abode, I was unable to obtain any tidings of him. I learned, however, soon after my return to England, that he had become known to later travellers in Egypt ; was residing in Cairo ; and that he was called the Sheykh Abd El-Ckadir El-Mughrebee. A few weeks after my second arrival in Egypt, my neighbour, Osman, interpreter of the British consulate, brought him to me, and I fixed a day for his visiting me, to give me a proof of the skill for which he was so much famed. He came at the time appointed, about two hours before noon, but seemed uneasy, frequently looked up at the sky through the window, and remarked that the weather was unpropitious : it was dull and cloudy, and the wind boisterous. The experiment was performed with three boys, one after another. With the first, it was partially successful ; but with the

others, it completely failed. The magician said he could do nothing more that day ; and that he would come in the evening of a subsequent day. He kept his appointment, and admitted that the time was favourable. While waiting for my neighbour before mentioned, to come and witness the performances, we took pipes and coffee, and the magician chatted with me on indifferent subjects. He is a fine, tall, and stout man, of a rather fair complexion, with a dark brown beard ; is shabbily dressed ; and generally wears a large green turban, being a descendant of the prophet. In his conversation, he is affable and unaffected. He professed to me that his wonders were effected by the agency of good spirits ; but to others he has said the reverse—that his magic is Satanic.

“ In preparing for the experiment of the magic mirror of ink, which, with some other performances of a similar nature, are here termed *durb el-mendel*, the magician first asked me for a reed-pen and ink, a piece of paper, and a pair of scissors ; and having cut off a narrow strip of paper, wrote upon it certain forms of invocation, together with another charm, by which he professes to accomplish the object of the experiment. He did not attempt to conceal these ; and on my asking him to give me copies of them, he readily consented, and immediately wrote them for me, explaining to me, at the same time, that the object he had in view was accomplished through the influence of the two first words, ‘ Turshoon ! ’ and ‘ Turyooshoon ! ’ which, he said,

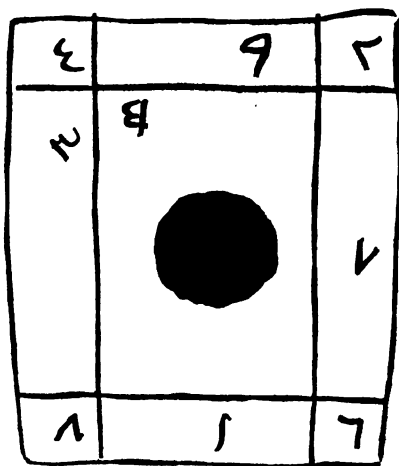
were the names of two genii, his "familiar spirits." I compared the copies with the originals, and found that they exactly agreed. (Mr. Lane then gives fac-similes, with a translation :—)

"Turshoon! Turyooshoon! Come down!
 Come down! Be present! Whither are gone
 the prince and his troops? Where are El-Ahmar
 the prince and his troops? Be present
 ye servants of these names!
 And this is the removal. 'And we have
 removed from thee
 thy veil; and thy sight to day
 is piercing?' Correct, correct."

Having written these, the magician cut off the paper containing the forms of invocation from that upon which the other charm was written, and cut the former into six strips. He then explained to me, that the object of the latter charm (which contains part of the 21st verse of the Soorat Kaf, or 50th chapter of the Koran) was to open the boy's eyes in a supernatural manner—to make his sight pierce into what is to us the invisible world.

"I had prepared, by the magician's direction, some frankincense and coriander-seed (he generally requires some benzoin to be added to these), and a chafing-dish, with some live charcoal in it. These were now brought into the room, together with the boy who was to be employed; he had been called in by my desire from among some other boys in the street returning from a manufactory, and was about eight or nine years of age. In reply to my inquiry

respecting the description of persons who could see in the magic mirror of ink, the magician said that they were a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman. The chafing-dish was placed before him and the boy; and the latter was placed on a seat. The magician now desired my servant to put some frankincense and coriander-seed into the chafing-dish; then taking hold of the boy's right hand, he drew in the palm of it a magic square, of which a copy is here given. The figures which it contains are Arabic numerals:



In the centre, he poured a little ink, and desired the boy to look into it, and tell him if he could see his face reflected in it. The boy replied that he

saw his face clearly. The magician, holding the boy's hand all the while (this reminds us of animal magnetism), told him to continue looking intently into the ink, and not to raise his head.

"He then took one of the little strips of paper inscribed with the forms of invocation, and dropped it into the chafing-dish upon the burning coals and perfumes, which had already filled the room with their smoke; and as he did this, he commenced an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or to tell him what he was to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Koran he placed inside the forepart of the boy's skull-cap. He then asked him if he saw anything in the ink, and was answered, 'No;' but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, 'I see a man sweeping the ground.' 'When he has done sweeping,' said the magician, 'tell me.' Presently, the boy said, 'He has done.' The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a flag was; and being answered, 'Yes,' desired him to say, 'Bring a flag.' The boy did so; and soon said, 'He has brought a flag.' 'What colour is it?' asked the magician. The boy replied, 'Red.' He was told to call for another flag, which he did; and soon after, he said that he saw another brought, and that it was black. In like manner, he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, which he

described as successively brought before him, specifying their colours as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did also each time that a new flag was described as being brought), 'How many flags have you now before you?' 'Seven,' answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written into the chafing-dish; and fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, 'Bring the sultan's tent, and pitch it.' This he did; and in about a minute after, he said, 'Some men have brought the tent, a large green tent; they are pitching it;' and presently he added, 'they have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come, and pitch their camp around the tent of the sooltan.' The boy did as he was desired; and immediately said, 'I see a great many soldiers with their tents: they have pitched the tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and having done so, he presently said that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish; and soon after, he did the same with the fifth. He now said, 'Tell some of the people to bring a bull.' The boy gave the order required, and said, 'I see a bull; it is red; four men are dragging it along,

and three are beating it.' He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucepans, and cook it. He did as he was directed; and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. 'Tell the soldiers,' said the magician, 'to eat it.' The boy did so; and said, 'They are eating it. They have done, and are washing their hands.' The magician then told him to call for the sultan; and the boy having done this, said, 'I see the sultan riding to his tent on a bay horse; and he has on his head a high red cap. He has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it.' 'Desire them to bring coffee to the sooltan,' said the magician, 'and to form the court.' These orders were given by the boy, and he said that he saw them performed. The magician had put the last of the six little strips of paper into the chafing-dish. In his mutterings, I discovered nothing but the words of the written invocation frequently repeated, excepting on two or three occasions, when I heard him say, 'If they demand information, inform them; and be ye veracious.'

"He now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the sooltan, 'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him, speedily.' The boy then

said so ; and almost immediately added, ' A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a dark blue suit of European clothes : the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two ; and looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said, " No, he has not lost his left arm ; but it is placed to his breast." This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat. But it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.

" The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country. I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly, though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress like that in which I last saw him. In the present case, the boy said, ' Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the

person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead. The boy described his face as covered, and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did; and then said, 'His face is pale; and he has mustaches, but no beard;' which is correct. Several other persons were successively called for; but the boy's descriptions of them were imperfect, though not altogether incorrect. He represented each object as appearing less distinct than the preceding one, as if his sight were gradually becoming dim. He was a minute or more before he could give any account of the persons he professed to see before the close of the performance, and the magician said it was useless to proceed with him. Another boy was then brought in, and the magic square, &c., made in his hand; but he could see nothing. The magician said that he was too old.

"Though completely puzzled, I was somewhat disappointed with his performances, for they fell short of what he had accomplished, in many instances, in presence of certain of my friends and countrymen. On one of those occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom he was sure no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the party alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the

other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was caused by an almost constant headache, and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. I am assured that on this occasion the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakspeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases, in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner, by means of a boy, he prepared the magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who on looking into it for a little while, said that she saw a broom sweeping the ground without anybody holding it, and was so much frightened, that she would look no longer."

II. SUPPOSED SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY IN THE
"QUARTERLY REVIEW," No. 117.

AFTER going over the narrative of Mr. Lane just given, and criticising it in detail, the contributor to the *Quarterly Review* remarks, "that the description given by Mr. Lane was not explicit enough to enable us to ground any plausible conjecture as to the means employed for the mysterious appearances, though obviously produced by natural

(not super-human) magic. We, therefore, through the medium of a friend, put a few questions to Mr. Lane, as to the place of performance, whether in or out of doors; the company assembled, whether a crowd, or otherwise; the relative position in which he was placed to the magician and the boy; and on some other points, all of which he most readily, and with great candour, immediately answered. The exhibition, it appears, was in his own small sitting-room, fifteen feet by ten, the whole furniture of which he minutely describes; and it was in the evening that the visit was made. He then proceeds to say, 'that there was no one present but the magician, the boy, Osman Effendi (interpreter to the British consulate), and myself; and there was no person in the adjoining closet, which had no entrance but that from the sitting-room. I was alone when the magician came. He took his seat, immediately, upon the sofa, and sat quite still. The only preparation he made for the performance was the writing of the charm, of which I have given a copy, and calling for the chafing-dish and perfumes. I watched him very closely and narrowly during the whole of the interview. I sat on his right, and Osman on his left. The boy was placed close before, on a seat, a little to his left; and the chafing-dish was also close before him. With his left hand he held the fingers of the boy's right hand, in which was the ink; with his right, the slips of paper, which he occasionally dropped upon the burning coals and perfume. He did not suffer the

boy to raise his eyes for a single moment from the ink during the whole performance. When I desired the boy to call for any person to appear, I paid both particular attention to the magician and to Osman. The latter, I positively assert, gave no directions, either by word or sign, and, indeed, he was generally unacquainted with the personal appearances of the individuals called for. I took care that he had no previous communication with the boys, and have seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to the boys or to the magician. In short, it would be difficult to conceive any precaution which I did not take. It is important to add, that the Moorish dialect of the magician was more intelligible to me than to the boy. His dialect I should not have called Moorish, for it was rather a compound of the literary dialect, the Moorish and the Egyptian; and when I understood him perfectly at once, he was obliged to vary his words to make the *boy* comprehend what he said.' Thus, then," continues the *Quarterly* reviewer, "we may venture to say we have the agents in this exhibition reduced to *three* — the magician, the chafing-dish with its contents, and the boy; we may, perhaps, consider the daub (drop) of ink as the fourth, though, according to our conception of the performance, it is of small importance. We have suggested that the magician was in possession of *pictures* of the objects seen and described by the boy; but how could the boy see those pictures, since he was not suffered 'to raise his eyes for a

single moment from the ink, during the whole performance?" This, by the way, explains why the boy selected should be of a certain age; not too young, lest he should not be able to explain what he sees; not too old, or he might be refractory, or be led by curiosity to exercise a too inquisitive and searching eye, and thus see more than was intended. The boy certainly saw no pictures, but he saw the *images* of the objects represented in them; and he saw *them* by reflection, as is proved by the *reversing* of Lord Nelson's arm. But the conjuror himself, perhaps unintentionally, admitted this. To a question put by Mr. Lane, his reply was, 'They (the objects) appeared as in a mirror.' This avowal, we should have thought, might have led at once to an explanation of the mystery.

"The explanation, then, we assume to be this. The reflected objects of a series of pictures are thrown from the surface of a concave mirror, fixed probably to some part of the magician's garment, and concealed by the ample and cumbersome overlapping of his outer dress; the burning of frankincense and coriander-seed, and of slips of paper, in the chafing-dish, repeated from time to time, afforded both light and a cloud of smoke, under the very nose of the boy, on which those images were received—for Mr. Lane tells us the magician, the chafing-dish, and the boy were in a line, and must have been close together, since the former held firmly the fingers of the boy's hand, no doubt to keep it and the ink-spot in the proper focus; and the inter-

diction of the boy from 'raising his eyes' was, no doubt, to prevent his seeing the spot from whence the stream of reflected light conveying the images proceeded. All this could easily be managed, without Mr. Lane or Osman knowing anything of the matter, or seeing any of the representations described: they were seated *behind* the mirror. The effects to be produced by such a mirror are well known. Sir David Brewster, in his *Letters on Natural Magic*, says: 'The concave mirror is the staple instrument of the magician's cabinet, and must always perform a principal part in all optical combinations. In order to be quite perfect, every concave mirror should have its surface elliptical, so that if any object is placed in one focus of the ellipse, an inverted image of it will be formed in the other focus. This image, to a spectator rightly placed, appears suspended in the air, so that if the mirror and the object are hid from his view, the effect must appear to him almost supernatural.' It was by means of this concave mirror, he tells us, that the heathen gods were made to appear in the ancient temples among the vapours disengaged from fire; by it the ecclesiastical conjuror, the Pontiff Theodore Santubaren, exhibited to the Emperor Basil of Macedonia the image of his beloved son, after his death, magnificently dressed, and mounted on a superb charger; by it was performed the extraordinary exhibition described by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, and in which he was personally concerned, where whole legions of

devils were made to appear among the cloudy atmosphere of a large apartment, created by the burning of incense and perfumes; in short, by the same means, not many years ago, the people of London were made to see their distant and deceased friends in the phantasmagoria. Why, then, should we suppose that a native of a country celebrated in ancient times for its conjurors, should not be acquainted with the effects of the concave mirror?

“Thus far, then, we think that we have undrawn the curtain, but much remains to be unveiled. Of the mode by which the correct appearance of private individuals, ‘unknown to fame,’ are produced, as was the case at Mr. Lane’s exhibition, we cannot venture even a conjecture, unless we could persuade ourselves, which the character of the parties who have witnessed the phenomenon forbids, that imagination had got the better of reason, and produced absolute illusions.”

The magician’s wonders are now, however, to be shown in the wane of their splendour. Even in the instances already recorded, he seems by report to have been, at a previous time, more successful—probably when the same scrutiny was not employed to detect confederacy. Mr. Eliot Warburton’s account, which we now give from his lately published work, *The Crescent and the Cross*, is a relation of failures throughout on the part of the necromancer.

III. MR. E. WARBURTON'S ACCOUNT.—LUDICROUS FAILURE.

"ON my arrival at Cairo, I found some difficulty in inducing him to come to my hotel, as he had been recently kicked down stairs by a party of young Englishmen for a failure in his performances. At length, through the kindness of our consul, I procured a visit from him one evening. He was rather a majestic-looking old man, though he required the imposing effect of his long grey beard and wide turban to counteract the disagreeable expression of his little twinkling eyes. I had a pipe and coffee served to him, and he discoursed without reserve upon the subject of his art, in which he offered to instruct me. After some time, a boy of about twelve years old was brought in, and the performance began. He took the child's right hand in his, and described a square figure on its palm, on which he wrote some Arabic characters. While this was drying, he wrote upon a piece of paper an invocation to his familiar spirits, which he burnt with some frankincense in a brazier at his feet. For a moment, a white cloud of fragrant smoke enveloped him and the cowering child who sate before him, but it had entirely disappeared before the phantasms made their appearance. Then, taking the boy's hand in his, he poured some ink into the hollow of it, and began to mutter rapidly.

His countenance assumed an appearance of intense anxiety, and the perspiration stood upon his brow. Occasionally he ceased his incantations to inquire if the boy saw anything; and being answered in the negative, he went on more vehemently than before. Meanwhile, the little Arab gazed on the inky globule in his hand with an eager and fascinated look, and at length exclaimed, 'I see them now!' Being asked what he saw, he described a man sweeping with a brush; soldiers; a camp; and lastly, the sultan. The magician desired him to call for flags, and he described several, of various colours, as coming at his call. When a red flag made its appearance, the magician said the charm was complete, and that we might call for whom we pleased. Sir Henry Hardinge was the first person asked for, and after some seconds' delay, the boy exclaimed, 'He is here!' He described him as a little man in a black dress, white cravat, and yellow (perhaps grey) hair. I asked if he had both *legs*. Alas! he declared he had only one. I then asked for Lord E——n. He described him as a very fine; *long* man, with green glass over his eyes, dressed in black, and always bending forward. I then asked for Lablache, who appeared as a little, young man, with a straw hat: the Venus de Medici represented herself as a young lady, with a bonnet and green veil; and the boy was turned out.

"We then got an intelligent little negro slave belonging to the house. The magician did not seem to like him much, but went through all the

former proceedings over again, during which the actors formed a very picturesque group ; the anxious magician, with his long yellow robes ; the black child, with his red tarboosh, white tunic, and glittering teeth, and bead-like eyes, gazing earnestly into his dark little hand. The dragoman held a candle, whose light shone vividly on the child, the old man and his own fine figure, his black beard and moustache, contrasting well with the hoary necromancer, as did his blue and crimson dress with the pale drapery of the other. Picturesqueness, however, was the only result. The boy insisted that he could see nothing, though his starting eyeballs showed how anxiously he strove to do so. The hour was so late, that no other boys were to be found, and so the séance broke up.

" When he was gone, I asked my dragoman, Mahmoud (who had been dragoman to Lord Prudhoe during both his visits to Egypt), what he thought of the magician. He said he considered him rather a humbug than otherwise, but added, that there certainly was *something in it*. He said, that not only did Lord Prudhoe believe in the magic, but that Mrs. L——, a most enterprising traveller, whom he had once attended, had the ink put into her hand, and that she clearly saw the man with the brush, the soldiers, and the camp, though she could see no more. He told me that the people of Cairo believed the Sheikh had made a league with the 'genti a basso,' and that he himself believed him to be anything but a santón. A

friend of mine at Alexandria said that he knew an Englishman who had learnt the art, and practised it with success; and a lady mentioned to me that a young female friend of hers had tried the experiment, and had been so much terrified by the first apparition, that she had fainted, and could not be induced to try it again.

“ I have gone into these details, as I know that the subject has excited a good deal of interest, and have only to add my own impression, that whatever powers this man may formerly have possessed, the sceptic may indulge largely in unbelief as to any supernatural aid that he receives at present.”

A still more recent traveller in Egypt, Lord Nugent, now comes forward, and, conjointly with Mr. Lane, gives the long-desired clue to guide us out of the magic maze.

IV. LORD NUGENT'S ACCOUNT OF MR. LANE'S SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY.

“ BEFORE I leave the subject of Cairo and of Egypt, I will advert to one which has occasioned much speculation and controversy—more, certainly, than it appears entitled to; I mean that of the magicians. I take no shame to myself in saying that some of the narrations concerning them which found their way to Europe had excited my curiosity, as I believe they have that of many, long before I had the expectation of ever visiting Egypt. To deny the truth of any hidden properties or powers

in nature, for no better reason than that they have never come within our limited experience, and appear to us incapable of any satisfactory solution, is hazardous, and somewhat arrogant; nor surely does the holding our belief in balance with respect to such things, vouched by the testimony of honourable men, argue any weak credulity. Many facts have of late years been related of a class of magicians in the East, who, like those of old, profess to have the power of presenting the apparitions of persons absent or dead, whom they have never seen or before heard of, and of whose look or habits, therefore, they can have no previous knowledge. That the apparition is shown, not to him who desires the magician to summon it, but to some young boy whom the party desiring it to be summoned shall choose; and that, then, this boy, after certain incantations performed by the magician, describes accurately the absent or the dead, the former in the occupation in which at that moment they may be engaged.

"Among the persons of high credibility who have borne witness to this in a manner to excite our wonder, and keep our judgment in suspense, is Mr. William Lane, the able writer on Modern Egypt, who describes in his book some remarkable exhibitions of this sort which he saw, and for which he was unable to account. On the other hand, Sir Gardner Wilkinson accounts for all by referring it to collusion between the magician and the boy, observing, also, that on such occasions the street be-

fore the house is generally thronged with boys, probably placed there by the magician ; and that thus, whichever of them may be called in, under the impression of his being totally disconnected with the arrangements, is, in truth, an actor well prepared for his part in the fraud. This, be it observed, may afford the means of collusion, but in no respects helps towards accounting for the description of the absent person, in his proper likeness, being successful.

“ On the first occasion on which I saw this sort of exhibition, the party who were assembled, and who were numerous, guarded themselves against the kind of arrangement which Sir Gardner suspects by sending to a long distance off for a boy who we were convinced knew not, until he entered the room, for what purpose he was brought there, and could have had no previous instructions from the magician. The magician began in the manner described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, by casting powders into a pan of charcoal near him ; by placing a paper covered with some written characters upon the boy's brow, under his cap, and then pouring ink into his hand, into which he desired him to look attentively. Lastly, he asked him a string of leading questions, as to certain preparatory phantoms for which the boy was desired to call, and which were to assist in the incantation. These the boy professed to see in the ink in his hand. These are always the same,—such as of persons pitching a tent ; sweeping it ; spreading a carpet and cooking

provisions ; and then of kings entering the tent, preceded by flags. I have no doubt that the magician, who was all the time muttering fast and incessantly in a low tone, gave the boy to understand that he should receive part of the bakshish, or reward, if he took obediently the hints he should give him as to what he must profess to see.

"When these preparatory ceremonies had been gone through, four persons residing in England were successively called for. The description of each was an entire and ludicrous failure. Among others, an English gentleman was called for, who is distinguished by wearing the longest, probably, and most bushy beard to be found in these our days within the British islands. This gentleman was described by the boy quite wrong as to figure and usual dress, and as having a chin very like that of the youngest person in company, Lord Mountcharles, who was much amused at a resemblance he so little expected. Being informed that, so far, he had not been fortunate, the magician told us that perhaps it might be more satisfactory to us if we called for somebody whose person might be easily recognised by the having lost a limb. We said that the gentleman already mentioned might be easily distinguished from most others—more easily than by the mere loss of a limb. But, in conformity with his last suggestion, we desired that Sir Henry Hardinge should be made to appear.

"After the boy had described Sir Henry Hardinge as being tall, and with moustaches, we asked him

whether he could clearly see his eyes and his feet ; from which question it was evident the magician inferred that the person we had called for had lost either an eye or a leg. The boy accordingly said that he was sitting with his side turned towards him, so that he could see only one side of his face, and that his *papouches* (slippers) were hidden by a large gown, or trouser ; he could not tell which. What coloured gloves had he?—White. Had he his gloves on?—Yes ; he saw them plainly, *for his hands were crossed on his breast.*

“ At the end, the magician, informed that he had totally misdescribed all the persons called for, excused himself by charging the boy with lying ; an imputation I have no doubt true, but which was not the real cause of the ill success ; and by also accusing the interpreter of having mistranslated his Arabic, which he spoke so rapidly, that none of our party but the interpreter had that language sufficiently at command to follow him in it.

“ This, however, as we afterwards heard, was not the magician highest in repute at Cairo. The next trial which I saw was more conclusive on the question, and led to what appears to be the real solution of the whole mystery. Major Grote, who had not been present on the former occasion, and who likewise wished, after all he had heard and read of these pretended powers, to satisfy himself as to their truth or falsehood, was with me, a few days after, at the house of Mr. Lane. In general conversation, the story arose of the failure which had taken place

on the other evening. With some difficulty, we persuaded Mr. Lane (who at first was reluctant, his authority and that of his book having been so much used, and beyond what was just, in support of the general belief in these efforts of magic) to see, along with us, Abd-el Kader, the magician whose performances had formerly so much excited his astonishment and that of several other Europeans, whose unimpeachable testimony and acknowledged soundness of judgment had had great influence in making this a subject of more serious inquiry with others. We were the more anxious that Mr. Lane should be with us on this occasion, because we should have in him not only a witness who, from the impression previously left on his mind, would not suffer us to draw inferences unjustly disfavoured to the magician, but who also, from his perfect and familiar knowledge of the Arabic language, would be an interpreter in whose honour and in whose skill also we might have entire trust. The magician evidently acknowledged in Mr. Lane a person in whose estimation he was eager not to lower the impression he had formerly produced. The failures, the repeated and uniform failures, were not only as signal, but, if possible, more gross than those of the other magician upon the previous occasion. It is enough to say, that not one person whom Abd-el Kader described bore the smallest resemblance to the one named by us; and all those called for were of remarkable appearance. All the preparations, all the ceremony, and all the attempts

at description bore evidence of such coarse and stupid fraud, as would render any detail of the proceeding, or any argument tending to connect it with any marvellous power, ingenious art, or interesting inquiry, a mere childish waste of time.

“How, then, does it happen that respectable and sensitive minds have been staggered by the exhibitions of this shallow impostor? I think that the solution which Mr. Lane himself suggested as probable is quite complete. When the exhibition was over, Mr. Lane had some conversation with the magician, which he afterwards repeated to us. In reply to an observation of Mr. Lane’s to him upon his entire failure, the magician admitted that he had been told he had ‘often failed since the death of Osman Effendi,’ the same Osman Effendi whom Mr. Lane mentions in his book as having been of the party on every occasion on which he had been witness to the magician’s art, and whose testimony the *Quarterly Review* cites in support of the marvel, which, searching much too deep for what lies very near indeed to the surface, it endeavours to solve by suggesting the probability of divers complicated optical combinations. And, be it again observed, no optical combinations can throw one ray of light upon the main difficulty, the means of producing the resemblance required of the absent person.

“I now give Mr. Lane’s solution of the whole mystery in his own words, my note of which I submitted to him, and obtained his ready permission to make public in any way I might think fit.

"This Osman Effendi, Mr. Lane told me, was a Scotchman, formerly serving in a British regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Egyptian army during an unfortunate expedition to Alexandria, in 1807; that he was sold as a slave, and persuaded to abjure Christianity and profess Mussulman faith; that applying his talents to his necessities, he made himself useful by dint of some little medical knowledge he had picked up on duty in the regimental hospital; that he obtained his liberty at the instance of Sheikh Ibrahim (Mr. Burckhardt), through the means of Mr. Salt; that, in process of time, he became second interpreter at the British consulate; that Osman was very probably acquainted, by portraits or otherwise, with the general appearance of most Englishmen of celebrity, and certainly could describe the peculiar dresses of English professions, such as army, navy, or church, and the ordinary habits of persons of different professions in England; that on all occasions when Mr. Lane was witness of the magician's success, Osman had been present at the previous consultations as to whom should be called to appear, and so had probably obtained a description of the figure when it was to be the apparition of some private friend of persons present; that on these occasions he very probably had some pre-arranged code of words, by which he could communicate secretly with the magician. To this must be added, that his avowed theory of morals on all occasions was, that 'we did our whole duty if we did what we thought best for our fellow-crea-

tures and most agreeable to them.' Osman was present when Mr. Lane was so much astonished at hearing the boy describe very accurately the person of Mr. Burckhardt, with whom the magician was unacquainted, but who had been Osman's patron; and Osman also knew well the other gentleman whom Mr. Lane states in his book that the boy described as appearing ill and lying on a sofa; and Mr. Lane added, that he had *probably* been asked by Osman about that gentleman's health, whom Mr. Lane knew to be then suffering under an attack of rheumatism. He concluded, therefore, by avowing that there was no doubt on his mind, connecting all these circumstances with the declaration the magician had just made, that Osman had been the confederate.

"Thus I have given, in Mr. Lane's words, not only with his consent, but at his ready offer, what he has no doubt is the explanation of the whole of a subject which he now feels to need no deeper inquiry, and which has been adopted by many as a marvel upon an exaggerated view of the testimony that he offered in his book, before he had been convinced, as he now is, of the imposture."

ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE morning was bright and clear, and the road lay along the Bay of Naples. We made a short stop at Portici, where the king has a palace. It is beautifully situated, with gardens and promenades around it, and all the luxuries that royalty can so easily afford. The taste and beauty of the interior, however, are chiefly owing to Madame Murat, the ex-Queen of Naples, who reformed not only this, but all the royal palaces of the city. When the dethroned Ferdinand returned from Sicily, he was exceedingly pleased with the improvements his conqueror had made, and very good-humouredly remarked, that "Murat was an excellent upholsterer." The portraits of Napoleon's and Murat's families are still there, and said to be excellent likenesses. The whole palace is in excellent taste; but the only thing remarkable in it is a porcelain room, the walls and ceilings of which are entirely covered with china from the celebrated manufactory of Capo di Monti, specimens of which are now seldom found. These porcelain panels are painted with landscapes, and bordered with wreaths in alto-relievo, coloured like life, and as large, with squirrels and birds, mingled in charming confusion. The frames of the mirrors and the chandeliers are of the same material, and the effect of the whole is sin-

gular and pleasing. I hurried through the rooms, anxious to be on the side of Vesuvius.

We soon came to the place where horses and donkeys are taken for the ascent; and here a scrambling, and squalling, and quarrelling commenced, that would not have disgraced a steam-boat landing at New York. In the morning, when we started, a man mounted the box of the carriage with the driver, as if he owned it. I asked him what he was doing there. He inquired if I did not wish a guide. I replied, "Yes, of course, to ascend the mountains." Supposing all was right, we went on. But here I discovered that a horse could not be had without a guide to accompany him. I turned to my friend of the coach-box, and asked what this meant, and why he had presumed to fasten himself on me in this way. He seemed to be somewhat flustered; but replied, with a great deal of suavity, "Oh, sir, to see you are not cheated, and to have everything arranged on your return." "I can take care of that," said I. "I don't mean to be cheated by you or others either." But the day was advancing, and this was no place or time to quarrel with him, for it would only swell the Babel that already clattered around me. My friend at length mounted a good-looking horse, while the most villanous donkey that ever went unsheared was led up to *me*. I asked my supernumerary guide if this was the animal he had come thus far to provide me with. He said he thought it was an excellent beast. I replied, I was sorry I could not

agree with him, and deliberately walked away. The owner then threw himself before me, with his demure, shaggy, long-eared friend, determined I should take him. I asked him if he *called that a horse?* "No, your excellency, but an *eccellentissimo* ass." "No," said I, very coolly, "you are mistaken; it is neither an ass nor a horse." He looked in astonishment at me, as much as to say, "What do you mean? What is it, then?" The others had become quiet by this time, and stood waiting the issue. "Why," said I, "don't you see *it's a rat*—a large *water-rat*—you are wishing me to ride?" The men looked at each other in astonishment for a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh. Seeing I was not to be duped, they led me out a very nice grey pony, which I mounted, and galloped away.

The guide, with a strong stick in one hand, seized my friend's horse by the tail, and trotted after. The ascent, for some time, was gradual, the road passing through vineyards, from which *Lachryma Christi*, Tears of Christ, (as a certain kind of wine is called,) is made. The scene gradually grew drearier, until we came to the region of pure lava. I can convey to you no idea of the feelings this utterly barren lava-desert at first excites. There it spreads, black, broken, and rough, just as it cooled in its slow and troubled march for the sea. Here it met an obstacle, and rose into a barrier; there it fell off into ridges that cracked and broke into fragments, till the whole inclined plane that spreads off from the base of the pyramid, in which

is the crater, appears as if the earth had been violently shaken till all the large and loose portions had risen to the surface. Sometimes you can trace for some distance a sort of circular wall of cooled lava, behind which the red-hot stream had gathered and glowed like a brow of wrath. Nothing could be more dreary and desolate. Through this barren track I was passing, in a narrow path. My eye wandered hither and thither over the scathed and blackened mass, but always came back to the solemn peak, from whose top silently ascended a heavy column of smoke. Soon after, we ascended a ridge of earth that the volcano had spared, and on which stood the hermitage. Before reaching it, we could see on its narrow top, extending nearly to the base of the peak, the forms of mules and horses, slowly marching in Indian file, and carrying a company in advance of us to the same destination. Their appearance at that distance and above us, cast in bold relief against the clear sky, was novel and picturesque. We did not stop at the hermitage, but pushing straight on, soon reached the field of lava, through which our animals picked their way with most praiseworthy care. As I was slowly crossing this rough tract, I saw in the distance twenty or thirty mules and horses, saddled and bridled, scattered around at the base of the peak, amidst the lava, and on the open mountain-side, like an Arab camp in the desert. Here we also dismounted, and began the almost perpendicular ascent. The company before us looked like dwarfs clinging to the side of

the mountain. There was a lady among them, who, with a bridle around her waist, was pulled up by the guide. Ours also started with a bridle, but I told him to throw it away, as I could take care of myself. Half way up, we came upon a snow bank, on which I cooled my parched lips. Again and again we were compelled to rest, but without regret, for whenever we turned our eyes below, they were met by one of the most magnificent prospects the sun ever shone upon. There was the Bay of Naples, the islands of Capri and Ischia, beyond which the blue Mediterranean melted away into the mild horizon; nearer, slept the city, with its palaces and towers; while, far inland,—on, on, till the eye grew dim with the extended prospect, swept away the whole “*campagna felice*,” or happy country, in a glorious panorama of villages, villas, fields, and vineyards. Around me was piled lava that had once poured in a red-hot stream where I sat; and close beneath me, an immense cavity, where a volcano had once raged and died. When near the top, as I stood looking upon the world below, a dense cloud of mist, borne by the wind, swept over and around me, blotting out in an instant everything from my sight. A cold breeze accompanied it; and the sudden change from broad sunlight and an almost boundless prospect, to sudden twilight and a few feet of broken lava, was so chilling and gloomy, that it for a moment damped my ardour. Our guide, however, told us it would soon pass; so we rallied our spirits, and pushed on.

At length we reached the verge of the crater, and the immense basin, with its black, smoking cone in the centre, was below us. From the red-hot mouth boiled out, fast and fierce, an immense column of smoke, accompanied at intervals with a heavy sound, and jets of red-hot scoria. This was more than I anticipated: I expected only to see a crater and a smouldering heap; but the mountain was in more than common agitation, and had been so throughout the winter. It seemed to sympathize with Etna and other volcanoes, that appear to have chosen this year for a general working-up. I could compare it to nothing but the working of an immense steam-engine. It had a steady sound, like the working of a heavy piston, while, at short intervals, the valve seemed to lift, and the steam would escape with an explosion, and, at the same time, the black smoke and lurid blaze shoot from the mouth, and the red-hot scoria rise forty or fifty feet into the air. At the moment of explosion, the mouth of the cone seemed in a blaze, and the masses of scoria thrown out, some of which would weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, resembled huge gouts of blood—they were of that deep red, fresh colour. I deemed myself fortunate in the time I visited it, for I saw a *real, living*—or, as Carlyle would say, an authenticated volcano. There was a truth and reality and power about it that chained and awed me. I could count the strokes of that tremendous engine as it thundered on in the bowels

of the earth, and see the fruits of its infernal labour, as it hurled them into the upper air, as if on purpose to startle man with the preparations that were going on under him. That mountain, huge as it was, seemed light to the power beneath it, and I thought it felt unsteady on its base, as if conscious of the strength of its foe. But the ludicrous is always mingled with the sublime. As I sat on the edge of the crater, awed by the spectacle before me, our guide approached with some eatables, and two eggs that had been cooked in the steam issuing from one of the apertures we had passed. My friend sat down very deliberately to eat his. I took mine in my hand mechanically, but was too much absorbed in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat. Suddenly there was an explosion louder than any that had preceded it, hurling a larger, angrier mass into the air. My hand involuntarily closed tightly over the egg, and I was recalled to my senses by my friend calling out very deliberately, at my feet, to know what I was doing. I looked down, and there he sat, quietly picking the shell from his egg, while mine was running a miniature volcano over his back and shoulders. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading over my friend's broadcloth. I laughed outright, sacrilegious as it was. So much, you see, for the imagination you have so often scolded me about. I had lost my egg, while my friend, who took things more coolly,

enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius.

We next descended into the crater, and, however slight a thing one may deem it in *ordinary* times, it was a grave matter for me. Both hands and feet had never before been in such urgent requisition. The path, at times, was not a foot wide, and, indeed, was not a path, but clefts in the rocks, where often a single mis-step would have sent one to the bottom of the crater, while lava rocks, cracked at their base, and apparently awaiting but a slight touch to shake them down on you, hung overhead. Frequently, my only course was to lie against the rock, and cling with my hands to the projecting points, while ever and anon, from out some aperture would shoot jets of steam so impregnated with sulphur as almost to suffocate me. My guide would then be hid from my sight, and I had nothing to do but to hang on, and cough, while I knew that a thousand feet were above and below me. At other times, the crater filled with vapour up to the rim, shrouding everything from our sight, even the fiery cone, while we hung midway on the rocks, and stood and listened. Amidst the rolling vapour, I could hear the churning of that tremendous engine, and the explosion that sent the scoria into the air, and then, after a moment of deep silence, the clatter of the returning fragments, like hailstones on dry leaves, far, far below me. It was sufficiently startling and grand to stand half-way down that crater,

with your feet on smoking sulphur, and your hand on rocks so hot that you shrank from the touch, *and gaze down* on that terrific fire-energy, without wrapping it in gloom, and adding deeper mystery to its already mysterious workings. A puff of air would then sweep through the cavity, dashing the mist against its sides, and sending it, like frightened spirits, over the verge. I almost expected to see a change when the light again fell on it, but there it stood, churning on as steadily as ever.

We at length reached the bottom, and sitting down at a *respectful* distance from the base of the cone, enjoyed the sublime spectacle. There we were, deep down in the bowels of the mountain, while, far upon the brink of the crater, like children in size, sat a group of men, sending their hurrah down at every discharge of scoria. Before me ascended the column of rolling smoke—while, every few seconds, the melted mass was ejected into the air with a report that made me measure, rather wistfully, the distance between us and the top; our guide took some coppers, and as the scoria fell a little distance off, he would run up the sides of the cone, drop them in the smaller portions, and retreat before a second discharge. It was amusing to see how coolly he would stand and look up on the descending fragments of fire, some of which, had they struck him, would have crushed him to the earth, and calculate their descent so nicely, that, with a slight movement, he could escape each. When the

scoria cooled, the coppers were left imbedded in it, and thus carried off as remembrances of Vesuvius. We went round the crater, continually descending, until we came to the lowest part, close to the base of the cone. Here the lava was gathering, and cooling, and cracking off in large rolls, with that low, continuous sound, which is always made by the rapid cooling of an intensely-heated mass. I ascended a little eminence which the lava was slowly undermining, and thrust my cane into the molten substance. It was so hot that I had to cover my face with my cap in order to hold my stick in it for a single moment. As I stood and saw fold after fold slowly roll over and fall off, and heard the firing of the volcano above me, and saw, nearly a hundred feet over my head, red-hot masses of scoria suspended in the air, I am not ashamed to say I felt a *little uncomfortable*. I looked above and around, and saw that it needed but a slight tremulous motion to confine me there for ever. It was not the work of five or ten minutes to reach the top, 2000 feet high, and a little heavier discharge of fire—a small shower of ashes, and I should have been smothered or crisped in a moment. There may have been no danger, but one cannot escape the belief of it when at times he is compelled to dodge flaming masses of scoria that otherwise would have smitten him to the earth.

We ascended by a different and much easier path; it is longer, but far preferable to the one we came down. It led us to the other side of the

crater, from which we looked down on Pompeii. I could trace the stream of lava to the plain, and could well imagine the consternation of the inhabitants of the doomed city as the storm of ashes shot off for its bosom. Weary and exhausted, we descended by a different route, through a bed of ashes that reached from the top to the bottom of the hill, mounted our horses, and rode homeward. The glorious plain was spread out before us, but we were too tired to enjoy it. At the bottom of the hill we found our supernumerary guide, half drunk on our credit, who told us he had soup, fish, beef, fowl, fruit, &c., provided for our entertainment in a neighbouring house, which proved to be a hovel. The provisions, he said, had cost but little more than a dollar, while the man asked only about the same for cooking them. I was thoroughly vexed, and told him to say to the man he might have the provisions to pay for cooking them; and as for him, I considered him the greatest scoundrel I had yet met with, and I had seen many. He replied that he regarded me as his son—that he would not see me cheated of a grana for the world. I told him I thought the proofs of his affection were rather dubious; that it had cost me about three dollars that day; that it was altogether too expensive for me; and I thought, notwithstanding the intensity of his love, that we had better part. And yet, would you believe it, this fellow had the impudence to come up to the carriage and ask me to make him a present of a few carlines, as a sort of farewell

gift! It was really the coolest rascality I had yet encountered. But the day passed away, and the evening, with its welcome repose, came. That night I slept as I had never slept before: it was like oblivion, it was so deep and unbroken.

Headley's "Italy and the Italians."

RECENT VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

YESTERDAY, (12th December,) dearest brother, I ascended the pyramid of Cheops! If this was not an interesting event, I know not what can be deemed so. My visit had been thus long delayed by the unfavourable state of the weather. The wind was high, and it rained on the night of the 8th, and continued overcast till the afternoon. This is an exception, for the sky has hitherto been serene. The north-west wind which accompanied us from El Arish has prevailed ever since, with more or less violence. The mornings and evenings are very chilly in the house, even more so than abroad, and I am glad to wrap myself up in my wadded mantilla, which I find oppressive in the open air. Shortly before my arrival, at the end of November, there was a continued heavy rain for several days, and, as Egyptian houses are not constructed with any reference to such an occurrence, the inmates of the second story in our hotel were obliged to sit under umbrellas!—so, at least, I was told. The stoves and braseros common in Italy and Constanti-

noble are here quite unknown, their office being performed by the sun.

The day before yesterday, the wind abated ; we therefore determined to make our excursion to the pyramids without delay, and the weather proved as fine and calm as we could desire. When on the summit of the great pyramid of Cheops, we had reached an elevation of four hundred and fifty-six feet above the surface of the ground. Do not, however, fancy it like the top of a church steeple, or that you have to balance yourself on one leg in order to keep your footing. Most travellers speak of this excursion, of its fatigues and dangers, in very hyperbolical terms. The French baron, who came by water, and arrived only a week after us, would not adventure the ascent with his lady ; and our four French travellers expressed themselves in such enigmatical terms, that I was strongly tempted to doubt whether they had really climbed to the top. Other gentlemen assured me that they had felt the effects of their constrained position for more than a week ! But, take my word, it is not in reality so bad as all this.

We started before seven, and the air was piercingly cold, till the sun rose above the naked heights of the Mokattam. We crossed the Nile at Fostat, above the island of Rhoda, to the village of Ghizeh, and then, on account of the inundations, had to ride for a couple of hours, from one side to the other, over narrow causeways, sometimes along the margin of lakes, or by the side of fields of beans and rape-seed

in full blossom ; sometimes along extensive tracts, covered with maize as high as a wall ; then amid palms and villages so completely swamped, that they seemed a fitter abode for frogs than for men. The huts are made of the dried mud of the Nile, mixed with camels' dung. Not only do these damp mud dwellings exhale noxious vapours, but the wretched inhabitants subsist on innutritious food, consisting of beans and millet, and have not sufficient clothing to cover them. How can it be otherwise but that the plague should be generated here every spring, when the marshes are suddenly dried up by a scorching sun and unwholesome winds ?

We crossed a small canal, and then proceeded over the dilapidated remains of a once stately bridge, with Arabic inscriptions, and saw another bridge, totally in ruins, at a short distance. All traces of cultivation now cease, and, on the confines of the plain, rise the pyramids of Ghizeh ; that of Cheops is the largest, the most ancient, and the easiest of access. Their effect, however, like that of lofty mountains, is less imposing on a nearer approach. When viewed from my windows at Cairo, or from a boat on the Nile, it seemed as if the whole wide-spread landscape lay stretched at their feet. And it does so, in fact ; but as you advance, the distance vanishes, and the eye rests on them alone : thus they apparently diminish, simply because the eye can no longer measure them by comparison—just as when standing at the foot of a mountain we deem it to be but of ordinary magnitude, while, at a distance

of twenty miles, it seems to rise beyond the clouds. In like manner, if we would judge of great characters, we must view them from afar, though rather in point of time than of space. When a vast epoch is spread around them, and they are encompassed only by a plain covered with insignificant hillocks, from the midst of which they rise like majestic mountains—then, and not till then, are we enabled to see how great they really were.

More than half a league before we reached our destination, two Bedouins, clothed in white mantles and armed with muskets, sprang up from the side of a pit, in which they had probably passed the night, and ran along by our side. They were soon followed by many others; even the fellahs left their fields, and a party of twenty or more speedily surrounded us, anxiously soliciting to escort us to the great pyramid. Of course they began disputing, as usual, in a violent manner, and the fellahs were at length compelled to return to their work. We had no sooner got rid of these than a troop of children came up with their water-bags, so that we reached the pyramid of Cheops encompassed by a riotous throng.

I was struck with the beauty of my Bedouin friends. I never saw more splendid forms; they looked like statues in bronze. They twisted their light woollen mantle about their waist and shoulders like a scarf, and ran on before us like the winged deities of the heathen world: they are really splendid men, and I know of no other definition. Their

features do not preserve that antique model which we call the standard of beauty, because we have no other, and, judged by that, they are not handsome; but since Egyptian temples have a claim to beauty as well as those of Greece, I see no reason why a Bedouin should not possess an equal claim with a Greek, and they are fully entitled to it.

I do not know how they arranged the matter of the escort between themselves; they insisted that I required four attendants, two and two, to pull and hold me up by turns, and a fifth to lift me over the highest steps in my descent. I was so delighted with the whole excursion, that I was perfectly content with everything. My Bedouins threw aside their mantles, and arranged their shirts—which, for the sake of euphony, I shall call their tunics—in a singular style of drapery. You will perhaps ask, how they could arrange so small a quantity of covering in graceful drapery? This is the very point which astonished me. They tucked up their sleeves, and drew up the lower hem of their garment, so that the full double skirt hung around them just as we see it only in the Egyptian statues. I of course wore my *habit de gamin*.

Our ascent now commenced. The pyramid is built of blocks of limestone, four feet deep below, and less than two at the top. In order to produce the pyramidal figure, each successive row recedes a little inwards, thus forming colossal steps. The entire structure was anciently covered with marble or polished granite, so that an ascent must then

have been impracticable. Not the slightest trace remains of this once beautiful casing, and by the force used in removing it, considerable injury was done to the blocks beneath; but their inequalities rather facilitate the ascent. Without the aid of the Bedouins it would be extremely difficult to climb up, and, for those who are liable to giddiness, even dangerous; but, supported by them, I almost felt as if I were wound up by a machine.

We halted about midway, where a sort of terrace has been formed by the breaking away of the stones. After a little rest we proceeded higher, and though the blocks of stone were less steep, and therefore more easy to mount, yet the ascent became more difficult, from my previous fatigue, and also because the Bedouins now redoubled their pace, as each party was anxious for the honour of being the first to reach the summit. My Arabs accomplished the feat, and when they placed me on the upper plateau, they set up a loud shout of rejoicing, which is customary on these occasions.

I had now gained my long-cherished wish: I was on the top of the pyramid of Cheops. In its original state, it was probably twenty or thirty feet higher, but its summit is truncated, and single blocks of stone lie scattered around. Each of the sides of the triangle is about thirty feet long; besides ourselves, there were eight Bedouins, and three or four children, who teased us to buy some muddy water; and there was ample space for at least a dozen more people. When viewed from

below, the plateau does not appear more than a yard wide.

Intense and solemn feelings crowded on my mind as I sat down on one of the loose blocks of stone on the summit of the loftiest building in the world—a building alien to our age, manners, arts, and feelings—the relics of a world which was called old by those whom we designate the ancients! Even to Herodotus, who visited and described this pyramid in the fifth century before our era, it was the creation of a bygone age; how much more, then, to Strabo, the geographer, who came here in the reign of Augustus. The history of the world opened before me like the mighty deep, on which our short two thousand years floated like foam on the billows.

For the first time in my life, I wished to carve my name in stone, when we discovered that the knife which we had brought for the purpose had been left with our dragoman, who had remained below. One of the Bedouins instantly descended and fetched it, but he actually refused to deliver it up till he had exacted a promise of an extra bakshish. When we told him that the dragoman would liberally reward them, they all cried out, “No, no, no, no, Giurgi no bono!” by which they meant to indicate that they considered us more generous. It was half ridiculous and half vexatious. By means of Italian we could make ourselves pretty well understood; but I found these people a great annoyance.

It was Tuesday, the 12th of December, between the hours of ten and eleven, when I was seated on the summit of the pyramid of Cheops, and musing whether some absent friend would ever grave his name by the side of my own. Did not plague and quarantine lie between Europe and Egypt, and had we steamboats between Trieste and Alexandria, Cairo would be the resort of travellers, and attain to that civilization which is the result of foreign intercourse, and is, moreover, so congenial to the *penchant* for bakshish. The descent was very easy. I laid my hands on the shoulders of two Bedouins, who went in advance, and whenever the steps were too much broken away for me to have a firm footing, I was lifted over by another Arab, who followed me. They told us that an English traveller, who insisted on going down alone, became giddy, and fell headlong. This is probably some Bedouin romance, for travellers are generally very glad to avail themselves of their assistance. As we were thus blithely descending, we came to a very dilapidated place, when the Bedouin, who should have lifted me over, suddenly held me suspended in the air, crying, "Bakshish, signora, bakshish!" This was meant as a playful Bedouin joke; but pray what do you think of being held midway between heaven and earth from such a tremendous height? I assure you I did not at all enjoy it; and said, angrily, he should not have a para. This had the desired effect upon the whole party, and they refrained from pressing the subject any further. We

now came to the most disagreeable part of our visit—the interior of the pyramid. Bent almost double, we first of all glided into a shaft, which led into a vestibule; here I had to double myself up like a clasp-knife, and wedged into another shaft sixty paces in length, which opened into a second chamber. I became quite faint and exhausted. I can bear any fatigue in the open air and light of heaven; but to be pent up within these murky walls, in close and heated air, profound darkness, dimly illumined by two flickering torches, and, above all, to see neither painting nor sculpture, this was insupportable; and I frankly own, that I am ignorant if there are yet other shafts and chambers, or any traces of ornament, mummies, or sarcophagi; for I honestly confess that I turned back without having seen anything, and was heartily glad to make my exit with all possible expedition. And, oh! the joy to find myself once more in the fresh air, under the clear blue canopy of heaven!

This pyramid, and its two companions, is assigned to the fourth dynasty of the Pharaohs. One of these pyramids, that of Cephren, the brother of Cheops, still retains around its summit a portion of its ancient casing of polished stones, which are variegated red and white, and sparkle like porcelain. Its height is about four hundred feet, and throws into insignificance its fellow pyramid of Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, though even this has the elevation of a lofty tower. The bones which it contains have never been disturbed in their quiet resting-place,

for it has not yet been explored. The base of this pyramid is much encumbered with sand and rubbish, among which rise numerous masses of rock and remains of buildings. One of these huge masses has been metamorphosed into a sphinx, which protrudes its gigantic head and a portion of its back above the sand. The legs and body are quite covered with the sand; and a deep pit has been dug in front of it, to lay bare its breast, and enable the learned to read the mysterious secrets of its hieroglyphics.

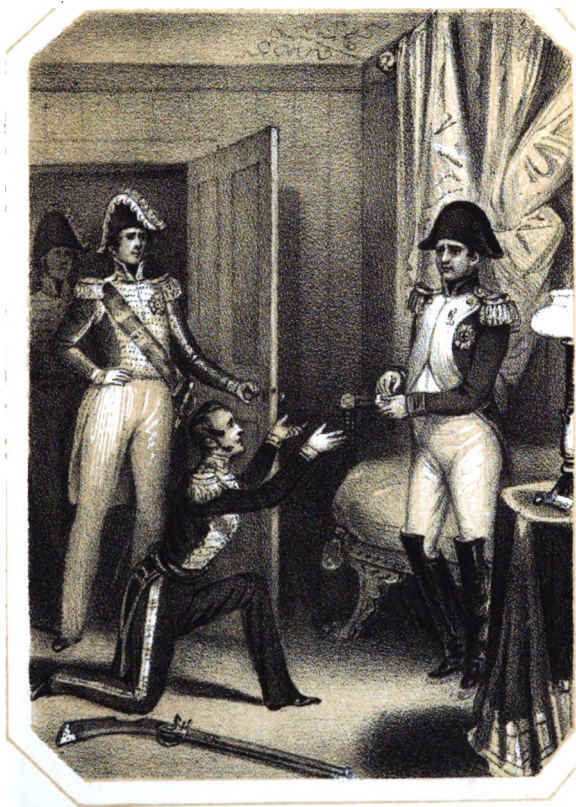
The Arabs now solicited permission for a new *fantasia*—that of mounting the head of the sphinx; to this we consented; and one of them instantly began to climb up its long pendant head ornament; and he accomplished his feat with the agility of a serpent, though even this looked awfully dangerous. When perched upon the top, he looked like a little hair-pin stuck upon its gigantic head. The countenance of the sphinx is much disfigured, as the nose has been broken.

A grave has been discovered near the sphinx; it is sunk in the ground, like a deep cistern, and contained two sarcophagi of black, in the usual ungraceful Egyptian outline of the human form; the lids were completely covered with hieroglyphics. When we recall the sarcophagi of the Greeks, so replete with grace and beauty, we cannot but regret that while the Egyptians bestowed so much labour to express their meaning, they should have omitted beauty, which would have had a charm for every

beholder, whereas their hidden signification can be ascertained only by the antiquarian.

After our morning's exertions, we gladly retreated to enjoy the refreshments we had provided in a rocky cavern, which an industrious Arab has converted into a comfortable shelter. There we partook of some breakfast, which we had of course brought with us. While thus engaged, our dragoman had a fierce altercation with the Bedouin guides, who were insatiable, though we had divided a Napoleon among them. When we came out, we were obliged to add a few piastres more, in return for which they escorted us part of the way, highly delighted. On taking leave, they repeatedly cried, "Salam! salam!" turning round to salute us, and their white mantles were soon lost behind the dams. In three hours and a quarter, we reached Cairo. The afternoon was glorious; numerous birds fluttered around, and the fields regaled us with the richest perfumes, such as we scarcely enjoy in Europe in the month of June. Now that I have come to the end of my letter, I will not conceal from you that my arms and shoulders ache not a little from having been pulled up and down by the Arabs.

Countess Hahn Hahn's "Letters."



A PASSAGE FROM THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON,
RELATED BY GENERAL BESSON.

THE emperor arrived at Rochefort early in the morning of the 3rd July. I was at that time a lieutenant, attached to the general staff of the marine. As I easily perceived that the commander of the two frigates, which the provisional government had placed at the disposal of the emperor, manifested very little inclination to compromise himself, in order to perform a sacred duty—that is, to risk everything, even his life, to save his majesty from his enemies, I quickly conceived the plan of taking his place, and of making an offer to the emperor to convey him to the United States, on board one of the vessels belonging to my father-in-law, which had been consigned to me at the beginning of the year 1815. * * I accordingly waited, without delay, on Marshal Bertrand, to whom I had the honour of being previously known, and communicated my plan to him. The very same evening I was presented to the emperor, who acceded to my project, after having made some unimportant modifications. * * My hastily prepared project consisted of the following particulars:—The Magdalena yacht, under Danish colours, (which was built at Kiel, 1812, to act against the English cruisers in the Baltic,) was to take on board a cargo of brandy, consigned to

America. It was to be furnished with two charter-parties, one for Kiel, the other for New York. Five empty casks, lined with mattresses, were placed in the hold, between two rows of hogsheads of brandy, to conceal five persons, in case the vessel should be searched. In the cabin, below the English fireplace, there was a trap-door, which communicated with the above place in the hold, which was furnished with sufficient provisions for five days. Fresh air was conveyed to the casks by very carefully concealed pipes, which issued under the beds in the cabin. Thus fitted out, the ship was to proceed to the island of Aix, and there cast anchor among the small vessels, which were waiting at that port to put to sea. There the necessary effects for the passengers were to be put on board, twenty-four hours previous to their own embarkation, and when everything was arranged, the yacht was to sail, and proceed from the Perthuis Breton, between the continent and the island, and then to go to the island of Noirmontier, and thence to Ushant, whence she was to sail for the high seas. By taking this direction, it was almost impossible not to succeed, for the English were at that time off the Gironde and the entrance of the Perthuis d'Antioche—that is to say, precisely on the opposite side. This was, in fact, proved in the sequel; for the Magdalena really took that course with perfect safety, only one day before the unhappy embarkation of the emperor on board the Bellerophon, and did not meet *with a single enemy's cruiser on her whole voyage.* As

soon as the plan, so arranged, had been finally accepted, Marshal Bertrand gave orders to Count Las Cases to hasten everything that was still necessary for its execution. Messrs. Roy, Brè, and Co., of Rochefort, were appointed to load the vessel, and to furnish the necessary papers. I took everything else upon myself; and the better to avoid exciting suspicion, I disguised myself as the captain of a merchantman from the North, (*capitaine du Nord.*) The success was complete; for General Becher did not discover that I belonged to the French navy till Napoleon went on board the Bellerophon; and it was on this occasion that he said to me, "I am sorry, captain, that you have so seriously compromised yourself by your zeal; your plan, I must confess, deserved a better fate." So much activity was manifested in the preparations, that I left Rochefort early on the 6th of July for Marennes, in order to receive the brandy necessary for the cargo of the Magdalena. On the 10th, I proceeded to the island of Aix, where I learnt that the emperor was on board the Saale, and that he was wholly abandoned by Captain Philibert, the commander of that frigate, who declared to him that the presence of an English ship off the entrance of the Perthuis d'Antioche, was an insuperable obstacle to his majesty's departure, as he, Captain Philibert, had the strictest orders not to expose himself and his crew to the danger of an uncertain encounter, in order to secure the personal safety of the emperor. Captain Cornée, commander of the Medusa

frigate, behaved in a very different manner. That brave officer offered to the emperor to take him on board his vessel, and either to secure his safe retreat, or to die with him; adding, that he might indeed be sunk, but that he pledged his word of honour never to surrender. This generous offer had no better fate than mine, as will be seen in the sequel; and the only motive which deterred the emperor was his repugnance to expose those who followed him to such an uncertain fate. Napoleon hereupon left the Saale frigate at nine o'clock, P.M.

I was summoned the same evening to the emperor, who received me with great kindness, and desired me immediately to embark his effects and those of his suite. I accordingly commenced at ten o'clock, and at midnight all was ready, so that nothing remained to be done except taking the passengers on board. I must here mention a circumstance which had nearly cost me my life. Every point in the island was well guarded, and particularly that part opposite to which the Magdalena lay at anchor. I had selected a spot for our embarkation, which was about fifty paces distant from a marine post; and in order to prevent any mistake, I had requested Count Bertrand to give notice to the commander of the post to pay no attention to the noise which he might hear between ten and twelve o'clock that night. Being convinced that we might now commence our operations without being disturbed, we all proceeded to work; but we had scarcely embarked a small part of the lug-

gage, when a fire of musketry was directed at us, which unfortunately took effect, broke the arm of one of my Danes, who was standing next me, and riddled our boat like a sieve. I instantly leaped on shore, at the risk of being shot, and hastened to the post, where I soon set matters to rights. *Nobody there had received any notice* ; but the brave soldiers, who heard us speak German, mistook it for English, and fired at us accordingly. A little before midnight, I repaired to the emperor, and informed him that *all was ready, and the wind favourable*. His majesty replied that it was impossible to depart that night, because he expected King Joseph. "Go down," he added, "and take some supper with Bertrand ; he will communicate to you a new project ; give him your opinion of it, and then come back to me." The emperor manifested great composure, yet he seemed to be thoughtful ; and I mention this circumstance only to contradict the publications of the day, which universally affirm that Napoleon was asleep almost the whole time that he was at Rochefort, and was so cast down by his situation, that he was unable to determine on the adoption of any plan. On the contrary, I did not find him in the least cast down, or agitated ; he frequently, as usual, had recourse to his snuff-box, and at the same time listened very attentively to all that was said to him ; but he appeared to me to look with too much indifference on the tragical complexity of his situation. "How unfortunate, sire," said I, "that you cannot depart to-day." The Rade

des Basques is free from enemies ; the Perthuis des Bretons is open : who knows if they will be so to-morrow?" These words were unhappily prophetic. *Even on the 12th, the English knew nothing of the emperor's arrival at Rochefort*, which was first made known to them by the visit of the Duke de Savary and Count Las Cases on board the *Bellerophon* ; this will indisputably prove that they had remained up to that moment at the entrance of the Gironde and of the Perthuis d'Antioche, in order to prevent every attempt to escape, which might be made by the frigates at anchor in the road off the isle of Aix. On the same evening, however, that the above-mentioned noblemen communicated the emperor's arrival, the *Bellerophon* moved to anchor in the *Rade des Basques*, which was unquestionably the proper position for simultaneously guarding both entrances.

I left the emperor, and went down into the cabin to Count Bertrand, who told me that some young officers, at whose head was one Gentil, a lieutenant in the navy, had come to propose to the emperor to embark him on board a sloop (*chaloupe pontée*) from Rochelle, and to convey him in it to the entrance of the *Rivière de Bordeaux*, passing the Straits of Monmousson, where an American vessel was at anchor, in which the emperor could obtain a passage to America, or of which he might take possession, in the event of a refusal. There were, in fact, several American vessels off Royant, which General L'Allemand visited, and the captains of

which had offered their services to his majesty. As I was well acquainted with the brave young men who had made this offer, I told the marshal that I was convinced Heaven itself pointed out to his majesty a safe means of escape, but that it must be immediately taken advantage of, since every circumstance appeared to combine to ensure its success. "What do you mean by this?" inquired the marshal, in astonishment. "I will explain myself," replied I. "The two sloops off Rochelle are excellent sailers; better, undoubtedly, than the English cruisers. They must be sent, one through the straits of Mon-mousson, the other through the Perthuis d'Antioche, and persons, and effects belonging to the emperor must be embarked on board both the vessels; but so that the crews themselves may not be aware who is on board the other sloop. Nothing more, I said, would then be necessary, except giving private orders to the commanders of the two light vessels, separately, to put themselves in the way of the English cruisers, to suffer themselves to be chased by them, and to draw them away as far as possible; and that a report should be secretly spread at Rochefort that Napoleon had embarked on board one of these sloops, so that the crew of each sloop might themselves believe that the emperor was on board the other. As soon as this plan was matured, and had been properly spread abroad, the sloops might sail the next evening, while the emperor would accompany me on the following morning, when he would have two more chances of happily effecting

his escape. * * The marshal seemed to be of the same opinion as myself; and as he was anxious to acquaint the emperor with the proposition without delay, he requested me to accompany him. We found Napoleon resting his elbow on a beautiful vermilion seat, which had been presented to him by his consort, Maria Louisa, and which, as his majesty wished to retain it till the last moment, was almost the only article of furniture which was not yet embarked. The emperor raised his head, and said, with an expression of good humour, "*Eh bien, Bertrand, que vous a dit le Capitaine Besson ?*" ("Well, Bertrand, what has Captain Besson said to you?") After Bertrand had made him acquainted with all that I had said, the emperor manifested his entire approbation of my plan, and immediately ordered the remaining effects of his suite and a quantity of provisions to be put on board these sloops, and desired that a report should be circulated that it was his intention to embark on board one of them, and then to despatch both of them shortly before his own departure. He added, "*Je suis à présent décidé à partir avec vous, capitaine, dans la nuit du 13 ou 14.*" ("I am at present determined to set out with you, captain, on the night of the 13th or 14th.") I foresaw, with the deepest regret, that this fresh delay would render all our efforts abortive, and I even ventured to express my apprehensions, but without effect. On the 11th and 12th, the sloops were further fitted out, and early on the 13th, they set sail, with full instruc-

tions, as had been agreed upon. This they effected without impediment, although the Bellerophon, in consequence of the visit of the Duke de Savary and Count Las Cases, had already taken up her new position in the Rade des Basques on the evening of the 12th. At break of day, on the 13th, M. Marchand came on board, and entrusted to me a leathern belt, filled with gold coin, to meet the emperor's expenses, and at the same time he gave me an order from his majesty to repair to him forthwith. It appeared to me, that the little gold which the emperor intended to take with him had been divided, and that M. Marchand had consigned a small portion to the care of every individual who was to embark with his majesty.

At seven o'clock, I repaired to the emperor, whom I found ready dressed, and pacing up and down in his room. "*Ah, vous voilà !*" he exclaimed, as I entered. "*Les chaloupes sont parties ce soir, donc . . . le sort en est jeté.*" ("Ah, you're there! The sloops are gone this evening, then—the die is cast.") He then inquired whether I was certain that I was acquainted with the whole coast, while he at the same time pointed with his finger to the island of Aix, &c., in the chart of Poitou, which lay upon the table. As I was about to reply, M. Marchand entered, and whispered to the emperor, upon which I was suddenly dismissed. On retiring, I met a person whom I had never seen here before, and who I afterwards learned was King Joseph. The whole day was passed in making

every arrangement for our voyage as perfect as possible ; and when evening set in, I was informed that the gentleman whom the emperor had lately sent to the *Bellerophon* had just returned. I have not the slightest doubt that it was only on this day that certain persons belonging to the suite of Napoleon, under the apprehension that they might be taken prisoners with him on board my yacht, had definitely influenced him to enter into serious negotiations with Captain Maitland, whose answer had just arrived, but of which, at that time, I had not the slightest suspicion. On the contrary, when his majesty again summoned me, as soon as it was dark, I experienced the greatest delight, in the anticipation that my wishes were approaching their goal. On entering, I found General Savary, Count Las Cases, Count Montholon, and another person, who was a stranger to me, in the saloon. "Captain," said the emperor, addressing me, "you must immediately return to your yacht, and cause my effects to be disembarked. I sincerely thank you for all your good intentions towards me. Had the object been the deliverance of an oppressed people, as was my intention on quitting the island of Elba, I should not have lost a moment in confiding myself to your care ; but as the sole question now hinges upon my personal welfare, I will not expose those who have remained faithful to me and to my interests, to any dangers, which, to say the least, are useless. I have resolved to go to England ; and to-morrow, I shall embark on board the *Bellero-*

phon." Had I been struck to the ground by a flash of lightning from a serene sky, I could not have experienced a more fearful sensation than that which was produced by these last words. I felt the blood forsake my cheeks, the tears gushed from my eyes, and for some moments I had no power of utterance. It was as clear to me as the light of heaven that the emperor was fearfully mistaken in his chivalrous ideas of the magnanimity of the British government, and a thousand anxious forebodings filled my breast. * * God knows what I might still have added in my despair, had not General Savary, who was in a corner of the saloon, interrupted me with his sonorous voice, and harshly imposed silence. "Captain," he exclaimed, "you take too much upon yourself! Do not entirely forget in whose presence you are!" "*Oh, laissez-le parler,*" ("Oh, let him speak,") said the emperor, with a sorrowful look, which went to my very heart; but I soon perceived, when I had in some measure recovered myself, how useless any further attempt would be. "Pardon, sire," I continued, "if I have said too much; but I am as completely stunned by your decision, as if I had been struck by a thunderbolt." * * "Go, captain," said the emperor, mildly, "and make yourself easy. When you have finished your business, come again to me." I did as I was commanded, though in the most desponding spirit; and at nine o'clock in the evening of the 14th of July all was completed, on which I immediately returned to inform the emperor. I found him alone with

M. Marchand, who might well be called Fidelity personified, and whose obligingness to me never varied.

* * As soon as the emperor saw me enter, he came up to me, and said, "Captain, I again thank you: as soon as you have settled everything here, come and join me in England. I shall undoubtedly, when I am there," he added, with a smile, "still have need of a man of your character." "Ah! sire," I replied, much affected, "why dare I not cherish the slightest hope that a day will ever come when I may be summoned to obey so flattering a command." Unable any longer to suppress my feelings, I was about hastily to retire, when the emperor made me a sign to stop, and sent Marchand out to fetch Marshal Bertrand; he then selected from among some arms for his private use, which stood in a corner of the room, a valuable double-barrelled gun, which he had long used in the chase, and presenting it to me, said, with much emotion, "*Je n'ai plus rien dans ce moment à vous offrir, mon ami, que cette arme. Veuillez l'accepter comme un souvenir de moi?*" ("I have nothing else at this moment to offer you, my friend, but this gun; accept it, if you please, as a *souvenir* of me.") This present, which is so invaluable dear to me, and the inexpressibly benign manner in which it was made, induced me, as I was alone with the emperor, to make, almost involuntarily, a last attempt. I threw myself at his feet, and conjured him with tears, by everything which the most melancholy conviction suggested to me, not to give himself up to the

English, for that, as yet, nothing was lost; and I promised to have all his things again on board within two hours, when he might immediately follow, and we might set sail without delay. Nothing was wanting but his decision—his command. Alas! all was in vain. “Well, sire,” I exclaimed, rising; but the marshal, who had entered meantime, interrupted me. “Captain, cease your useless endeavours,” he exclaimed, impatiently; “your zeal is laudable, your conduct is noble, but his majesty *cannot now draw back.*” It was, perhaps, so; and I suppressed the words which were still upon my lips. I said, “Nothing now remains for me but to take leave of your majesty, and to depart in the same yacht, sire, which was intended for your majesty. I shall follow the precise route which you have approved; and time, I fear, will too soon show your majesty which of the two projects was the safer.” Struck to the heart, I retired, and went on board my ship. It was ten o’clock at night; I immediately had the anchor weighed, and sailed with a brisk east wind. I was not in any way molested; and at daybreak reached the entrance of the Perthuis Breton, where I mixed with the coasting vessels. It is necessary to observe, that the emperor did not embark in the *Epervia* till five o’clock in the morning of the 15th, and arrived on board the *Bellerophon* at nine o’clock, A.M. I had therefore long before continued my voyage unobserved in company with the coasting vessels, and it was not till I found myself off the Sables d’Olonnes

that I took leave of my captain, to sail to Ushant and Kiel, through the English Channel, where he arrived safely twenty days afterwards, without having been visited by a single English cruiser, or, as I observed before, being in anywise molested. I then returned with one of the coasting vessels to Rochefort, where I waited on the Marine Prefect to receive his orders. He told me, that at the desire of the emperor he had kept back till the last moment two chests of plate, which he was to deliver to Madame Besson, in case the emperor had sailed with me. As his majesty, however, had taken an opposite step, he had deemed it his duty to send these chests, with some others which his majesty had entrusted to him, on board the *Bellerophon*. In fact, the sale of these very chests of plate served to supply the emperor's most urgent wants at St. Helena; but I myself was very far from having any notion that his majesty would have carried his attention so far as to think of the fate of my wife, in case my project had been carried into execution.

* * Since that mournful period I have been a wanderer in foreign lands; nor have I ventured to approach the coast of France, except in the year 1826, when his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt sent me to Marseilles, to arm the ships of war which General Livron had caused to be built there for his highness. My connexion with Egypt takes its date from that time.—*Prince Puckler Muskau's "Egypt."*

VISIT TO THE VOLCANO KILAUEA, IN HAWAII.

As we reached the great plain of the volcano, we approached the southern limit of the wood, and, on turning its corner, Mauna Soa burst upon us in all its grandeur. The day was extremely fine, the atmosphere pure and clear, except a few flying clouds, and this immense dome rose before us from a plain some twenty miles in breadth. I had not until then formed any adequate idea of its magnitude and height. The whole dome appeared of a bronze-colour, and its uninterrupted, smooth outline, was relieved against the deep blue of a tropical sky. Masses of clouds were floating around it, throwing their shadows distinctly on its sides, to which they gave occasional relief and variety. There was a bluish haze resting on the plain, that apparently gave it great distance, though this was partially counteracted by the distinctiveness of the dome. I now, for the first time, felt the magnitude of the task I had undertaken.

So striking was the mountain, that I was surprised and disappointed when called upon by my friend, Dr. Judd, to look at the volcano, for I saw nothing before us but a huge pit, black, ill-looking, and totally different from what I had anticipated. There were no jets of fire, no eruptions of heated stones, no cones, nothing but a depression, that, in

the midst of the vast plain by which it is surrounded, appeared small and insignificant.

At the further end was what appeared a small, cherry-red spot, whence vapour was issuing, and condensing above into a cloud of silvery brightness. This cloud, however, was more glorious than any I had ever beheld, and the sight of it alone would have repaid for the trouble of coming thus far.

We hurried to the edge of the cavity, in order to get a view of its interior, and as we approached, vapour, issuing from numerous cracks, showed that we were passing over ground beneath which fire was raging. The rushing of the wind past us was as if it were drawn inwards to support the combustion of some mighty conflagration.

When the edge is reached, the extent of the cavity becomes apparent, and its depth became sensible by comparison with the figures of some of our party who had descended. The vastness, thus made sensible, transfixes the mind with astonishment, and every instant the impression of grandeur and magnitude increases. To give an idea of its capacity, the city of New York might be placed within it, and when at its bottom, would be hardly noticed—for it is three and a half miles long, two and a half wide, and over a thousand feet deep. A black ledge surrounds it at the depth of six hundred and sixty feet, and thence to the bottom is three hundred and eighty-four feet. The bottom looks, in the day-time, like a heap of smouldering ruins.

The descent to the ledge appears a short and easy task, but it takes an hour to accomplish.

We pitched our tents in full view of the volcano, on its western side, and the natives busied themselves in building temporary huts to shelter them from the cold blast that rushed by. All this was accomplished, and we had time to take another view of the crater before dark.

All usual ideas of volcanic craters are dissipated upon seeing this. There is no elevated cone, no igneous matter or rocks ejected beyond the ruin: the banks appear as if built of massive blocks, which are in places clothed with ferns, nourished by the issuing vapours. What is wonderful in the day becomes ten times more so at night; the immense pool of cherry-red liquid lava, in a state of violent ebullition, illuminates the whole expanse, and floats in all directions like water, while the illuminated cloud hangs over it like a vast canopy.

The bank near us was covered with half-naked natives, two hundred or more in number, all gazing with affrighted looks and savage wonder on this surprising phenomenon. Their ancestors would not have dared thus to look upon and into this dread abode of the malicious goddess Pele, never having approached it without the greatest fear and awe, and then only to deliver their offering by casting it into the burning pool, to secure a safe transit through her territory. We sat on its northern bank for a long time in silence, until one of the party

proposed we should endeavour to reach the bank nearest to and over the lake, and having placed ourselves under the direction of Mr. Drayton, we followed him along the edge of the western bank ; but although he had been over the ground the day before, he now lost his way, and we found ourselves still on the upper bank, after walking two or three miles. We then resolved to return to the first place that appeared suitable for making a descent, and at last one was found, which, however, proved steep and rugged. In the darkness, we got many a fall, and received numerous bruises ; but we were too near the point of our destination to turn back without fully satisfying our curiosity. We finally reached the second ledge, and soon came to the edge of it ; we were then directly over the pool or lake of fire, at the distance of about five hundred feet above it, and the light was so strong, that it enabled me to read the smallest print. The pool is fifteen hundred feet long by one thousand feet wide, and of an oval figure.

I was struck by the absence of any sound, except a low murmuring, like that which is heard from the boiling of a thick liquid. The ebullition was (as is the case where the heat is applied to one side of a vessel) most violent near the northern side. The vapour and steam that were constantly escaping were so rarified as not to impede the view, and only became visible in the bright cloud above us, which seemed to sink and rise alternately. We occasionally perceived stones, or masses of red-hot

matter, ejected to the height of about seventy feet, and falling back into the lake again.

The lake was apparently rising, and wanted but a few feet of overflowing its banks. When I began to reflect upon the position we were in, its insecurity, and the vast and deep fires beneath, with the high basaltic walls encompassing us on all sides, the sulphurous fumes and broad glare, throwing such enormous masses of stone in strong relief by their fusion, I found it difficult to comprehend how such a reservoir can thus be pent up, and be viewed in such close proximity without accident or danger. The whole party was perfectly silent, and the countenance of each individual expressed the feeling of awe and wonder which I felt in so great a degree myself, and which the scene was so well calculated to excite.

We returned to our tents towards midnight, much fatigued, but found sleep impossible after the excitement of such a scene.

At daylight, the thermometer stood at 43°, and there was much deposit from the steam-holes. The barometrical height of the encampment, on the west side of the crater, was found to be three thousand nine hundred and seventy feet.

On the following day, Dr. Judd made a second visit to this remarkable scene: the perils to which he was then exposed form the subject of the following extract.

DR. JUDD'S DANGEROUS SECOND VISIT TO THE VOLCANO.

HE proceeded with the natives down the ravine into the crater, thence along the black ledge to its western part, where he descended by the same toilsome path that had been followed a month before. After reaching the bottom, he found a convenient steam-hole, whence a strong sulphurous gas issued, and he then arranged the apparatus for collecting it. This was found to answer the purpose, and the gas was readily and completely absorbed by water. The gas was then collected in a phial containing red cabbage water turned blue by lime, when it became intensely red. Dr. Judd then sought for a place where he might dip up some of the recent and yet fluid lava, but found none sufficiently liquid for the purpose. Failing here, he proceeded towards the great fiery lake at the southern extremity of the crater. He found that the ascent towards this was rapid, because the successive flowings of lava had formed crusts which lapped over each other. This rock was so dark in colour as to be almost black, and so hot as to act upon spittle just as iron heated nearly to redness would have done. On breaking through the outer crust, which was two or three inches thick, the mass beneath, although solid, was of a cherry red. The pole with which the crust was pierced took fire as

it was withdrawn. It was evidently impossible to approach any nearer in this direction, for although the heat might not be so intense as to prevent walking on the crust, yet the crust itself might be too weak to bear the weight, and to break through would have been to meet a death of the most appalling kind. Dr. Judd, therefore, turned towards the west bank, on which he mounted to a higher level, over stones too hot to be touched, but from which his feet were defended by stout woollen stockings, and sandals of hide worn over his shoes. When he had proceeded as far as he could in this direction, he saw, at the distance of about thirty feet from him, a stream of lava running down the declivity over which he and his companions had ascended. Even this distance was too great to be reached over, and the intervening rocks had become so heated by the continual stream, that they could not be traversed.

At this time they were very near the great lake, but could not see its surface, which was still about twenty feet higher than the spot where they stood. Jets of lava were, however, observed rising about twenty-five feet, and falling back again into the lake. Dr. Judd now despaired of gratifying his own wishes and mine, by obtaining lava in a liquid state, and ordered a retreat.

On his return, the party passed the small crater which has been spoken of, and which, by comparison with the larger one, appeared cool. Smoke and a little igneous matter were issuing from a small cone

in its centre; but with this exception, a crust of solid lava covered the bottom.

On the sides of this crater, Dr. Judd saw some fine specimens of capillary glass, "Pele's hair," which he was anxious to obtain for our collection. He therefore, by the aid of the hand of one of the natives, descended, and began to collect specimens. When fairly down, he was in danger of falling, in consequence of the narrowness of the footing; but in spite of this difficulty, his anxiety to select the best specimens enticed him onwards. While thus advancing, he saw and heard a slight movement in the lava, about fifty feet from him, which was twice repeated, and curiosity led him to turn to approach the place where the motion occurred. In an instant the crust was broken asunder by a terrific heave, and a jet of molten lava, full fifteen feet in diameter, rose to the height of about forty-five feet, with a most appalling noise. He instantly turned, for the purpose of escaping, but found that he was now under a projecting ledge, which opposed his ascent, and that the place where he had descended was some feet distant. The heat was already too great to permit him to turn his face towards it, and was every moment increasing; while the violence of the throes, which shook the rock beneath his feet, augmented. Although he considered his life as lost, he did not omit the means for preserving it; but offering a mental prayer for the Divine aid, he strove, although in vain, to scale the projecting rock. While thus engaged, he called in English

upon his native attendants for aid ; and looking upward, saw the friendly hand of Kalumo, who on this fearful occasion had not abandoned his spiritual guide and friend, extended towards him. Ere he could grasp it, the fiery jet again rose above their heads, and Kalumo shrunk back, scorched and terrified, until, excited by a second appeal, he again stretched forth his hand, and seizing Dr. Judd's with a giant's grasp, their joint efforts placed him on the ledge. Another moment, and all aid would have been unavailing to save Dr. Judd from perishing in the fiery deluge.

In looking for the natives, they were seen some hundreds of yards distant, running as fast as their legs could carry them. On his calling to them, however, they returned, and brought the frying-pan and pole. By this time, about ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed, the crater was full of lava, running over all the lower or northern side, when Dr. Judd was enabled to dip up a pan of it; it was, however, too cold to take an impression, and had a crust on its top. On a second trial, he was successful ; and while it was red-hot, he endeavoured to stamp it with a navy button ; but the whole sank by its own weight, being composed of a frothy lava, and became suddenly cold, leaving only the mark of the general shape of the button, without any distinct impression. The cake he thus obtained (for it precisely resembled a charred pound-cake) was added to our collections, and is now in the hall where they are deposited. This lake I have designated as

Judd's Lake, and believe that few will dispute his being entitled to the honour of having it called after him. Dr. Judd now found that he had no time to lose, for the lava was flowing so rapidly to the north, that their retreat might be cut off, and the whole party destroyed. They therefore at once took leave of the spot, and only effected their escape by running. When the danger was past, Dr. Judd began to feel some smarting at his wrists and elbows, and perceived that his shirt was a little scorched. By the time he reached the tents, and we had examined him, he was found to be severely burned on each wrist, in spots of the size of a dollar, and also on his elbows, and wherever his shirt had touched his skin. Kalumo's whole face was one blister, particularly that side which had been most exposed to the fire.

The crater had been previously measured by Dr. Judd, and was found to be thirty-eight feet deep by two hundred feet in diameter. The rapidity of its filling (in twelve minutes) will give some idea of the quantity of the fluid mass.

Towards evening, although very much fatigued, we walked down to the edge of the bank, to have a view of the eruption that was flowing from this small lake; and although I had thought it impossible that the appearance the great burning lake presented on my first visit could be exceeded, yet this far surpassed it. The most brilliant pyrotechnics would have faded before what we now saw. A better idea of the light given out by this volcano

will be obtained by the fact, that it sometimes produces rainbows in the passing rain-clouds, one of which was seen by Mr. Drayton. The whole bottom of the crater north of Judd's Lake, upwards of a mile and a half in length, and half a mile in width, was covered with fluid lava, running in streams, as though it had been water. These here and there divided, and then joined again, tumbling in rapids and falls over the different ledges. The streams were of a glowing, cherry-red colour, illuminating the whole crater around; the large lake beyond seemed swelling and becoming more vivid, so that we expected every moment to see an overflow from it of greater grandeur. We sat watching the progress of both for many hours, under great excitement, and saw the formation of pools of the igneous liquid, one after the other, until, accumulating, they overflowed the banks, and rushed on to fill some cavities beyond. We could not but feel ourselves identified with this spectacle by the occurrences of the day, and in particular by the fortunate escape of our companion, and we sat speculating on the horrible situation of one cut off from escape by these red-hot streams. The sight was magnificent, and worth a voyage round the world to witness. It was with regret that I returned to our tent, determining in my own mind to have a nearer view of this overflow in the morning.

*Wilkes's "Narrative of the United States
Exploring Expedition."*

HORSE AND WOLF LIFE ON THE RUSSIAN STEPPES.

THE tabunchik, or horse-drover, is almost as wild as the half wild horses which are committed to his guardianship on the steppes. Usually a little Russian, a Cossac, or having a strong dash of Cossac blood in his veins, he offers a strange mixture of the South American gaucho, the Yorkshire horse-jockey, and the wandering Tartar; three-fourths of his life are spent in the saddle, the other fourth in gambling, drinking, swearing, and thieving, for he scarcely sleeps, except upon his horse. The horse-breeder entrusts to him a tabune, or a herd of horses, varying in number from two hundred to a thousand, of which, perhaps, one half may be breeding mares, with one stallion to every five-and-twenty, and the rest foals and colts of different ages. It is his business to conduct this herd from pasturage to pasturage, or rather, to follow it in its capricious wanderings, to keep it together, and to protect it against the devastations of the horse-stealers and wolves.

The trade of the tabunchik is one which requires so much skill, activity, and zeal, that none but a freeman deeply interested in the prosperity of the herd could ever be found to undertake it with success. He receives commonly five shillings per annum for each horse in the tabune; but at the same time

he is responsible for every horse that is lost beyond a certain number which is allowed for unavoidable contingencies. Thus the pay of one of these drovers may amount to 200*l.* or 300*l.* per annum in a successful year, when undiminished by casualties, and then the sudden loss of half his herd may swallow up at once the savings of several years, for every horse is averaged at 5*l.* a head.

The animals committed to his care are shy of everybody but their drover, as the wild horses of the Kirguise steppes are, for the most part, as ignorant of the restraint of bit and rein and the humiliation of the saddle's ignominious weight as their perfectly free brethren, who know no lord but the patriarchal stallion; for, with the exception of a few dozen which the tabunchik selects for his own riding, no attempt is ever made to reclaim them, till purchased in detail at the horse fairs, whither, occasionally, the surplus of the tabune is sent for sale.

Restless as the wind, the horses of the herd can never be depended on for an hour. At all times they are liable to quit their pasturage, and roam forward, in the daintiness of their fastidious taste, or the mere wantonness of their caprice; and the drover must follow them, to prevent them from dispersing. Night and day he cannot snatch an hour's rest, without, as he himself expresses it, "sleeping with one eye, and watching the tabune with the other;" and the first dawn of daylight calls forth the exercise both of his activity and sagacity, in

collecting his wild troop together, and following on the traces of those who have rambled far away.

The tabunchik alone, of all the nomades who inhabit the steppe, whatever be their race or name, is without some humble dwelling ; his mode of life will allow him to use neither hut, nor tent, nor wagon ; and he has no more bulky " impediments " than his saddle. Living, as it were, on horseback, and mounting at once the wildest horses of the tabune, these men are generally good and bold riders, and like the guachos, they use with admirable skill the lasso, of which the use is common to all the inhabitants of the steppe, as well as to the Caucasian mountaineers. The lasso enables them at all times to catch any horse of the herd, which otherwise would be a matter of the utmost difficulty. They are also armed with a formidable whip, in the lash of which is an iron button, which, when swung by a vigorous and dexterous arm, is as formidable as a pistol-bullet, and far more certain of striking the destined object.

The horse may here be studied in a state of nature. Born on the steppe, and never having seen a roof between him and the heavens, his habits are all those of the wild horse. Here, as amongst his brethren which have no connexion with mankind, the strongest and boldest stallion is the lord and ruler of the community, until the growing strength and courage of some young competitor induce him to dispute his sovereignty, when, after a desperate

battle, the vanquished is either reduced to obedience, or sullenly abdicates his dignity.

The stallion also displays much natural gallantry; he is evidently always on the *qui vive* for the safety of the herd, for every strange object attracts his attention, and excites his suspicion; and he is fretful and uneasy long before the mares and their foals appear alarmed; but when they do so, they fly at once; whereas the stallion wheels snorting round a stranger, to reconnoitre the danger, and always lingers behind the flying herd, when he imagines it to menace the rear. Alone, he attacks the wolf with ungovernable fury; and it seldom happens unsuccessfully, although he is far from making the best use of the formidable weapons which nature has given him; for the stallion never strikes with the hind legs, of which the kick is so effectual, but only with his fore feet, with which he strikes his adversary, biting and tearing him also with his teeth. The mares and geldings, which seem to consider that all arms are fair for the weak to use, in general resort at once to kicking, but do not accustom themselves to this mode of defence.

The wolves that infest the steppe in great numbers, and endeavour either to surprise the straggling colts or the foals of improvident mares which have wandered too far from assistance, are sometimes, though rarely, known to gather in a pack, and make a night attack upon the tabune; and they sometimes venture on it in the broad daylight of a winter's day, at a season when the herd is enfeebled by hunger, or at

a time when it is bewildered by a snow-storm. These battles are always very bloody, and are sure to terminate fatally to some of the assailants, who can never carry off the carcasses of the young foals they may have succeeded in killing when once the herd is aroused; for they have all the instinct of attacking and pursuing the wolf with the most vindictive fury; and it is therefore only after the tabunchik has taken off the skin, and the field of battle has been abandoned, that the marauder dares to return, to profit by its spoils.

Immediately on the alarm of such an attack, the herd gathers together in a close column, in the centre of which the foals and colts are enclosed, and it comes rushing on, trampling and beating down its assailants, who are always driven from their prey directly the united tabune is gathered against them. But the stallions, who disdain to share the safety conferred by its united strength upon the mass, gallop in front of it, attacking at once their baffled assailants, or cutting off their retreat. The wolf is generally struck down, and sometimes several times successively, by a powerful blow of the stallion's fore feet, as he attempts to fly at his throat, until the stallion at last seizes him with his teeth by the neck before he can recover, and shakes him as a terrier shakes a rat. Sometimes, he kneels upon him; but in every case, if he can only parry the assault of the wolf, and once seize on him, the rapacious animal can never escape, for the whole tabune gather round the combatants, and tear the wolf and

beat him to pieces in the dust or snow. But at least it is always a mortal struggle; the wolf dare not trust himself to turn and fly, when so near his adversary; his only chance is in grasping his throat, which, if he can reach, he tears open, as quickly as a razor could sever it. But in this attempt he usually perishes, as we have recorded, unaided as he is; for however numerous the pack may be, as soon as they see the herd in martial order they sheer off, leaving a few unfortunates, who have been compromised in the attack.

The chase of the wolf is a favourite pastime of the tabunchik, though he can never find time to indulge in it, unless a wolf comes within sight, when he is in the saddle. But the wolf, who in more than one country is supposed to have some indirect connexion with the author of all wiles, is much too cunning to give him often so fair an opportunity, though he will be prowling all day within sight of the sheep or ox-herd, who cannot pursue him, or following the wagon of some wandering Israelite, who, led by the universal incentive of his race, comes to sell brandy to the deep-drinking tabunchik, and perhaps to traffic in the skins of departed wolves.

Whenever, on a tolerable horse, the horse-drover can get a fair gallop after the wolf, he is almost sure to run him down; for though this animal has both speed and endurance, and when hunted by slow hounds, or at a moderate pace, is untiring—as in the old hunts in France and Germany he formerly proved himself to be, when it was only by

means of many *relais* of dogs that he could be tired out—yet, just as we see with a fox, if made to fly beyond a certain degree of speed before a lurcher, the wolf, when closely pressed at starting, is soon exhausted.

As soon as the wolf finds himself beaten, he commonly lies on his back, and whines like a dog; for against man all his ferocity seems absorbed in his fears. But the iron-tipped whip of the hunter descends mercilessly and fatally; and he never receives from his pursuer quarter, which neither his craven-like conduct in the strife, nor the antecedents of his civil life, have deserved at his hands.

On the whole, the wolf, if he does much damage on the steppe, has many enemies whose supremacy he must acknowledge. He is trodden down by the angry stallion; he is gored by the furious oxen when he ventures to attack the tabune or tchereda; and when he approaches too near the otara, or the vast flock of sheep, the fierce sheep-dogs of the steppe, the long-legged, shaggy-haired oftscharki, are upon him in an instant.

The wolf is strong in the jaws, fierce, and active; he can make prodigious bounds; and he has such power in his jaws, which are armed with a formidable set of grinders, that when he snaps them together, the sound is betwixt that of a pocket-pistol and a carter's whip. But he is stiff in the neck, and when resolutely attacked, or what is called in English sporting phrase, "collared," his heart entirely fails him. When seized on by one of these

dogs, which much resemble in form, but surpass him in size, and which have all his ferocity, added to considerable courage, he often dies without defending himself, though as long as they have not laid hold of him, he still fights amidst the whole pack, which generally collects on the scene of affray. It is also remarked, that when beaten to death, he never utters a groan or cry; but if a limb should be broken, he yelps and screams like a beaten hound.

Few instances ever occur of the wolf attacking men, even in the severest winter; but it is common for him to carry off the dogs from the villages all through the empire; and a few instances are related of children carried away, which are, however, mostly apocryphal. It is true, he is sometimes killed with clubs and pitchforks at noon-day, in the very centre of a populous village, where he has furiously attacked everything he met with. But these are in cases of hydrophobia, which in the severe winters are not very uncommon; for in an intense cold, it is impossible even for a man heated with walking to satiate his thirst with snow; his teeth and jaws ache so much in the attempt to thaw it, that he is obliged to desist; and the same is probably the case with the wolf.

It is related of a mother, who was travelling with her three children in a sledge, which was beset upon the road by a pack of hungry wolves, that when on the point of being torn to pieces by them, she flung one child to them to save the rest; but the wolves

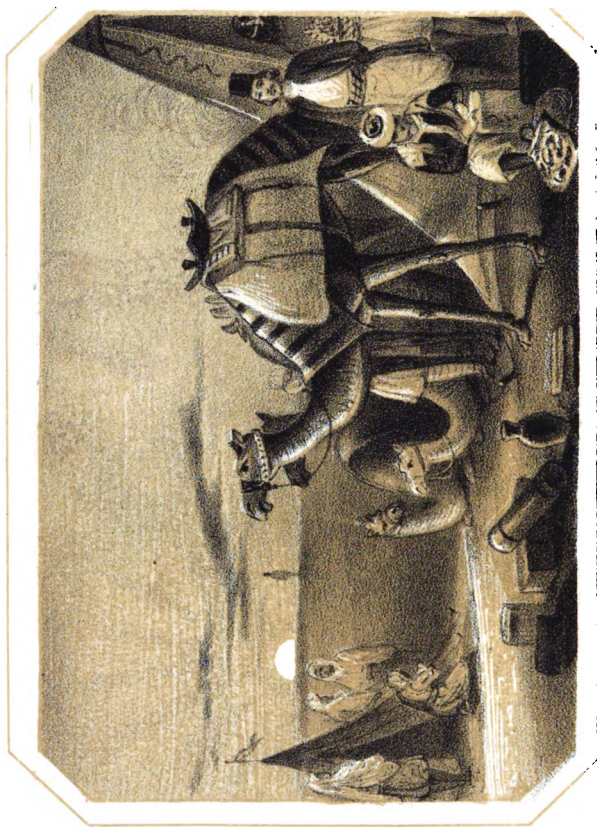
still followed insatiate, till she sacrificed to them a second ; and at last, yielding to her terror for her own safety, she abandoned the third and youngest of her children !

The Russian monarch (either John the Terrible, or Peter the Great, for we forget in whose reign it is said to have happened) was so indignant at the unnatural conduct of the heartless mother, that he ordered her to be cast to the wolves which he kept for his hunt; but these animals, though they directly strangled her, refused to touch the body—a proceeding more remarkable in the wolf than in any other carnivorous animal ; for nothing but the wolf will eat of the wolf's flesh, so strong and carrion-like is it, and so little fastidious is his taste ; the author has himself seen the leather covering of an old carriage devoured by one of this rapacious family.

We have heard a story almost similar, which is much better authenticated, and may have given rise to the preceding tale ; it is at least more dramatic, should it, as we must hope, be as little founded. A colonel's lady was beset in the same manner as we have described, travelling with her two children. After the wolves had once or twice sprung at the horses, in her despair she sacrificed the elder of her children to save—not herself, but the youngest and best-beloved, a weak and puny child, which she put beneath the sledge-cover under her feet. When she reached the place of her destination, she found, however, that the object of her culpable preference,

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MYSTERIES OF A DESERT CARAVAN

to whose safety she had sacrificed her elder born, was stiff and cold as marble, having been frozen where she had placed it for security on the fearful journey !

"Revelations of Russia."

MYSTERIES OF A DESERT JOURNEY.—
ARAB CUNNING.

THE way of providing for the passage of the Desert is this : there is an agent in the town (Gaza) who keeps himself in communication with some of the desert Arabs who are hovering within a day's journey of the place ; a party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure or other ill-treatment at the hands of the governor, come into the town, bringing with them the number of camels which you require, and then they stipulate, for a certain sum, to take you to the place of your destination in a given time ; the agreement which they thus enter into includes a safe conduct through their country, as well as the hire of the camels. According to the contract made with me, I was to reach Cairo within ten days from the commencement of the journey. I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were, a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent at Jerusalem, and a couple of bottles of wine from the same source ; two goat-skins filled with water, tea,

sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter, which Mysseri had purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the desert through which we were to pass is destitute of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and, for a while, she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation; but when she suspects that her master is putting more than a just burthen upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife: if sighs will not move you, she can weep. You soon learn to pity, and soon to love her, for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

You cannot, of course, put an English or any other riding-saddle upon the back of the camel; but your quilt or carpet, or whatever you carry for the purpose of lying on at night, is folded, and fastened on to the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump; and on this you ride, or rather sit. You sit as a man sits on a chair when he sits astride, and faces the back of it. I made an improvement on this plan: I had my English stirrups strapped on to the cross-bars of the pack-saddle, and thus, by gaining rest for my dangling legs, and gaining, too, the power of varying my position more easily than I could otherwise have done, I added very much to my comfort. Don't forget to do as I did.

For several miles beyond Gaza, the land, which had been plentifully watered by the rains of the

last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jewelled with meadow flowers so fresh and fragrant, that I began to grow almost uneasy—to fancy that the very desert was receding before me, and that the long-desired adventure of passing its “burning sands” was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced, the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day’s journey, I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand, and had nothing at all to complain of, except that there peeped forth at intervals a few isolated blades of grass, and many of those stunted shrubs which are the accustomed food of the camel.

Before sunset, I came up with an encampment of Arabs (the encampment from which my camels had been brought), and my tent was pitched amongst theirs. I was now amongst the true Bedouins. Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and finely-formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his head-gear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes; his countenance shows painful thought and long suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his

simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries, more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music that I ever endured.

In passing the Desert, you will find your Arabs wanting to start and to rest at all sorts of odd times; they like, for instance, to be off at one in the morning, and to rest during the whole afternoon. You must not give way to their wishes in this respect: I tried their plan once, and found it very harassing and unwholesome. An ordinary tent can give you very little protection against heat, for the fire strikes fiercely through single canvas, and you soon find, that whilst you lie crouching and striving to hide yourself from the blazing face of the sun, his power is harder to bear than it is where you boldly defy him from the airy heights of your camel.

It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the Desert; but as we rested, at the end of the first day's journey, by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to my servant Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence; we were now just two days deep in the Desert, and

I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants. I believed, at the moment (for it seemed likely enough), that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement; and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me, quite positively, that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that, if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few paras'-worth of bread. This new suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light. I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine, philosophical calm; but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness. I well knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed, and therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself, from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions, that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by

taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert, so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me, and prayed loudly for bread. I refused them.

“Then we die!”

“God’s will be done.”

I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own,—that, in short, I was happily resigned to *their* fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter; they looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

In about ten minutes from this time, I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe, the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent, but you would no more recoil from an Oriental on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw. Indeed, I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs, because

they had so wofully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right; they too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

The Arabs adhere to those ancestral principles of bread-baking which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages: the very first baker of bread that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal and holds it out in the hollow of his hands, whilst his comrade pours over it a few drops of water; he then mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, which he pulls into small pieces, and thrusts into the embers. His way of baking exactly resembles the craft or mystery of roasting chesnuts as practised by children; there is the same prudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel—the same enterprise and self-sacrificing valour in pulling it out with the fingers.

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn, I arose and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing, then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs, being on foot, would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came.

About mid-day, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine, and supply me with a piece of bread softened in water (for it was dried hard like a board), and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue; after this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small, stunted shrubs ; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword.

No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights, you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on, your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by, the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia; then again you look on his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair wavy cloud that fled in the morning, now to his side once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens and clings to his side.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter, at the same time, a peculiar gurgling sound; the beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, where shrubs there were, or

where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing, I used to walk away towards the east, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me thus to stand alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders, he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me, I began to return—to return, as it were, to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when, at last, I regained the spot, it seemed to me a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread; Mysseri rattling tea-cups; the little kettle, with her odd, old maidish looks, sat humming away old songs about England; and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood firm and tight, with open portal, and with welcoming look, like “the own arm-chair” of our Lyrist’s “sweet Lady Anne.” . . . By and by, there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, that minded me of old Eton days,

and the butter that had come all this way to me in this desert of Asia, from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king,—like four kings,—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loth to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for awhile with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one, the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground, and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots, the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute, there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off; and instant, upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner who had waited and watched, the genius of the desert stalked in. * *

Once, during this passage, my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after awhile we were lucky enough to recover our right line of march. * * About this part of my journey, I saw the likeness of a fresh water lake; I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm

water, that stretched far, and fair towards the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side; on its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing, and seeming to float upon waters deep and still.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming waters that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the fantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had filled this great hollow, and when dried up by evaporation, had left a white saline deposit, that exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and thus sketched a true shore line. The minute crystals of the salt sparkled in the sun, and so looked like the face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but you soon, of course, become inured to this; and after the first two days, this way of travelling became so familiar to me, that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey, the air above me lay dead; and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the

heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever he had shone before; and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after awhile I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing “for church.” After awhile, the sound died slowly away; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England, it has been told me, that like

sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of a wide ocean has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells. . . .

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley, no hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the centre of a round horizon; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above—over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun; “he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there *was* nothing hid from the heat thereof.” . . .

On the eighth day, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe, that sparkled here and there as though it were sewn with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens, and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am!)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came, I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the west, without telling me the errand on which he was bent. After awhile, he returned; he had toiled on a grateful service: he had travelled all the way to the border of the living world, and brought me back for token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day, I entered Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green, wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in deep, rushing waters.—“*Eothen.*”

PUNISHMENT OF A ROYAL SPY.

THE risk of fire arising from several hundred thousand lighted pipes or pieces of charcoal and tinder, burning in every direction throughout a wood-built city, is sufficient to justify the attempts made by divers sultans to abolish smoking. But no sovereign waged war upon pipes and their attendant coffee more inveterately than Murad IV. He hunted down smokers, coffee-drinkers, and opium-eaters, with relentless severity. If delinquents, high or low, were caught in the act of smoking, their heads inevitably paid forfeit. Murad often went forth *tebdil* (disguised), on purpose to

watch if the police did its duty, or to see if he could fall in with individuals bold enough to infringe his edicts. On one of these occasions, he is said to have met with an adventure, calculated to diminish his passion for these experiments. Having disguised himself as a simple citizen, he passed over to Scutari in a common *kayik*, and prowled around the caravansaries, where strangers arrive from the interior. Not having discovered a single defaulter, he took his place, to return, in one of the large passage-boats, by the side of a *sipahy*, who had come from Kutaya, to claim arrears of pay. In the course of the passage, the trooper produced a short pipe, lit it, and commenced smoking. Upon seeing this, Murad could scarcely contain his anger; but as the man was in his power, he resolved to amuse himself at his expense, so he leaned aside, and said to him in a whisper, "By the Prophet's head, *yol-dash* (comrade), you must be a bold man! Have you not heard of the sultan's edicts? Look, we are within sight of the palace. Take care of your head!" "If the sultan neglects to pay his soldiers, or to furnish them with more substantial food, they must needs sustain themselves by other means," replied the *sipahy*; "the Prophet has said that starvation by other hands is homicide; by one's own, suicide, which is worse than homicide. My tobacco is good—it is *raya* tribute. Bismillah! it is at your service." Upon this, Murad, pretending to look around, as if in fear of being detected, drew his

pelisse over his face, took the pipe, and smoked away lustily ; then, returning the forbidden luxury to the soldier, he exclaimed, "Kardash ! (brother) you seem to be a most liberal man ! It is a pity you are not more discreet. To speak truth, however, I also am fond of my pipe, and laugh at the Padishah's beard in private. But heads are heads, after all, and do not sprout like young figs. So take my advice, and be cautious when you reach the city." "Man can die but once, and each has his appointed day," retorted the sipahy. "I may as well die, my mouth filled with smoke, as with an empty stomach. It is well for him who wants neither bread nor salt to deprive others of this substitute for food ; but the day will come, when, Inshallah ! he will broil for it." "Allah, allah ! this is a most incorrigible rebel and blasphemer. He shall be impaled with his own pipe-stick !" ejaculated the sultan, aside ; then he added in a half-whisper, "Speak lower—speak lower, Effendimiz (our Lord) has long ears." "And so have all the asses in Stambol," retorted the sturdy trooper ; "but his braying may not keep him from following the road taken by Sultan Osman." The boat now touched the shore, and it was nearly dark. The sipahy jumped on land, closely followed by Murad, who, when they had advanced a few paces, stopped the soldier, saying, "Your looks please me, and your language proves you to be a brave man. You are a stranger ; I will find you lodging. Come ; I

and my friends care not the husk of an almond for the sultan ; we will enjoy our pipes." The trooper looked round for a moment, and seeing no one near, answered thus : " Hark ye, friend ! I do not like your looks. I have heard of this sultan's pranks. He shoots men with arrows as others shoot dogs. There is honey in your speech, but gall in your eye. You are either a spy, or the sultan himself. If the first, you merit a rope ; if the other, worse than a rope. None but rascals would lure starving men to death. But whether spy or Padishah, you shall have your deserts." Whereupon, he took forth his short mace, and administered a most severe cudgelling to the despot. Then bounding away with the speed of a gazelle, he disappeared among the narrow streets, leaving Murad foaming with rage and with half-broken bones. Having joined his attendants, who were waiting at an appointed spot, the sultan concealed his adventure, and retired, bruised and infuriated, to the seraglio. There he forthwith issued orders for beheading the chief of the police of Tophana, and for bastinadoing all his tchaoosh, for not being upon the watch. Next morning, he sent for the vizir, and without disclosing what had happened, commanded him to issue a proclamation, offering ten purses of gold and free pardon to a sipahy, who on the previous night had beaten a citizen, near the landing-place of Tophana, provided that he would present himself forthwith to the Bostanjy Bashy. But the sipahy,

recollecting that heads did not sprout like green figs, never made his appearance; and Murad took care thenceforth not to stir out, unless closely followed by his *bash tebdil*, and other disguised and confidential guards.

White's "Three Years in Constantinople."

OUT-DOOR LIFE AT CAIRO.

THE approach to Cairo is a spacious avenue, lined with the olive or the sycamore; here and there the white marble of a fountain gleams through the foliage, or a palm-tree waves its plummy head above the santon's tomb. Along this highway, a masquerading-looking crowd is swarming towards the city; ladies wrapped closely in white veils; women of the lower class carrying water on their heads, and covered only with a long blue garment, that reveals too plainly an exquisite symmetry in the young, and a hideous deformity in the elders; there are camels perched upon by black slaves, magpied with white napkins round their head and loins; there are portly merchants, with turbans and long pipes, gravely smoking on their knowing-looking donkeys; here an Arab dashes through the crowd at full gallop, or a European, still more haughtily shoves aside the pompous-looking, bearded throng. Water-carriers, calenderers, Armenians, barbers,—all the *dramatis personæ* of the "Arabian Nights," are there.

And now we reach the city wall, with its towers as strong as mud can make them. It must not be supposed that this mud architecture is of the same nature as one associates with the word in Europe. No! overshadowed by palm-trees, and a crimson banner with its star and crescent waving from the battlements, and camels crouched beneath its shade, and swarthy Egyptians in gorgeous apparel leaning against it, make a mud wall a very respectable fortification in this land of illusion.

And now we are within the city! Protean powers! what a change!—a labyrinth of dark, filthy, intricate lanes and alleys, in which every smell and sight, from which the nose and eye revolt, meet one at every turn, and one is always turning. The stateliest streets are not above twelve feet wide; and as the upper stories arch over them toward one another, only a narrow serpentine seam of blue sky appears between the toppling verandahs of the winding streets. Occasionally, a string of camels, bristling with faggots of firewood, sweeps the street as effectually of passengers as the machine which has superseded chummies does a chimney of its soot. Lean, mangy dogs are continually running between your legs, which afford a tempting passage in this petticoated place; beggars in rags, quivering with vermin, are lying in every corner of the street; now a bridal, or a circumcising procession squeezes along, with music that might madden a drummer; now the running footmen of some bey or pasha endeavour to jostle you towards the wall, unless they

recognise you as an Englishman,—one of that race whom they think the devil cannot frighten or teach manners to.

Notwithstanding all these annoyances, however, the streets of Cairo present a source of unceasing amusement and curiosity to the stranger. It has not so purely an Oriental character as Damascus, but the intermixture of Europeans gives it a character of its own, and affords far wider scope for adventure than the secluded and solemn capital of Syria. The bazaars are very vivid and varied, and each is devoted to a peculiar class of commodities; thus you have the Turkish, the Persian, the Frank bazaars; the armorers', the weavers', the jewellers' quarters. These bazaars are, for the most part, covered in; and there is a cool and quiet gloom about them which is very refreshing; there is also an air of profound repose in the turbaned merchants, as they sit cross-legged on their counters, embowered by the shawls and silks of India and Persia; they look as if they were for ever sitting for their portraits, and seldom move a muscle, unless it be to break a cloud of smoke from their bearded lips, or to turn their vivid eyes upon some expected customer—those eyes that seem to be the only living part of their countenance. These bazaars have each a ponderous chain hung across their entrance, to prevent the precipitate departure of any thief who may presume too far upon the listlessness of the shopkeeper: each lane and alley is also terminated by a door, which is guarded at night. In

passing along these narrow lanes, you might suppose yourself in a gallery or corridor, until you meet a file of donkeys, or of soldiers staggering along their slippery path.

If you make a purchase of any value, your merchant will probably offer you a pipe, and make room for you to seat yourself on his counter. If you are sufficiently a *citoyen du monde* to accept the hospitality, you will be repaid by a very pleased look on the part of your host, and a pipe of such tobacco as only these squatters of the East can procure. The curious and varied drama of Oriental life is acted before you, as you tranquilly puff away, and add to the almost imperceptible, yet fragrant cloud that fills the bazaar. Now, by your host's order, a little slave presents you with a tiny cup of rich coffee, and you raise your hand to your head as you accept it; your entertainer repeats the gesture, and mutters a prayer for your health.

Let us purchase an embroidered vest or a silk scarf from the venerable Abon Habib, for the sake of his snow-white beard and turban. He makes a movement as if to rise, of which there is as little chance as of the sun doing so at midnight; he points to the carpet, on which he "hopes to Allah that your beneficent shadow may fall." You ascend his counter, and sit down in the place and attitude of a tailor with perfect gravity. Your dragoman lounges at the door, to explain the sights that pass in the streets, or the sounds that issue from the lips of your entertainer. Conversation is not considered

a necessary part of a visit, or of agreeability, and if you will stay quiet and look pleased, you may pass for a very polished person. You have, therefore, full leisure for observation while you are enjoying society *à l'orientale*.

In the absence of any claim on your ears, let us use our eyes, and look about us. A house is being rebuilt nearly opposite; masons in turbans and long blue chemises, and red slippers down at the heel, are engaged as if in pantomime, with much gesticulation, but little effect. A score of children are carrying bricks and mortar in little handfuls, chanting a measured song, as if to delude themselves into the idea that they are at play. Now, a *durweesh*, naked, except for a napkin or a bit of sheepskin round his loins, presents himself, claiming alms as if it were a privilege on your part to offer them. Their wild, fierce eyes, in which the gleaming of insanity conveys their title to your forbearance, and to the Moslem's reverence; their long, matted, filthy hair, falling over their naked, sun-scorched shoulders, their savage gluttony, proclaim them something between a friar and a saint of Islam. Here is a water-carrier with his jar of cool sherbet, adorned with fresh flowers. He tinkles little brazen saucers to announce his progress, and receives half a farthing for each draught. There is a beggar devouring his crust, but religiously leaving a portion of it in some clean spot for the wild dogs. Now, an old man stoops to pick up a piece of paper, and to put it by, "lest," says he, "the name of God be

written on it, and it be defiled. Here is a lady of some harem, mounted *à la Turc* on her donkey, and attended by her own slave, and her husband's eunuch. She is a mere bundle of linen, though a pair of brilliant eyes relieve her somewhat ghastly appearance, which would figure excellently well in a *tableau* as a *banshee*.

All these, and a thousand other quaint personages, are perpetually passing and repassing, with hand upon the heart as they meet an acquaintance, or on the head if they meet a superior.

Warburton's "*The Crescent and the Cross*."

THE HERMIT OF "THE FALLS."

ABOUT fifteen years since, in the glow of early summer, a young stranger of pleasing countenance and person made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, was observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the cataract and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say that six weeks were

inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines. At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musing and of nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his recluse habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter near Prospect Point. His simple and favourite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands. When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth, and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the long-drawn, thrilling tones of the viol, or the softest melodies of the flute, gushing forth from the low-browed hut, or the guitar breathing out so lightly amid the rush and thunder of the never slumbering torrent. Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the

living world to his observation—for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe and the East—he sought not association with mankind, to unfold or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse, spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers, his command of language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom and sparingly admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds. But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day or night, he might be seen, a fervent worshipper. At grey dawn he went to visit it in its fleecy veil, at high noon he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow, he lingered, looking for the angel's wing whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight he knelt, soul-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storms nor the piercing cold of winter prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration. * * His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. * * Among his favourite daily gratifications was that of bathing. * * One bright but rather chill day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the ferry saw him go into the water, and a long

time after, observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank. Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded: the poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. Still the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below being exceedingly great. In the course of their search, they passed onward to the Whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction, it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and, with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows, then float motionless, as if exhausted; and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend like a maniac battling with mortal foes. It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the King of Terrors, who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage. There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed

his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low, stifled wail, at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men. They laid him on his bed, the thick, dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to and veiling the features so late expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet kitten,—to her, also, the watch for the master had been long and wearisome. In his chair lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last his ear heard on earth. There were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger hands in a foreign grave. So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comfort; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously

ascertained, but no written papers were found in his cell to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.

Mrs. Sigourney's "Scenes in my Native Land."

A SUNDAY AT MORA, IN SWEDEN.

THE church bells were ringing for divine service—those bells far-famed for the beauty and sweetness of their tone. It is a lovely spectacle which is presented by the Silian lake on a Sunday morning. The three parishes of Leksand, Rattwik, and Mora, encircle with their wood-crowned heights the “eye of Dalecarlia,” and their large white churches, adorned with steeples, gleam out from afar on the shores of the lake, between the blue water and the green fields. Whole fleets of long, narrow boats, with nine or ten pairs of oars, and containing from forty to fifty persons, are seen rowing across the lake from the populous villages towards the several churches. Sometimes as many as twenty are seen approaching the shore at once. The costumes of the people are pretty, and display an almost pedantic exactness in cut and arrangement. With the Leksand people, the yellow colour predominates; with those of Rattwick, the red; while the people of Mora exhibit most black and white. The head-dress of the women, and the linen on their necks and arms, are

always of dazzling whiteness, and their round faces, clear complexions, blue, laughing eyes, and white teeth, give them an expression of indestructible good humour. Among the men are often seen stately figures, with magnificent heads of hair, parted on the forehead, and clustering round the neck, in thick natural ringlets, such as I have often heard of in romances, but never saw anywhere in real life, except among the peasants of Dalecarlia. The people of the different parishes are distinguished from each other not only by a variety of costume, but even by physiognomy, character, and manners; they generally unite, however, to celebrate the Sunday. The poorer then obtain from the richer the loan of clothes of a better kind than they themselves possess, in order to make a handsome appearance in the house of God; and thither does the whole household wend its way, from the old grey patriarch leaning on his crutch, to the suckling, carried by the father or mother, wrapped in the finest, softest lamb's-skin. Old and young usually carry in their hands bouquets of onions of a peculiar kind, much in favour in the country, and called "butter onions," with which the little ones are kept quiet during the service. Beautiful is it to see thousands of these people, in their gay dresses, their forms perfect models of health and strength, streaming along the shores of the lake, and swarming in and out of the boats, and never to hear an oath or an unbecoming word, or even to see an unfriendly look. Let no one, however, imagine

that they are of the idyllic shepherd and shepherdess order ; they are stout, valiant men, such as the descendants of the ancient Scythians ought to be. The plough and the battle-axe which, according to the legend, fell from Heaven into the hand of their ancestor, may still serve as the symbols of their lives and characters. More endowed with understanding than with fancy, yet enthusiasts for freedom, the people of Dalecarlia are at all times ready to turn their ploughshares into swords, and they have distinguished themselves in various conflicts by energy and perseverance, not, however, unstained by cruelty. Their own life is a hard one, softened by no luxury or comfort. For them ripens no delicious fruit, but, engaged in a constant struggle with a rigorous climate and an unthankful soil, they find it a hard matter to wring from it their portion of daily bread, which they often have to make partly of the bark of the birch tree. Cut off from the rest of the world in their secluded valleys, they would scarcely know of its existence, but for their wanderings in search of a livelihood, and they would become torpid in heart and soul, but for the warmth of religious feeling and family affection. They bend down with tenderness to their children, and look up with humble trust to heaven. They lean to the dogmatic side in matters of theology, and many a mystery that to the cultivated, but often erroneously educated world, appears incomprehensible, is easy to these simple but penetrating intellects. They are devoted with filial attachment to

their clergy (when these are not quite too unworthy of their devotion), proud of their churches, and willing to make many sacrifices for their beautification. "I wonder that you are able to go to such an expense," said a traveller to a Daleman, who was showing him the splendid new copper roof of the church of Mora. "We spend so much the less on our houses," was the modest reply of the man of Dalecarlia. And it is so, in fact. The huts which these tall, powerful people inhabit, are poorer and smaller than those of any other district in Sweden. The family of Mora had been contemplating the boats filled with church-goers as they neared the shore; they were in greater numbers than usual, for on this Sunday no less than ten couples were to be married in the church. The bells rang out, and the great procession began to move. First came the married men, two and two; then bridegrooms, walking singly, one after another, in blue coats, yellow leather breeches, and white stockings, each with a white scarf wound round the arm, and finished with a tassel. After them walked the bridesmaids all in green dresses; then the married women, mostly relatives, who were to give the brides away. Then came the brides; of these, two were what were called crowned or dressed brides, the daughters, namely, of wealthy peasants; the rest were of the humbler order of "green brides." The former wore dresses of black bombazeen, with short sleeves and white ruffles, coloured silk aprons, and had their heads, necks, and arms, gaily and

profusely adorned with beads, bright-coloured ribbons, and silver chains, to which were suspended large quantities of medals and silver coins. On her head each of these belles bore, besides her garlands, a silver gilt crown, and a lofty branch of artificial flowers, and in her hands, which were covered with yellow gloves sewed with different coloured silks, she carried a muff, to which were suspended, by way of streamers, numbers of gaudy-coloured handkerchiefs. Red stockings and high-heeled shoes completed this magnificent costume, to which, of course, that of the "green brides" was inferior in the quantity of its finery, though all rejoiced alike in dangling silver chains, and both brides and bridegrooms carried a silver penny in the left stocking. The benches and aisles of the church were quite full, and among the crowd were children of all ages, who either ran up and down or went to sleep, or were kept quieted by their mothers giving them things to eat, while the old beadle moved about, looking awful at those who were inclined to nod, startling all the old women whose heads were dropping down by poking his stick almost into their faces, but prudently passing by the stout young fellows, who appeared overcome by the same frailty.

Miss Bremer's "Life in Dalecarlia."

JUMBIE.

JUMBIE!—That word puzzles you, reader. You think it's Indian for a prairie-dog, or some other animal peculiar to those grassy wilds; or if not that, it must be border-slang for a bivouac, or a breakdown, or a feat, or adventure of some kind, that, happening only to the rovers of the prairie, requires some *outré* and new-fangled phrase to characterize it! * * But you grow impatient. I must elucidate a little; yet remember, if I reveal to you here the external characteristics of a jumbie, it is on the implied condition that you read fairly through the singular illustration of its spiritual mystery which suggested this sketch. Did you ever have a doggrel couplet fasten so perversely upon your memory that it kept gnawing there for days together? Did you ever have a Jim Crow bar of music rattling in your ear, like a pebble in a calibash? * * These are all veritable *jumbies*! But 'tis very arbitrary, say you, to fix such an outlandish epithet upon those well-known mental phenomena. Excuse me: the epithet, as you disdainfully call it, is a real word—a word some thousands of years old, probably. It expresses, too, a distinct idea; it has a definite meaning; and thus fulfilling a clear mission of thought, it is, to my mind, uncouth as it seems, far more respectable than your generalizing phrase of “mental phenomenon.” At all events,

the manner in which I first became acquainted with the full dignity of the term can never be effaced from my memory.

Many years since, I found myself, one dismal autumn day, on the edge of one of the largest prairies of our Northwest Territory, debating with a fellow-traveller the expediency of attempting to cross it so late in the season. The objections were threefold. In the first place, the prairie had been lately burned, and it would be necessary to carry all our provender with us. In the next, the season was so late, that there was danger of snow; and there being no islands of timber to shelter us, no means of guidance, save a compass, in case of a storm of any violence, we should almost inevitably lose our way, and starve or perish from exposure to the elements. The third objection was the condition of my own health. All these were eventually overruled, and we started on a clear November morning, with a negro servant as attendant; each of us mounted on one of the long-limbed horses of the country, with a sumpter-horse, in addition, for the baggage. An accident having lamed one of the horses, soon after starting, we were obliged to halt, and thus missing the spring at which we had purposed bivouacking, we had to pass a cheerless night on the bleak prairie.

We were stirring betimes. "Well, Frank," said my companion to the negro, as he jerked him to his feet at daybreak, "'tis full as well that we didn't find that spring last night, for it will be just the

place to breakfast at." "Better not look for him, massa; dat spring jumbie—prairie jumbie—jumbie all around us." My friend laughed, and I scarcely heard the remark in the hurried preparations for starting which followed. We rode on for hours, discovering not the slightest indication of the spring and thicket, but encountering, every few miles, one of the shallow rain-water pools which from time to time had broken the perfect monotony of our yesterday's travel—I should not say "*broken* the monotony," for they were so unmarked by any shape or expression, and were all so perfectly alike, that they seemed rather to impress one more strongly with the unvarying sameness of the scene. Near one of these limpid shallows, that like all of them seemed scarcely a hand's-breadth in depth, I suggested, as the sun was now several hours high, that we should halt for breakfast. "Well, Frank," said I to the negro, who ate a little apart from us, while we helped ourselves to the fare that was spread out upon a bison-skin, used by way of tablecloth—"well, Frank, don't you think this pool will answer as well as the spring would to wash your dishes in?" "Pool jumbie—jis as spring jumbie—prairie all jumbie—nebber get away from him." I was about to ask an explanation of the word—"Pray you, pardon me," cried my friend, laying his hand upon my arm. "Frank, how the deuce do you make out the spring to be a jumbie?" "Cause Frank tink—tink of him all day long—tink ob him, nebber find him—but still can't help tink ob him.

What dat but jumbie spirit trouble Frank so, massa?" "But this puddle of water," laughed my friend, "you find plenty like it; how is that a jumbie too?" "No find but one puddle from de fust. He be same old puddle. Come, come, again. Tire nigger wid looking at him, yet he can't help look for some difference, dro' he know always turn out de same. What dat but jumbie spirit?" "And the prairie," cried I, almost screaming with laughter at the grotesque whimsicality of the superstition, then perfectly new to me—"the prairie, Frank, what do you make of that?" "He be all jumbie—de biggest jumbie of de world—always de same, and you nebber, nebber get rid of him." Then the poor fellow actually burst into tears, and began to wring his hands most piteously. "Oh, massa, massa, what will become ob de massa and his poor Frank! De little jumbie spirit always bad enough when he get hold of folks; but here we be on de back ob great big jumbie, who keeps sliding from under us all de while we tink ourselves moving, keeping us jes in de same, same spot, for ebber, for ebber. Oh, de poor nigger will nebber see the trees, nor de hills, nor de running water of Gorra Mighty's yarth. Nebber see any ting but dis black jumbie-back, nebber, nebber more." I looked at the face of my friend, and I confess there was a blankness of expression which struck me as arguing some emotion other than concern and sympathy for the agitation of his poor ignorant bondman. Could it be that some pagan foster-nurse, among those of

the same complexion as Frank, had so imbued him in childhood with the same superstitious feelings, that they now were re-awakened unpleasantly by the earnest and most painful exhibition of fanciful suffering in the other? Surely I myself could not be affected, save with mirth, by such absurd credulity. I declare I was not so sure of this when several hours' subsequent travel brought us to a pool which so exactly resembled that seen in the morning, that I could not for the life of me help adding a whistle of wonderment to the woful chorus of ejaculations into which poor Frank broke at the sight of it. Every landmark around us—if I may use that word, where landmarks there were none—every feature of the landscape—if the phrase be admissible where the painter's art were a nullity—all, all around us was one dull, dead, unbroken monotony—an interminable dark level—an eye-wearying waste—marked only, but not relieved, by that circular limpid shallow, reflecting an ashen sky; and sky, earth, and pool, all equally motionless, without the faintest shadow or one variety of tint, save the leaden hues of the same sombre colour. We talked but little during that day. About sunset, a breeze, which crept over the waste in little whirlwinds, enlivened us somewhat, but I cannot remember that one jest was successful enough to raise a smile from either of us. But, indeed, neither my friend nor myself could restrain our risibles, had we cared to, at one remark of Frank's, when we came to camp down for the night. The poor

fellow had just lighted a spirit-lamp, to make coffee for us, when a blast of wind, which suddenly swept the prairie, extinguished the flame. "What do you sit so stupidly there for, Frank?—why don't you light another match?" said his master. "No use yet—no use jes now, please, massa. Nigger wait till we hab done slipping." "*Slipping?*—why, what do you mean now, Frank?" "Massa, what make dat great wind but de jumbie-back slipping from under us to put white folks and nigger jes where we started in de mornin'?—what but dat make de wind to blow lamp out?" The merriment called out by this whimsical idea of the sable physiologist was not a bad preparation for cheerful rest. But our anxiety took a new turn in the morning, upon discovering that our horse-feed would not hold out more than another day. It is true that we had not originally expected it to last longer. But, though steadily following the guidance of the compass, and therefore confident that our course must have laid truly, yet the simple fact of having, in our first day's travel, missed that spring—the one only landmark of our journey—annoyed us not a little, as the incident became coloured by the scene and circumstances around us; viewed sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously to ourselves, through the wild superstition of the negro. The day proved not only mild for the season, but even oppressively warm; and about noontide, the lame horse gave out completely. We removed his load, took off the halter, and left the poor brute to his fate upon that dreary

heath, which the next year's summer would alone freshen with a blade of herbage. He followed us for awhile, and we hoped might be yet able to keep us in view ; but pain, or a feebleness of disposition, which from the first had marked his temper, made him stop short at last. I turned once or twice in the saddle to look for him afterwards, but he always stood planted in the same spot, fixed there beneath that glaring noonday sun, as immovably as the gnome upon a dial. I could not help expressing my surprise that Frank, who, with a benevolence common to the negro character, had shown much concern for the horse when he was first hurt, should betray no feeling at this painful abandonment of the poor animal. "Why Frank be sorry?" said he, in reply ; "when de jumbie-back slip at night, him as well as oder hoss all come back to de same place, 'cept lame hoss too be turned into jumbie-spirit, and den me see him ebery day, same, same hoss, see him standing den jes as now, and alway see him de same hour." We now rode forward rapidly ; our horses' feet had become used to the soil, and notwithstanding the heat of the "Indian summer" weather, had accomplished a very long stage—a full day's journey, in fact, while the sun was still several hours high. We ought, we surely ought, to be near our destination. I confessed this to my friend ; and I am not ashamed to say, that as I did so, and at the same time acknowledged that my prairie experience was utterly at fault in discovering any signs of thicket, grove, or timber-land

in the distance, I began to share more or less the superstitious terrors which did unquestionably blanch his cheek. The reader, wholly inexperienced, perhaps, in life in the wilderness, smiles at the weakness. Yet the famous Colonel Crockett, as gallant a bushranger as perished among the hardy Texans, who fought and fell at the Alamo, has left it upon record, that a man, when first lost in the forest, will almost persuade himself that the sun rises and sets in a different quarter of the heavens than is his wont! and on a prairie—when lost on a prairie—with no one object to fix and determine the use of the external senses, the bewilderment of imagination is far more startling—the vagaries of reason far more eccentric. The lost wanderer is left wholly to his imagination, and he can reason only upon the possibilities which it suggests. For three days, I had gazed only upon limitless monotony; for three days I had heard no sound save those that came from our little cavalcade—yes! I forgot; on the first morning, and soon after we got out of sight of the timber-land, a solitary raven rose screaming from the carcase of a roasted wolf, who had probably perished while trying to escape the prairie fire a month earlier. But this recollection only served to remind me, that if we were again approaching the forest, more of these birds ought to be visible, for the carrion wolves and deer upon which they feed are most often smothered by the smoke of a burning prairie, on the verge of the timber-swamps, to which they are flying for

refuge. "Upon my soul, this is an ugly business," said my friend, after a few moments' painful musing. "Can you see nothing—no one sign in the air or on the earth—nothing to form a conjecture how we may be situated?" "From the earth, most assuredly nothing; you know as well as I do that there are no running streams on these upland prairies to guide conjecture in any way—and as for the air, the sun, as you have seen, goes down very differently over a prairie to what he does elsewhere; but that Indian summer mist which is now gathering about him makes it impossible to detect any of the peculiarities which mark his setting over a broken country." "Good God! what will become of us?—what shall we do?—what can you think of?—what suggestion have you? For me, my brain is dizzy with looking ceaselessly upon this changeless monotony, suggesting ever the one same idea of poor Frank's jumbie." We had halted apparently still in the centre of the boundless plain—looking forward, there was no vestige of our having accomplished anything! "Still, I thought, while there is nothing here to guide one, there is also nothing to mislead. If our course was laid properly in the first instance, we may still clear the waste; if that course was laid wrongly, it is yet in the present extremity most wise to pursue it—we *must* go on—on—and our only hope is in the ability still to keep this straightforward direction." I explained this to my friend, much in the same language I have used here. He simply nodded significantly, and pressed forward in silence. The

whole proposition was so plain to him, that it needed no further demonstration. A drizzling rain, which soon after set in, did not prevent us from keeping the saddle, until the vapour became so thick, that we could not see twenty yards in advance; when, it being also now near night, we were compelled to encamp. Wet, weary, and dispirited, I can conceive few things more disheartening than our present plight. My friend, who was of a fine game spirit, attempted to jest both about our present discomforts and the almost appalling prospects of the morrow. But the terror of poor Frank, who besought him not to speak with such levity of "Massa Jumbie," soon made him desist; a deep sigh that came from the breast of his master, as he turned away from his supper, without touching it, betrayed to me the pardonable affectation of the gallant fellow. My poor friend, I believe, slept little that night, and his nerves must have been much shaken by watching for him to exhibit the spectacle I witnessed in the morning. The sudden cries of Frank had made me start from my sleep; I looked up—my friend had raised himself on one hand, and with pallid features and eyes almost starting from their sockets, was gazing before him. "Oh, massa, massa!—I told um so—here we be—here we be slipped back, slipped clean, clean back to jes where we started from—we and de hoss—yes, de lame hoss and all—and all got to do the same over again ebery day—ebery day." I looked, and true enough, we were almost under the shadow

of a tall wood exactly like that we had left four mornings before. Nay, more—the lame horse stood there on its verge, as if he had slipped back as Frank had prophesied. * * The reader has, I know, already solved the mystery, and discovered that we had unconsciously gained the woodlands under cover of the mist of the preceding evening—that we had, in a word, attained the further bourne of the prairie, in the very hour we nearly despaired of ever reaching it. It was not, however, till we had mounted, penetrated some hundred yards into the forest, and saw the smoke of a settler's cabin curling up among the trees, that poor bewildered Frank could be persuaded he was yet fairly off the *jumbie-back*.

“*The Gift*,” for 1845.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

THE pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. When within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us, we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a heavy sea. We, however, prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The light sails were all in; the jibs, top-gallants, and spanker, furled close; the

mainsail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close-reefed topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves. In a moment, that most terrific of all cries at sea, "A man overboard! a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter-deck, just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face," riding the top of a billow, fled past. In an instant, all was commotion: plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat, that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern I seem to hear it yet, shouted, "In, men! in, men!" But the poor sailors hung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprung to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed. "Cut away the lashings!" exclaimed the officer; the knife glanced around the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea; but the officer who held the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked; and for a moment I forgot the danger in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect, the helm in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that

otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay-to, to look for the lost sailor. Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon, and saw a squall, blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered, rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terribly excited.⁴ He afterwards told me, that in all his sea-life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it; it would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between it and us appeared at intervals that little boat, like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sank away, apparently engulfed for ever. One moment, the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that

gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode on it like a duck. Every time she sank away she carried my heart down with her; and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror; the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray. The captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the rattlings, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "*Pull away, my brave bullies, the squall is coming—give way, my hearties!*" and the bold fellows *did* "give way" with a will. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on; but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and, rising on a wave far above our lee-quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again. The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right goodwill on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared

over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck, not a question was asked—no report given—but “*Forward, men!*” broke from the captain’s lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off), the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swang round close to our bows. The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birthday, (he was twenty-five years old,) and, alas! it was his death-day. Whether, a bold swimmer, he saw at a distance his companions hunting hopelessly for him, and, finally, with his heart growing cold with despair, beheld them turn back to the ship, and the ship itself toss its spars away from him for ever, or whether the sea soon took him under, we know not. We saw him no more, and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; Death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts. And as I walked to the stern, and looked back on the foam and tumult of the vessel’s wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively murmured the mariner’s hymn, closing with the sincere prayer—

“Oh, sailor boy, sailor boy; peace to thy soul!”

At length, the winds lulled, the clouds broke away,

and a large space of blue sky and bright stars appeared overhead. The dark storm-cloud hung along the distant horizon, over which the lightning still played, while the distant thunder broke at intervals over the deep. The black ocean moaned on its heavy sobbings, the drenched and staggering ship rolled heavily on its restless bosom, and the great night encompassed all. This was solitude so deep and awful, that my heart seemed to throb audibly in my bosom. My eye ached with the effort to pierce the surrounding darkness, and find something to relieve the loneliness of the scene. At length, the rising moon showed its bright disc over a cloud, tinging its black edge with silver, and pouring a sea of light on a sea of darkness, till the waves gleamed and sparkled, as if just awakened to life and hope. The moon never looked so lovely before; it seemed to have come out in the heavens on purpose to bless and to cheer us.

Headley's "Italy and the Italians."

EXAMINATION FEAST AT HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THERE are several schools under the superintendence of the missionaries, and a charity-school for half-breeds. I attended their examinations, and the natives performed better than I anticipated. At an examination in the old church there were seven hundred children, and as many more

parents. The attraction that drew together such numbers was a feast, which I understood was given annually. The scholars had banners, with various mottoes in Hawaiian (which were translated to me), as emblematical of purity, good conduct, steadfast in faith, &c. It was as pleasing a sight as the Sunday-school exhibitions at home, and it gave Captain Hudson and myself great pleasure, at the request of the missionaries, to say a few words of encouragement to them. After the services were over, the scholars formed a procession, and walked to Mr. Smith's church, the children of the governor and chiefs heading the procession. I was invited, in due form, to the feast, and as it was a place where I anticipated some display of the native character, I made a point of going. On my arrival at the church, I found several tables set out, one for the accommodation of the chiefs, furnished with hams, turkeys, chickens, pies, &c. The common people's children took their *poe* and raw fish on the floor.

On arriving at the church, the governor became master of ceremonies, and, with his numerous aids, endeavoured to direct the throng; but all were too eager to get the most convenient seats to heed his commands, and the uproar was great; some stopped short of their allotted place, and the church soon became a human hive. The governor did his utmost to maintain order and silence, but his voice was not heard; for, in such a moment, the anxiety he was under to have things conducted with good order, caused him, for a time, to lose sight of his usual

urbanity and decorum of behaviour. He, in fact, showed that a little of the unbridled ferocity of former times was still within him, which moved him repeatedly to use his fist, and that, too, upon the fair sex, tumbling them over amid calabashes of poe, raw fish, &c., but with little injury to the individuals. Order was at last restored for a few minutes, during which grace was said by the Rev. Mr. Smith, which being ended, the clatter of tongues, clashing of teeth, and smacking of lips, began. It was a joyous sight to see fifteen hundred human beings so happy and gratified by this molasses feast: poe and raw fish were the only additions. The latter are every day food, so that the molasses constituted the special treat. So great is the fondness of the natives for it, that I was told many are induced to send their children to school merely to entitle them to be present at this feast. It was not a little amusing to see the wistful faces without, contrasted with the joyous and happy ones within: in one place might be seen a sturdy native, biting a piece from a raw fish; and near him another, sucking the poe off his fingers with much grace and sleight of hand. The molasses are either drunk with water, or sucked from the fingers. I thought that selfishness predominated among the crowd; the parents and children did not entirely harmonize as to the share that was due to each, and none seemed fully satisfied. Of the molasses, there was "short commons," but, all things considered, the feast went off well. I regretted it had not been

held in the open fields, and that the natives were not allowed to have the whole management, without being so immediately under the eye of their teachers, for, though sufficiently uproarious, they were evidently under some restraint. When the food had been consumed, silence was again restored, and thanks returned, after which the whole crowd soon vanished. While this was going forward among the common people, those at the table of the old and young chiefs were not idle; the turkeys, pies, &c., appeared quite acceptable, although they were not so great a rarity to them as the molasses feast was to the others. As far as enjoyment went, I should have preferred to have been one of the poor scholars.

At the schools, it has been observed that the scholars are extremely fond of calculations in arithmetic, and possess extraordinary talent in that way. So great is their fondness for it, that, in some schools, the teachers have had recourse to depriving them of the study as a punishment. I was rather surprised with their readiness when numerical questions were put to them. I met some who were very ready accountants, though their desire of change, and want of stability of character, prevent them from engaging in any constant and steady employment, where the above qualifications would be of practical use. This defect of character, together with the prejudice of foreigners who are engaged in employments where they might be useful, prevents their service from being available.

Wilkes's "United States Exploring Expedition."

EXCURSION ACROSS THE WENGERN ALP:
AVALANCHE IN THE DISTANCE.

WE were all ready at five o'clock, and met in the broad space between our hotel and its outpost, in hope to start at once, and "begin the noble harvest" of the hills. We found our friend the landlord alert, and gay, and kind as before, but our guide and our carriage did not appear, and our patience was severely tried, notwithstanding the assurances of our host, that three of our horses had set forth on their journey before us. Our plan included all that could be pressed into one long day: we were to breakfast at Lauterbrunnen, there to find our three auxiliary horses, on which we were to cross the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald; there we were to find our carriage-horses and carriage, and return (so fallacious hope suggested) in time to enjoy the eight o'clock table d'hôte at Interlachen. Six o'clock struck on our impatience before our carriage—an open car, drawn by three horses—made its appearance; but then we lost no time, and two minutes after its arrival, with an old Swiss guide sharing the seat of the charioteer, we were arranged, and on our way to the Alps. Rapidly and joyously did we pass through the trim enclosure of the broad valley, till we reached the banks of the Luchine, a great milky mountain stream, and soon entered a mountain gorge, down which it rushed, fringed, like

a Welsh river, with dwarf, but luxuriant trees, and broken by rocks of dark granite. Onward the valley contracted, until we reached a point where two streams met in the river, whose upward course we had pursued, and where two valleys, or rather glens, diverged—each the home of its own stream. The valley to the right was that of Lauterbrunnen ; that to the left, the valley of Grindelwald ; down the former the White Luchine bubbled and gushed—down the latter the Black Luchine thundered ; between both lay the “ Alp,” which we were this day privileged to master. We proceeded up the right hand defile, along the side of the White Luchine, through a grand, yet verdant and ever-smiling pass,—such is the valley of Lauterbrunnen, all flushed with verdure up to the tops of its rocky ridges, and above these, noble trees feathering and flaunting triumphantly over its highest steeps. Before us was a radiant mass of snowy mountains filling the gorge, with the peak of the Jungfrau above them, and the round spotlessness of the Silver Horn just below it ; and out of the bosom of the nearer Alps, the stream we were accompanying was seen creaming down a dark precipice, like frosted lava from an innocent volcano. On the left, a pile of brown, gigantic rocks uprose—say, rather, one rock, for there was perfect unity of style in its mighty irregularities, which seemed like a huge exaggeration of an old English mansion of the age of Henry the Seventh, with pinnacles, clustered chimneys, gable ends, vast porches, fretted, broken

stories, niches for great statues—an entire picture, which might be one of Cattermole's illustrations of Dickens expanded into giant form and petrified! In the narrowest part of the valley we attained the inn called the "Capricorn" (as if the zodiac were frozen here!) and an excellent breakfast, to which we did travelling justice—an omelette, cold veal and ham, fresh eggs, delicious butter, coffee, and, after and above all, a bottle of wine. Happy custom which sanctions the draught—happy climate which allows it! Hence we walked to the famous Staubbach Fall, which poured down near our direct road, leaving the horses to join us a little below it! We had anticipated the character and sentiment of this fall in that of d'Arpenaz, on the road to Chamouni. Like that, this consists of watery *dust*, thrown into air by the dashing of a stream against projections of tall rock; and this is the fall of a much larger stream, and from a greater height, but it is not so perfect—so spiritual, and is injured by its collected waters trickling over charred and dirty rock, and which make the collected stream below actually filthy. It presents, however, one effect entirely its own, and which the bright morning sun rendered complete for our enjoyment—of a small-arched rainbow, which seems actually painted on the dingy rock level with the eye, and which, as you descend the drizzling hollow into which the stream drips, descends with you, as hope lowers itself to the gradations of misfortune, and mocks the sufferer still in its lowest depths! The

swelling valley directly around the fall is arid, dusty, and dismal ; and we quitted it with pleasure to mount our horses — poor substitutes for the Chamouni mules — and ascended the opposite hill. Our way rose by steep and narrow lanes, through pretty little farms ; sometimes through sunny meadows, sloped like a house-top ; sometimes through rich orchards, where boughs laden with fruit bent over us ; now up a noble park-like bank, crested with old and mighty trees ; now through a copse of firs ; now beside a huge ravine, all black with firs, waving and shaking below us, until we rose far beyond the leap of the Staubbach ; saw the fated stream gliding along the upland to its destruction, and “ plucked out the heart of its mystery.” Turning to the right, we continued to ascend through a region of scanty grass, not unadorned by the faintly-blushing heather, which reminded us of dear old Scotland, until we reached the châlet, which stands on the highest point we were bound to achieve. The effect of the vision of the Jungfrau from this spot, grand and surprising, was yet almost as strange as grand. From the natural platform on which you stand, the ground, covered with coarse grass, shelves rapidly to a dark, scrubby wood ; and directly beyond, as if only a narrow belt of coppice were between, rises into heaven the huge mass of snow-clad mountain, dazzling in purest white, except where broken by black ribs of rock, or by some huge brown storm-swept hollow. It is in vain that you are assured that your eye is distant some miles

from the nearest point of Alpine snow on which it rests, and that between your feet and the roots of the opposite mass of Alps is a huge defile, which a shepherd-boy could not traverse in a long summer day; you cannot resist the conviction that you are on the verge of the eternal snow, or the fancy that it is all a delusion—a freak of nature—who has anticipated the diorama, and cheats and delights you with an artful picture of her own. You hear the thunder of the unseen avalanches amongst the recesses of the mountains, and the conviction that you are close to the unmelting miracle which defies the scorching, and becomes yet more intense. But it shall be disturbed. How? By the sight of that which, unseen, was so terrible! From some jutting knob, of the size of a cricket-ball, a handful of snow is puffed into the air; and lower down, on the neighbouring slant, you observe veins of white substance creaming down the crevices, like the tinsel streams in the distance of a pretty scene in an Easter melo-drama, quickened by a touch of a magic wand; and then a little cloud of snow, as from pelting fairies, rises from the frost work-basin; and then a sound as of a thunder-clap, all is still and silent, and this is an avalanche! If you can believe this—can realize the truths that snow and ice have been just dislodged in power to crush a human village—you may believe in the distance at which you stand from the scene, and that your eye is master of icy precipices, embracing ten miles' perpendicular ascent; but it is a difficult lesson, and

the disproportion between the awful sound and pretty sight renders it harder. We *saw* two avalanches during the hour and a half which we spent in front of the cottage; and learned two other illustrations of the truth, that amidst the grandeurs of the universe, "seeing" is *not* always "believing."

Talfourd's "Vacation Rambles."

USE OF A STRAY BALLOON.

THE village of La Roche was, about sixty years since, the scene of an occurrence which sufficiently shows how isolated it was, and how completely ignorant its inhabitants were of what was then causing the liveliest sensation throughout the country. It was at the time when the discovery of aerostation had begun to excite attention, when Blanchard, the aeronaut—unworthy, however, as he appeared of the title of *intrepid*, which has always been the property, *de rigueur*, of those who sail the skies—arrived at Liège. He obtained from the authorities permission to construct his balloon in the citadel, and establish a laboratory to supply him with the gas necessary for inflation. Everybody in the city and its neighbourhood impatiently awaited the issue of an experiment fraught to them with so much novelty; and the 18th of December, 1786, was fixed upon for the ascent.

On the day appointed, the crowd to obtain ad-

mission to the citiadel was so great, that a serious accident had nearly occurred, from the great pressure of the people, anxious to secure the best places; it was, however, happily averted, and the numerous spectators, amongst whom were the Prince-Bishop and all the municipal officers, were finally accommodated in safety. At a signal given by the discharge of artillery, the covering that concealed the balloon was all at once withdrawn, and the many-coloured orb appeared, held down to the earth, from which it seemed eager to escape, by a dozen men who grasped the cords. Blanchard was seated in the car. The immense machine was gently swayed over to where the prince was stationed, and Madame de Berlaumont, who sat beside him, descended from the platform with a bouquet in her hand, which she presented to the aeronaut. Blanchard, affecting to stoop to receive it, desired the soldiers to cut the cords, and at the same time that the balloon flew up with the rapidity of lightning, quietly slid down to the ground, where he lay as if stunned by the fall. The prince rose in anger, and turning to those who sat near him, exclaimed, "I was warned of the trick which this fellow intended to play us; but I could not believe that the impudent Frenchman would have audacity enough to sully his honour and reputation by an act offensive to a whole people." Then turning towards Blanchard, who still pretended to be in a swoon, "I am not the dupe of your miserable jugglery," he added; "you shall not be lost sight of till you have constructed another

balloon ; and if you do not go up in it, you shall be handed over to the arm of justice, and lose your head like a common robber." Having uttered these words, he immediately got into his carriage, and returned to the palace. In the meantime, the tenantless balloon soared majestically into the air, was for some time kept in view, and finally disappeared in the direction of the Ardennes. Now it happened, *sur ces entre-faites*, that a great discussion had arisen in the little village of La Roche, in which piety and poverty were at issue. The images of the patron saint and the Holy Virgin were both in a pitiable condition as regarded costume, and the inhabitants were too poor to supply the wants of each ; a collection was made, but it did not realise more than enough to purchase a robe for one. Opinions were divided, some declaring for the patron saint, others for Our Lady ; the partisans of the former were in the majority, and on the day of his fête he appeared, "*cliquant-neux*," in a garment of great splendour. But scarcely had his image received the honour due, when a wondrous object greeted the astonished eyes of the villagers, by the appearance in the sky of an enormous globe of resplendent hue, which descended directly upon the tower of the church. It was found, on examination, to be composed of silk, and the inhabitants of La Roche were at once convinced that it was a present from the Virgin, to deck her image ! They acted immediately upon this impression : the balloon was at

once cut into pieces, and a series of robes was made that have honourably sustained the credit of the Virgin's wardrobe from that day to this.

Dudley Costello's "Tour Through the Valley of the Meuse."

JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM TO GAZA.

WE left Jerusalem at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. While our things were being packed up, I hastened once more to the highest terrace, and reached it just as the sun was rising in glory above the transjordan mountains. A solitary palm was bathing itself in his effulgence, and the little bell of the convent was summoning the monks to their early matins—for there are no large church-bells here. Everything around seemed rapt in silent adoration before the great Creator; and the small, child-like voice of the little bell was very touching, amid this solemn rejoicing of all nature at the renovated beauty of morning.

We rode slowly through the Jaffa gate, over the silent rocky land, towards Ramla, along the same roads which we had travelled a fortnight ago, in an opposite direction; but it now appeared to me much prettier. Is it because every place bears the impress of gaiety and cheerfulness, compared with Jerusalem? or had this region invested itself with a new garment? Be it as it may, the foliage

gleamed, the plants put forth their buds, the grass sprouted, and a breath of verdure seemed to have passed over the land. Nature had lifted up her bridal veil, and looked young, lovely, and smiling. From this, you may form some idea how sterile and desolate Jerusalem really is ! On my journey thither, these hills appeared to me barren and naked, and they are really so, except in a very few spots, yet now I found them beautiful and attractive.

At Ramla, we this time took up our abode at the Franciscan convent, as we received a promise that the gate should be opened before sunrise, which, properly speaking, is contrary to rules, but which our long prospective journey to Gaza rendered indispensably necessary. I got up at four o'clock, but I had so much leisure to look at the stars, which were shining splendidly over my little courtyard, that I fell asleep again during my contemplations.

We did not start till six o'clock, and I was really inclined to be out of humour; but it was impossible to be so on such a morning. As soon as I had emerged from the thick, dank walls of the convent, I felt transported beneath an immense crystal bell, so pure, so mild and lovely was the horizon, the air, and the sky. A thousand prismatic colours floated around me, and, as in the richly cut crystal, were beautifully reflected through this Elysian ether. I revel in the glories of this Eastern sky; it entrances me, and fills my soul with ecstasy; it is im-

possible to describe or define it; but I feel as if I were travelling upon the clouds.

The country was by no means beautiful. Enormous hedges of cactus enclose this side of the gardens of Ramla. The plain extends far and wide; to the right rise undulating downs of sand, behind which the Mediterranean lies concealed from view, while to the left extend the blue range of the mountains of Judea. But the scene above was glorious! The pale stars waned in the roseate hues of the early twilight, which gradually merged into golden splendour, and suffused the entire vault of heaven; while from the deep purple mantle of the east, little airy clouds disengaged themselves, one after the other, like the parting leaves of the rose, and wafted by the morning air, fluttered into the bright expanse above. The sun now broke through this gorgeous ocean of purple and gold, fresh and warm as the lips of love, and casting his bright eyes upon the gentle crescent moon, she bashfully retired from the scene of incomparable splendour.

The country might be a Paradise, if it were well cultivated; it seemed to me the most fertile throughout Palestine; and I am not at all surprised that the Israelites, in former days, had so many wars with the Philistines, because they were anxious to possess this rich and beautiful land.

We passed through several villages, in the neighbourhood of which the peasants were busily occupied in ploughing the land. The olive is the pre-

vailing tree, but it is only planted near the villages. Large lonely districts were uncultivated, and produced nothing but a little dark blue flower, which we call the pearl hyacinth, and an enormous bulbous plant, the leaves of which resemble the iris, but which was unfortunately not in bloom. Giorgio, who had travelled this way last February, told us that the whole country, at that time, resembled a parterre of the most varied flowers. We did not see the ruins of Askalon, and had only occasional glimpses of the sea, when it became visible between the hollows in the downs. We clearly discerned where the Vale of Terebinths runs into the plain from between the mountains, which become flatter at that end of the valley.

In the afternoon, we were very much troubled by a south wind, which carried thick clouds of dust into our faces, and against which the open plain did not afford us the least protection. At last, however, when we were within about an hour's distance from Gaza, we found some shelter in a very extensive grove of colossal olive-trees, detached from the city, which we saw rising on a small eminence, completely surrounded by the most beautiful palms. The sun was going down rayless, and opaque as the yolk of an egg. This was caused by the sand of the desert, and portended a storm.

We remained without the city, and went to the large well, which was thronged with men and animals, as water must be here obtained for a two days' supply in travelling to El Arish. We struck

our tent on an open, level spot, surrounded by a khan, burying-places, garden-walls, a mosque, heaps of rubbish, hedges of cactus, and magnificent palms. The latter were laden with large bunches of brownish dates, which were covered with a net, to protect them from the flies. Here, on the boundary between Syria and Arabia, the date first ripens, and my tent is pitched beside them! I have got up from my writing eight or ten times to satisfy myself that they are really there, and each time have been delighted with their beautiful and noble form.

I have also been most prosaically occupied in looking after our provisions and requisites, as these are of great importance in the desert. Giorgio tells me that we are amply supplied for a fortnight; and as Cairo is reckoned only an eleven days' journey, I am perfectly satisfied. Our bread has been baked in Jerusalem, and the dough has been prepared in such a manner, that though the bread becomes hard, it remains perfectly eatable. It is, indeed, no little matter to think of, and provide for, all our various wants, and truly it requires the experience of a dragoman! You can form no conception what it is to be obliged to carry everything with you, from the ambulating poultry-yard to the grains with which the fowls are to be fed, and the coals with which they are to be cooked! I must confess that I was perfectly astonished to find how much is indispensable for the support of life, even in its most simple requirements.

"Letters of a German Countess."

TARTAR SURGERY.

I WAS commanded to follow the Emperor of China to his country residence, together with Father Tilsch, in the capacity of a mathematician ; Father Rod, in that of a surgeon ; Father Parrenin and Don Pedrini as interpreters. We all set out together on horseback, but before we were out of the city, my horse slipped, and I was instantly thrown, receiving frightful wounds in my head and other parts of my body. As my companions did not dare to stop, they recommended me to the care of two heathens, and left me fainting in the street, where I remained in this state for a considerable time. When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a house, but everything appeared dark and indistinct, and I felt as if I had fallen from my horse two months before. The Emperor sent me a Tartar surgeon, for he and his court were fully persuaded that, for falls, Tartar surgeons were better than Europeans ; and, to confess the truth, although the mode of treatment was of a barbarous description, and some of the remedies appeared useless, I was cured in a very short time. This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing point ; then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over

the basin, and, with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia-mater, was so great and insufferable, that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case, for in a short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation my head felt more free. A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a bowl of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me, that if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground; then, assisted by two men, he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was

nearly suffocated. "This," said the Chinese Esculapius, "by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been bent inwards." The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hifan—that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times, but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating, but I am bound in truth to confess, that in seven days I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary.

Father Ripa's "Memoirs."

A SENTRY'S MISTAKE.

ONE cold, bitter winter's night, a sledge, containing two travellers, drove up to one of the gates of the Kremlin, which the taller of the two, in a voice of authority, desired to be immediately opened. To this demand, a very short but expressive negative monosyllable was returned—sentries being, of all animals in the world, the most averse to any de-

scription of correspondence, whether colloquial or epistolatory. The two strangers began to manifest symptoms of evident impatience at a rejoinder—to them, at least—of so unsatisfactory a nature, and the one who had previously spoken again hailed the imperturbable grenadier, and, proclaiming himself a general officer, desired him to comply with his mandate. “If you are, as you declare yourself, a general, you ought to be aware of the first duty of a soldier—obedience to his orders,” was the firm and determined reply, as the soldier resumed the measured tread of his march, which the above dialogue had momentarily interrupted. This was a poser; so, finding further argument unavailing, the travellers at last begged the sentry would exert his voice, and call up the officer of the guard. To this the man made no objection, and, after a tolerable expenditure of shouting and bawling—the guard-room being some twenty yards distant—a sleepy non-commissioned officer emerged from the building, and, learning the rank and wishes of the strangers, begged them, at once, to walk into the apartment of his commanding officer, till measures could be taken for a compliance with their desires. At the first sound of the taller stranger’s voice, the young subaltern, bounding like a shot from the couch on which he reclined, stood in an attitude of subdued and respectful attention before him, requesting to know his pleasure. The traveller smiled, and merely desired him to relieve and bring into his presence the sentry at the gate. This was quickly done, and the man entered the room at the

very moment the stranger cast aside the large travelling-cloak which encircled him. There was no mistaking that noble, that majestic figure—that broad, commanding, and magnificent brow, on which a momentary expression of impatience had given way to one of humour and benevolence. Erect as a poplar, the soldier stood before his *Sovereign*, in a desperate quandary at thus discovering who was the person he had so cavalierly repulsed, and yet with a something like conscientiousness, that in doing so he had only strictly acted up to his duty. He had no time, however, for fear, as the Emperor, calling upon him to advance, commended his conduct in the warmest terms, ordered the sum of a hundred silver rubles (about 40*l.*) to be paid him, and, with his own hand, wrote a letter to his commanding officer, desiring his immediate promotion to the rank of serjeant—a requisition which, of course, it is almost needless to observe, was promptly complied with. To account for the Emperor's apparently singular and unexpected arrival on the night in question, it may be mentioned, such is his indefatigable activity, that in the event of there existing a possibility of any important business on hand being accelerated by his presence, he has been repeatedly known, as on the present occasion, to throw himself into a sledge, or *calèche*, accompanied alone by a confidential member of his household—the first intimation of his doing so being his arrival at the city, or seat of government, in question itself.

Cameron's "Personal Adventures."

CURIOUS ADVENTURE AT HEBRON.

HARDLY was our repast concluded, when the door of our apartment hastily burst open, and in rushed, streaming with blood, a servant of one of the party, who, after much howling, pointed to his face with deep sighs and groans, then howled and roared again at the sight of his own blood. Somewhat subduing his violent passion, he related, that passing from the main street into the passage leading to our quarters, he found there a crowd, from which a Syrian, darting forth, accused him of being one of the party engaged in the Dhoheriyehan affair, demanding, at the same time, a further payment for the camels they had supplied to that party—an extortion which, as I have before stated, our consul advised us not to give way to. Not having been one of the party, and being, therefore, perfectly ignorant of the circumstances, the man struggled to escape from the fellow's grasp, who then made a stab at him with his sabre knife, which he, warding it from his breast, received on his cheek, and breaking away from his assailant, fled to our room. * * Taking our arms, we sallied forth. Jews and Jewesses crowded the narrow streets of the quarter, many of the latter very fair and of sweet expression, but their faces now betokening deep anxiety. * * Demanding the way to the Governor's house, onward we marched, in good order, through the town,

which was now in a state of great excitement and commotion—fierce expressions and ejaculations ever and anon reaching our ears from the surrounding multitude ; that of “ *Down with the Djaours ; there is no Ibrahim Pasha over us now !* ” (or words to that effect) being the most prevalent. The latter remark evidently referring to the summary vengeance the Egyptian ruler was wont to inflict in case of travellers being molested by those beneath his sway. Arrived at the palace—a wondrous mean one—and passing a dirty court, we were ushered into a very small room, where we found his honour, a man of noble stature and superior countenance. Rising, he invited us to the divan, and, stepping up, we sat cross-legged upon the carpet, and cried for justice—demanding the body of the criminal, alive or dead. Sherbet was now brought in, to soothe our feelings, and allay our wrath, and was handed round in neatly-cut glass bowls. We each took some, but it proved of very inferior composition, and had not at all the desired effect ; so the Governor rose and departed, under the plea of seeking the offender, finding neither his sherbet nor his arguments sufficiently persuasive to quiet us. The proceedings on our side were carried on by the Rev. Mr. Williams and Mr. Witts, the only two of the party who could speak a word of Arabic, excepting a little Syrian boy these gentlemen had with them, who proved an excellent interpreter, though dealing much in hyperbole, clothing both questions and answers in such flowery and figurative garments, and ac-

companying his Oriental eloquence with such impassioned action, that, in spite of our situation, we were highly amused. The rest of us were mere spectators, which I, for my part, enjoyed amazingly, sipping my sherbet undisturbed, except when, now and then, called upon to put on an aspect of awful determination. After sherbet came coffee, and there we sat, in deep consultation, within this privy chamber of the royal palace, for a considerable time, until, at last, it flashed upon our minds, that perhaps the Governor had played us a trick, and had vacated the seat of judgment until our departure. We therefore sent messengers to find him, and at last received an express that his Highness could not succeed in discovering our intended victim, and would be very much obliged to us to move off. We considered this as a subterfuge and insult, and therefore determined to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in his privy chamber until satisfaction was rendered us. The hours were rapidly flying on, a mysterious silence pervaded the crowd without, and no Governor appeared. Anxious to proceed upon our journey, our patience began to flag, and our suspicions to increase that something unpleasant was hatching for us, when suddenly a sound was heard approaching—a great bustling in the outer court. Grasping our arms, we started on our feet, deeming the climax at hand, when, to our utter amazement, thirteen aged Israelites, with long white beards and flowing robes, Chief Rabbis of the Synagogue of Hebron, shuffled into the room, and

scrambling up to the divan, seized and hugged us in their arms, kissed our hands, our feet, and the lowest hem of our garments, put their fingers to their eyes (by which we were to infer that we were as dear to them as the apple of the eye), and bowed to the ground with a motion as of throwing dust upon their heads. Then, rending their garments, they took up a lamentation and bitter wailing, accompanied with most urgent prayers, beseeching us to relent from our purpose, and leave the city, out of compassion to them, for otherwise, when we were gone, the Moslems would wreak their rage on them, because we were lodging in their quarter. The sudden and affectionate descent of these venerable old gentlemen upon us, for a time stupified us. For my own part, I was so out of breath with struggling in the embraces of an ancient patriarch, who had run me up into a corner, that, when escaped from the tempest of his affection, well nigh smothered, and gasping thanksgivings for ultimate deliverance, I sat me down again upon the carpet, and seizing a cup half full of sherbet, quaffed deeply, leaving the rest of the party to make the best of it they could. Quiet somewhat succeeding this extraordinary scene, we assured our venerable assailants that our regret would be very great if we should risk bringing evil on their heads, but the present case being one which concerned not only ourselves but all future travellers in those regions, it was but a necessary act of justice and precaution to protect our servants ; we could not, therefore, forego our intention of

punishing the criminal if possible. They said no more, but groaning in the bitterness of their hearts, rose and went their ways. Two most striking personages were now ushered in, men of majestic aspect, whose long white beards and tottering gait betokened a venerable age, as did their costly robes the high authority they held within the city. One was perfectly blind, and felt his way with a staff that he carried in his hand. Rising, wonderfully impressed with the dignity of their appearance, we moved forward, and assisting them to mount the platform of the divan, seated ourselves beside them upon the cushions. They then announced themselves as the Mufti and Cadi of the great city of El-Khulfil, begged us not to persist in our dangerous demand, but to proceed upon our way in peace. "The man," said they, "who stabbed your servant is a madman—he knew not what he did. Oh, by the love of Abraham, depart in peace! Be merciful,—be merciful! in remembrance of that patriarch and prophet, whom we alike revere!" 'Twas of no avail,—neither Abraham nor eloquence could move us. Silence and looks of despair ensued. A crowd approached; the tall figure of the Governor was there, and with him his *posse comitatus*, encircling, to our astonishment, the offender. Mr. Williams had seen the present Governor of Hebron at Jerusalem, and had received and broken bread with him in that city, and the culprit proving to be the Governor's *own brother*, he, addressing Mr. Williams, adjured him "by the sacred rights of

hospitality," "by the bread they had broken together," to pursue the case no further. A ray of hope lighted up for a moment the face of the culprit, which before was distorted with such a remarkable expression of fear as I never before beheld depicted upon the face of man. Stepping forward, he *kissed the blood upon the cheek of his wounded victim*. A scene ensued. A generous-hearted Moslem, rushing forward, bowed down his head to the earth, crying at the same time, "Oh, may I suffer his punishment!—may I suffer in *his* stead!" The Governor, drawing Mr. Williams aside, now offered him a most tempting and extraordinary bribe—viz., to introduce us, *sub rosâ*, to the interior of the tomb of the patriarchs, that we might touch the very sepulchre of Abraham—might tread the very cave of Machpelah, the precincts of which the foot of a professed Christian has never trod. This tempting offer was most stoically refused,—most stoically, I say,—for surely the itching humour of man to taste forbidden fruit was here sorely tried. Indeed, it was a kind of *portæ patent*, so tempting, that had I been alone, I am not sure that I should thus be enabled now to act the trumpeter of stoicism. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, I might at this time regret the offer, instead of rejoicing at it, as I now do, as having given us an opportunity of impressing upon the chief barbarian, by refusal of so tempting a bait, an Englishman's sense of justice. To cut a long matter short, we, acting in capacity of both judge and jury, called

witnesses, (one of whom, to our astonishment, stepped forward voluntarily from the crowd of Moslems, having, it is to be presumed, an old grudge against the prisoner,) and pronounced the man guilty. We had fully expected to behold the iniquitous physiognomy of the sheik of Dhoherîyeh when the culprit was produced, but it proved that that sheikh had bribed this man to execute his vengeance upon our party. The Governor offered to inflict bastinado, but we deemed it better to forward a full statement of the case to our consul at Jerusalem, and rising, left the Governor in very great dudgeon, for, as he said, he had rather half kill his brother than provoke the anger of the Pasha of Jerusalem. Raising himself to the full height of his noble stature as we drew off, waving his hand on high, and fixing his dark eyes, flashing with fire, upon the Arab sheikh, the leader of our escort, he thundered forth—"Beware, lest thy foot ever again press the soil of my territory!" Thus terminated, as far as we were concerned, this curious adventure, the details of which I have compressed as much as I could, consistently with any hope of bringing the scene at all before the eyes of those who were not present.

Dawson Borrer's "Journey from Naples," &c.

SAD PLIGHT OF A RUSSIAN DANDY.

A CERTAIN Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of the most productive iron-works, presuming on his wealth, as people are apt to do, was supposed to have shown a tone too independent to be tolerated in having evaded such honours and offices as it was supposed his fortune would invest with *éclat*. A man who indulges in any illusions of any sort of independence in Russia is, however, soon made sensible of the chain to his leg. He was refused permission to travel. He had three or four hundred thousand pounds in the national bank, but when he attempted to draw out a large sum at once, it was intimated that he could not be allowed to do so, unless he could show very satisfactorily what he intended to do with it. As a peace-offering, he placed one of his sons in the chevalier-guards, where, after some years' service, he was appointed to superintend the purchase of regimental horses. It is customary, in all the regiments of the guards, to intrust this commission to young men of fortune, as an economical means of getting expensive horses at a cheap rate. They have a year's leave of absence granted them, and usually, at the expiration of this time, are promoted; but they are expected to bring back no animals which are not worth about double the regimental price, so

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that an undertaking of this nature usually costs them from one to several thousand pounds.

Jakovleff acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the colonel, but nevertheless he was not promoted. As soon as it was possible to do so, naturally not much enamoured with the service after this, he left it; but he also was, and has been ever since, refused permission to travel. Obligated thus to remain at home, Jakovleff consoled himself by going the full length of Anglo and Gallo-mania, and whilst in this state of mind was one day disporting in the Newsky Prospect, in all the glorious foppery of the most *outré* Parisian costume; on his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief with a gigantic bow was tied around his neck; a cloak, so short that it seemed a cape, was thrown over his shoulders; on his chin he wore a beard "à la Henri Quatre." He had an enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels. As he was sauntering complacently along the broad pavement of this St. James's Street of St. Petersburg, the Emperor's carriage drove past, and abruptly stopping short, the Emperor himself leaned out, and beckoning the beau to approach him—"Pray," said Nicholas, eyeing him with humorous curiosity, "who are you, and where do you come from!" "May it please your Majesty, I have the honour to be your Majesty's faithful subject, *Save Saveitch* Jakovleff." "Indeed," replied the Emperor, with mock gravity;

"we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, Save Saveitch. Oblige us by just stepping up and taking a seat beside us." Jakovleff slyly let drop his cudgel, and, with some misgivings, took his seat. "But stop," said the Emperor, who had not noticed this proceeding at first, when they had driven on a little way, "where is your stick, Save Saveitch?" "Oh, never mind the stick, your Majesty." "Oh, we must have your stick, Save Saveitch. Turn back," he said to the coachman. The stick was picked up, and the emperor gave orders to drive on straight to the palace. He alighted, and beckoned to the dandy to follow him. "Oh, no, Save Saveitch, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are—hat, stick, and cloak, and all." The Emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the Empress. "Pray, my dear," he inquired of her, "do you know who this is?" "No," replied the Empress, bursting into a fit of laughter at the sight of the extraordinary figure before her. "Then, allow me to inform you, this is our faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff. What do you think of him?—is he not a pretty fellow?" The unfortunate beau, whose feelings may be conceived, after furnishing food for some moments' merriment, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion; but before he departed, he was admonished that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. Lenient, however, the punishment inflicted on this harmless ridicule proved not to

have been, for the man went home, took to his bed, and fell very dangerously ill, from the consequence of the fright and mortification he had endured. We will make no comment on this transaction, for, after the first smile at reprov'd foppery, it will furnish the reader with sufficiently grave reflections.

"Revelations of Russia."

TWO NIGHTS IN THE DESERT.

OUR rest was very much disturbed, our fearful followers having gathered themselves and their jackasses so close around our tent, that every minute one or the other kicked against the ropes, much to our annoyance; neither did the mournful cries of trooping jackals, as they swiftly passed in the chase, or hovered about the encampment, tend to create sweet dreams. And then, alas! a mysterious sound was heard in the heavens, breaking the stillness of the night: it was the wild wind, which, rushing abroad in one fierce blast, swept the surface of the desert, laden with clouds of sand; our tent was down, almost before we could escape from the doorway, the ground giving no hold to the pegs, a circumstance we had noticed, but thought little of when we encamped, as the evening was remarkably calm, and no signs appeared at all of such a pending visitation. All was now hushed again! it was like the sudden bursting forth of an Alpine torrent,

which one precipitated cloud, swelling in its fountains, onward rushes, carrying all before it; yet in a few short hours is once more almost lost. Raising our fallen house, and fixing it to the best of our ability with a couple of long ropes for stays, tied to some neighbouring tamarisk-bushes, we crept in, and slept until "the glorious sun revealed the golden day," then rose to bedeck ourselves with raiment full of sand, and wet with heavy dew. The men rose to feed the asses, but declared the Bedouins had robbed us of the stolen fodder, which they had overnight heaped near the tent; but we could not believe a Bedouin would have troubled himself to have done this, as a very short distance off there was plenty of the same growing. We drove the beasts, therefore, to get their breakfast, as they had done their supper, in a field of green standing corn. Leaving our tents pitched, with the intention of afterwards returning to them before commencing the day's journey, we took our guns, and walked across the plain of sand, to the ruined city we had cursorily examined the day before, that we might take a last look at her desolation. Amongst the sand mounds (which were merely formed by the drifting surface, arrested by the tamarisk-bushes) were numerous tracks of different animals, chiefly jackals, gazelles, and partridges; but no living thing did we meet with. Arrived once more upon the summit of the hill where the ruins lay, we turned round before going further, that we might notice well the direction of our tents, as a landmark to

guide us back; but we gazed in vain; neither could we, with the assistance of a most excellent telescope, by any means discover them, until presently, sweeping the country round, we beheld a file of asses and other beasts of burthen proceeding very quietly in full march to the west, and upon examination, the Greek dress of our servant betrayed them. This might have been a very awkward manoeuvre of theirs, as far as we were concerned, as, if we had not seen them as we did, we might have wandered about and starved, or prevented prowling wolves or hyænas from being so. Our indignation was therefore proportionably great, as we considered the risk; and rapidly we hurried on westward to overtake them, shouting lustily to no effect, as they were far off—indeed, so far, that the train looked more like a dark snake winding over the sand than a body of men and noble asses of Cairo. Traversing the plain again below the hill, we noticed large beds of petrified oyster-shells, mingled with fossil bones and wood; of the former, I brought away a portion of the vertebræ of some large animal. Fragments of limestone lying about were also full of fossil shells, particularly a large species of screw. We collected several good specimens; but a traveller collects in the morning, and for various reasons casts away before night; so it was with these curiosities, for the weight and rapid accumulation of such things prohibit their preservation, otherwise we might have collected many beautiful and rare pebbles, fossils, &c., that often attracted our attention, making us

long that a magic wish might transport them to a cabinet in England, without the trouble of taking them there. We now saw, to our joy, our sheikh in the distance, riding about, evidently seeking us; and hearing us hailing him, he galloped towards us, mingling tokens of joy at our recovery with sighs of regret at our loss, for our manner did not betoken us very well pleased, as may be supposed; and doubtless he thought his tobacco-bag might not be so well filled for the future. However, he was a very good fellow in the main, and we did not accuse him so bitterly as our Greek, whom we lectured in a very emphatic manner, but did not actually put to death upon the spot, as we meditated at one time, if we ever reached him again. No satisfactory explanation regarding this extraordinary movement on the part of Master Elias was ever arrived at by us, he having rapidly dwindled in our estimation ever since leaving Cairo, this brought it to a climax, and we regarded him with an eye of suspicion. * * During the evening, several Egyptians and Albanians stationed themselves about our tent. One of the former, an old man with a grey beard, spun a yarn for the benefit of the surrounding audience; he never hesitated a moment, neither did he ever vary his tone or expression in the least, but kept on at a most astonishing rate, without the slightest apparent intention of ever coming to the termination of his tale; so we retired to rest, his monotonous tone being the last sound that struck upon our ears before wrapped in slumber, from which, however,

we were presently awakened by a loud report, followed by the whistling of a bullet, then immediately a second, with the same accompaniment. Listening for a moment to see if this visitation was to be repeated, or merely indicated a freak of some passing Albanians, making a target of our tent, we unconsciously dropped off to sleep again, without rising from our mats. In the morning, it proved that Elias had seen a fellow entering the tent in a stealthy manner, upon which he fired at him with his pistols, and said he believed he wounded him. This nocturnal intruder was, without doubt, meditating purloining some of our property; and it struck us as very probable that the old tale-teller had kept up his monotonous romance to engage the attention of our company whilst his friend foraged around. * * Troops of jackals, after dark, serenaded us with their mournful yelpings, of all cries the most sad and melancholy. Imagine some dozen children of tender age, mourning and sobbing to allay their pain, then bursting forth in chorus, with bitter and heart-rending lamentation; such is the cry of the jackal. The soul of a tender mother would be rent, her heart would burst with grief, and her eyes with tears, if the jackal's wild complaining note struck upon her ear. We thought we should have become "a portion for the foxes;" but an Egyptian cemetery nigh at hand was doubtless their court, for they delight in sacrilegious violations of the dead. But another sound, far more mysterious than their ululations, haunted me, as, crouching upon my face

near the tent, I patiently awaited the approach of these clamorous visitors; it was a sound I could not at all comprehend, but after a time arrived at the conclusion that a body of men were wading across the canal, there being a most infernal commotion of the waters—a most astonishing splashing and spluttering! Summoning Elias from the tent, we both listened, and were both equally confounded, until, drawing cautiously nearer to the scene of action, the mystery was unravelled. Thousands and tens of thousands of huge fish were leaping and plunging in nocturnal gambols, disturbing the face of the waters and our equanimity—the whole flood seemed composed of fish: enough were here to supply the Queens of Egypt with perfumes and rich robes from the age of Mœris even until this day, had they been caught and converted into talents of silver as of old! Some pelicans upon the canal were also adding their clamour to these mingled sounds of fish and jackals; it is a hideous noise that this bird makes—a kind of unpleasant snoring, deep but loud. Our Albanian, by some cunning manœuvre, managed to shoot one of them during the night, and came labouring in with it upon his back, for its weight was enormous, and its admeasurement, from the tip of one wing to that of the other, ten feet and four inches, whilst from the tip of the bill to the point of the tail was six feet three inches; the length of the bill, from the eye to the tip, being exactly eighteen inches and a half. The flesh of this bird is said to be pretty good, but coarse; Belzoni compares it to mutton. We wished

some of this one cooked, but it was not ; therefore we had no opportunity of confirming that traveller's opinion. The night passed without further disturbance, our worst enemies having been the jackals.

Dawson Borrer's "Journey from Naples," &c.

THUNDERSTORM NEAR TEFLIS.

ABOUT five-and-twenty versts from Teflis, we passed a large village on the right of the road, said to form the site of the ancient Iberian capital, but of which no traces are visible at the present day, beyond a few mounds of earth and several large blocks of granite, scattered at intervals to a considerable extent; one object, worthy of observation, however, is a church, of an old and rudely constructed make, and which tradition asserts to be one of the first erected in the country during the earliest epoch of Christianity. It was, as near as I can judge, about midnight; I had fallen fast asleep, when I was suddenly aroused by a crash, that at the moment I could have imagined heralded the end of the world's existence. I have heard the echo of upwards of a hundred pieces of ordnance in the field ; I have felt my horse reel beneath the deafening explosion of a mine ; but a parallel to such a peal as that which burst upon my now startled ear, and seemed to pierce the brain's most inward fibre, it has never been my lot to endure. Though momentarily

stunned, I was in an instant completely awake; and then such a keen, dazzling, lambent sheet of flame burst around, it seemed as if the circuit of the whole country was one bright stream of fire, followed, too, by a roar, if possible, more awful than the first. Half blinded though I was, I yet had time to mark its effect: the horses stood firm and still, with mane erect, their eyes almost starting from their sockets, more like the frightful resemblance of an equal number of bronze statues than a picture of living life. My companion, whose pale countenance must have reflected back the image of my own, crossed himself devoutly, while our domestics pressed their hands to their eyes, to shut out the terrific spectacle; and the low, deep, yet fervent prayers of both alike, the Christian and the Mussulman, were poured forth with devotion that could not have been more deeply expressed had the last hour been at hand. Another flash—another—and another: the rain descended in torrents, as if threatening a second deluge, while the deep, hoarse murmur of the rushing wind, and the sounds of clashing and fallen trees, imparted additional terror to the scene. What a sublime—what an awful picture! I have been in many scenes of peril, both by sea and land; not merely in the arena of a bloody and well-sustained conflict, where its maddening excitement banishes aught else from memory but the resolution to do or die; but in others, where, placed in fullest and clearest point of view, and destitute of any absorbent passion to string and nerve the mind, it became

necessary, calmly and resolutely, to gaze on the threatened danger no human means could avert; the more especially, on one occasion, in the early part of 1832, when, embarked in what was as gallant a bark as ever rode or stemmed the seas, in one of the severest of the equinoctial gales witnessed during this tempestuous period, we rolled for some time, a heavy, crippled, misshapen wreck; fearfully, however, as it then impressed me, it was as nothing when compared to the feelings of breathless awe which possessed me on this occasion. For upwards of an hour, the storm raged, and then as suddenly ceased, giving place to the most intense stillness. A pale, glimmering light, at first but very faint, but which gradually increased in strength, now appeared amidst the dense and murky darkness; further yet it extended its gladdening influence; a part of the blue vault of heaven, studded with bright and innumerable stars, now disclosed itself, smiling and serene, as if in contrast to the terrific scene which had but so recently passed away: further, and yet further still, it increased the extension of its cheering rays; the last speck disappeared on the distant horizon, and there shone forth, in all its brilliancy and lustre, the serene, soft beauty of night in a southern clime. It was then that we breathed freely; and, congratulating each other upon the fortunate result of what we had witnessed, once more resumed our journey. As daylight dawned, on every side we beheld traces of the havoc caused by the recent storm: massive trees torn up by the

roots; others, of a lighter frame, snapped short asunder; whilst more than once the servants were obliged to alight, and clear away the branches and fragments of rock and stone with which the road was frequently completely blocked up.

Cameron's "Personal Adventures."

NATIVE HAWAIIAN GAMES.

THE native games formerly practised were all, more or less, those of hazard, which doubtless gave them their principal zest.

The Governor of Honolulu was kind enough, at my request, to have the game of *maika* played. This was formerly a favourite amusement of the chiefs, and consists in the art of rolling a stone of the above name. I had heard many extraordinary accounts of the distance to which this could be thrown, or rolled, which was said to be sometimes upwards of a mile.

In some places they had trenches dug for this game upwards of a mile in length, about three feet wide, and two feet deep, with the bottom level, smooth and hard. The game is still practised, although none of the trenches remain, on any level ground that may be suitable. In the present instance, the governor selected the road in front of the house I occupied. There was a large concourse of spectators, and several men were chosen by the

governor to throw. The *maika* is a piece of hard lava, in the shape of a small wheel or roller, three inches in diameter, and an inch and a half thick, very smooth and highly polished. The greatest distance to which they were thrown by the most expert player was four hundred and twenty yards. Many were extremely awkward, and it was necessary for the spectators to stand well on the side of the road, for fear of accidents. All of them threw the *maika* with much force, which was evident from its rebound when it met with any obstruction. The crowd, which amounted to three thousand persons, were greatly amused. This was their great gambling game, and such was its fascinations, that property, wives, children, their arm and leg-bones after death, and even themselves while living, would be staked on a single throw, in the heathen time.

They have another game, which, I was told, is now more in vogue than it has been for some years. The revival of it is attributed by some to the visit of the French frigate, "*Artemise*;" and certainly the natives do not appear to feel themselves so much restricted in their amusements as they did before that event. It is called *buhenhene*, and consists in hiding a stone under several bundles of *tapa*—generally five. He who conceals it sits on one side of the bundles, while those playing occupy a place opposite to him. The bundles are usually of different colours, and about the size of a pillow. Each player has a stick three feet long, ornamented with a feather or cloth, with which each in turn designates the bundle under

which he thinks the stone is hidden by a blow. If the guess be correct, it counts one in his favour; if wrong, he who has concealed it gains one. He who first counts ten wins the game. This game appears very simple, and one would be inclined to believe it all luck, until the game is witnessed. It is really amusing to a by-stander, for the players always evince great eagerness, and during the operation of concealment, the face and eyes are narrowly watched by some, while the muscles of the bare arm are by others. So satisfied are they that the eye betrays the place of concealment, that the hider covers his eyes until he hears the stroke of the rod. An expert player is rarely deceived, however often the hand may be passed to and fro under the bundles. This game is now played for pigs, tapa, taro, &c.

The governor gave us an exhibition of throwing the lance, which, he said, had formerly been a favourite amusement of all the people, but was now practised only by the soldiers. The lance, or spear, is formed of a pole of the hibiscus, from seven to nine feet in length, on the larger end of which is a small roll of tapa. The exhibition was in the fort, where several soldiers had prepared themselves for the exercise. One of them placed himself at a distance of fifteen or twenty paces from three or four others, who endeavoured to hit him. He evaded the spears by throwing his body on one side, stooping and dodging in a very graceful manner. After this, they were ordered to divide, and began throwing at each other, until, when one or two had

been hit rather severely, the contest waxed warm, and blows were dealt without much ceremony, until the combatants came to close quarters, when the sport ended in a scuffle, which it required the authoritative voice of the Governor to terminate.

This scene was highly amusing, and was the only occasion, during my stay at the islands, on which I saw any temper shown, or any disposition to fight. The natives, indeed, are remarkably good-tempered, and many persons long resident here, stated to me they very seldom quarrelled with each other. I have observed, that when they see another in a passion they generally laugh, although they themselves may be the object of the anger.

Wilkes's "United States Exploring Expedition."

PALAUER AT LITTLE BERELEE.

WE sailed at daylight, and anchored in the evening at Rock Boukir. In the morning, twelve armed boats were sent ashore from the three ships. We landed on an open beach, all in safety, but more or less drenched by the dangerous surf. One or two boats took in heavy seas, broached to, and rolled over and over in the gigantic surf-wave. On landing, we found a body of armed natives, perhaps fifty in number, drawn up in a line. Their weapons were muskets, iron war-spears, long fish-spears of wood, and broad knives. They made no

demonstrations of opposing us, but stood stoutly in their ranks, showing more independence of bearing and less fear than any natives whom we have met with. They were evidently under military rule, and, as well as the remainder of the tribe, evinced a degree of boldness amounting almost to insolence, which, it must be owned, would have made our party the more ready for a tussle, on any reasonable pretext.

The town of Rock Boukir is enclosed by palisades, about eight feet high, with small gates on every side. It was not the purpose of the natives to admit us within their walls, but a rain made it desirable that the palaver should be held in a sheltered place, instead of on the beach, as had been originally intended. We therefore marched in, took possession of the place, and stationed sentinels at every gate. The town was entirely deserted, for the warriors had gone forth to fight, if a fight there was to be, and the women and children were sent for security into the "bush." In the central square stood the Palaver House, beneath the shadow of a magnificent, wide-spreading tree, which had, perhaps, mingled the murmur of its leaves with the eloquence of the native orators for at least a century. Here we posted ourselves, and awaited the King of Rock Boukir.

The messengers announced that he wished to bring his armed men within the walls, and occupy one side of the town, while our party held the other. As this proposition was not immediately

acceded to, and as the King would not recede, it seemed doubtful whether there would be any palaver, after all. At length, however, the Commodore ordered the removal of our sentinels from the gates on one side of the town, and consented that the native warriors should come in. A further delay was accounted for on the plea that the King was putting on his robes of state. Finally, he entered the Palaver House, and seated himself: an old man of sinister aspect, meanly dressed, and having for his only weapon a short sword, with a curved blade six inches wide. Governor Roberts now opened the palaver by informing the King that his tribe were suspected of having participated in the plunder of the "Mary Carver," and the murder of her captain and crew. I subjoin a brief narrative of this affair.

Two years since, the schooner "Mary Carver," of Salem, commanded by Captain Farwell, of Vassalboro', was anchored at Half Berebee, for the purpose of trading with the natives. Her cargo was valued at twelve thousand dollars. Captain Farwell felt great confidence in the people of Half Berebee, although warned not to trust them too far, as they had the character of being fierce and treacherous. One day, being alone on shore, the natives knocked him down, bound him, and delivered him to the women and children to be tortured, by sticking thorns into his flesh. After three hours of this horrible agony, the men despatched him. As soon as the captain was secured,

a large party was sent on board the vessel, to surprise and murder the mate and crew. In this they were perfectly successful: not a soul on board escaped. They then took part of the goods out, and ran the schooner ashore, where she was effectually plundered. Within a space of twelve miles along the beach, there are five or six families of Fishmen, ruled by different members of the Cracko family, of which Ben Cracko of Half Berebee is the head. All these towns were implicated in the plot, and received a share of the plunder. A Portuguese schooner had been taken, and her crew murdered, at the same place, a year before. The business had turned out so profitably, that other tribes on the coast began to envy the good fortune of the Crackos, and declared that they likewise were going to "catch" a vessel.

The object of our present palaver was to inquire into the alleged agency of the tribe at Rock Boukir in the above transaction. The King, speaking in his own language, strenuously denied the charge, at the same time touching his ears and drawing his tongue over his short-curved broad-sword. By these symbols and hieroglyphics I supposed him to mean that he had merely heard of the affair, and that his sword was innocent of the blood imputed to him. It seems, however, that it is the native form of taking an oath, equivalent to our kissing the book. The King agreed to go to Berebee, and assist in the grand palaver to be held there, complying with a proposal of the Commodore to take

passage thither in the Macedonian. Matters being so far settled, the council was broken up, and the party re-embarked.

Several of the boats having been anchored outside of the surf, the officers and men were carried off to them in the native canoes. The scene on the beach was quite animated. Hundreds of natives, having laid aside their weapons, crowded around to watch the proceedings. The women and children came from the woods in swarms, all talking, screaming, laughing, and running hither and thither. The canoes were constantly passing from the shore to the boats, carrying two persons at a time. Our men, being unaccustomed to such rough water and unsteady conveyances, often capsized the canoes, and were tumbled ashore by the surf, perhaps with the loss of hats, jackets, or weapons. Here was visible the head of a marine, swimming to one of the boats, with his musket in his hand. Another, unable to swim, was upheld by a Krooman. Here and there, an impatient individual plunged into the surf, and struck out for his boat, rather than await the tedious process of embarkation. All reached the vessels in safety, but few with dry jackets. His Majesty of Rock Boukir, too, went on board the frigate, according to agreement, and, probably, by this mark of confidence, saved his capital from the flames. If all stories be true, he little deserves our clemency, and it is even said that the different tribes held a grand palaver at this place for the division of the spoil of the "Mary Carver."

We set sail immediately, and next day anchored, at half-past five P.M., off Little Berebee.

At nine the following morning, the boats of the squadron repaired to the flag-ship, where they were formed in line, and then pulled towards the shore abreast. The landing-place is tolerably good, but contracted. Four or five boats might easily approach it together, but when most of the thirteen attempted it at once, so narrow was the space, that one or two of them filled. They were hauled up, however, and secured. Our force, on being disembarked, was stationed in line opposite the town of Little Berebee, and the wood in its immediate vicinity. Many of the officers went up to the Palaver-house, a temporary shed erected for the occasion, about fifty yards from the town gate. King Ben Cracko now making his appearance, with five or six headmen or kings of the neighbouring tribes, the palaver began.

The interpreter, on this occasion, was well known to have been, in his own person, a leading character in the act of piracy and murder which it was the object of the palaver to investigate. He had, therefore, a difficult part to act—one that required great nerve, and such a talent of throwing a fair semblance over foul facts, as few men, civilized or savage, are likely to possess. With the consciousness of guilt upon him, causing him to startle at the first aspect of peril, it is singular that the man should have had the temerity to trust himself in so trying a position. His version of the “Mary

Carver" affair was a very wretched piece of fiction : he declared that Captain Farwell had killed two natives, and that old King Cracko, since deceased, had punished the captain by death, in the exercise of his legitimate authority. He denied that the tribe had participated in Captain Farwell's murder, or in those of the mate and crew, or in the robbery of the vessel, affirming that the schooner had gone ashore, and that everything was lost. All this was a tissue of falsehood, it being notorious that a large quantity of goods from the wreck, and portions of the vessel itself, were distributed among the towns along the coast. It was well known, moreover, that these people had boasted of having " caught" (to use their own phrase) an American vessel, and that the neighbouring tribes had threatened to follow Ben Cracko's example.

Governor Roberts, who conducted the examination on our part, expressed to the man his utter disbelief of the above statements ; the Commodore likewise stepped hastily towards him, sternly warning him to utter no more falsehoods. The interpreter, perceiving that the impression was against him, and probably expecting to be instantly made a prisoner or put to death, now lost the audacity that had hitherto sustained him. At this moment, it is said, a gun was fired at our party from the town, and, simultaneously with the report, the interpreter sprang away like a deer. There was a cry to stop him—two or three musket bullets whistled after the fugitive as he ran—but he had nearly reached the town

gate when his limbs, while strained to their utmost energy, suddenly failed beneath him. A rifle-shot had struck him in the vertebræ of the neck, causing instantaneous death. Meanwhile, King Ben Cracko had made a bolt to escape, but was seized by his long calico robe, which, however, gave way, leaving him literally naked in the midst of his enemies. A shot brought him to the ground, but he sprang to his feet, still struggling to escape. He next received two bayonet wounds, but fought like a wild beast, until two or three men flung themselves upon him, and held him down by main force. Finding himself overpowered, he pretended to be dead, but was securely bound, and taken to the beach. A lion of the African deserts could not have shown a fiercer energy than this savage king, and those who gazed at him, as he lay motionless on the sand, confessed that they had never seen a frame of such masculine vigour as was here displayed. His wounds proved mortal.

The *mêlée* had been as sudden as the explosion of gunpowder; it was wholly unexpected, but perhaps not to be wondered at, where two parties, with weapons in their hands, had met to discuss a question of robbery and murder. When the firing commenced, about two hundred natives were on the spot, or in the vicinity; they were now flying in all directions—some along the beach, a few into the sea itself, but by far the greatest number to the woods. Many shots were fired, notwithstanding the Commodore's orders to refrain. We were now

directed to break down the palisades, and set fire to the town. A breach of twenty or thirty feet was soon made in the wall, by severing the withes that bound together the upright planks. Before this could be effected, another party crept through the small holes serving the purpose of gates, and penetrated to the centre of the town, where, assembling around the great council-tree, they gave three cheers. The houses were then set on fire, and, within fifteen minutes, presented one mass of conflagration. The palisades likewise caught the flames, and were consumed, leaving an open space of blackened and smoking ruins, where, half an hour before, the sun had shone upon a town.

The natives did not remain idle spectators of the destruction of their houses. Advancing to the edge of the woods, they discharged their muskets at us, loaded, not with Christian bullets, but with copper slugs, probably manufactured out of the spikes of the "Mary Carver." A marine was struck in the side by one of these missiles, which tumbled him over, but without inflicting a serious wound. A party from our ship penetrated the woods behind the town, where he fired at an object which he perceived moving in the underbrush. Going up to the spot, it proved to be a very aged man, apparently on the verge of a century, much emaciated, and too feeble to crawl further in company with his flying towns-people. He was unharmed by the shot, but evidently expected instant death, and held up his hand in supplication. Our party placed the poor

old patriarch in a more sheltered spot, and left him there, after supplying him with food, an act of humanity which must have seemed to him very singular, if not absurd, in contrast with the mischief which we had wrought upon his home and people. Meantime, the ships were disposed to have a share in the fight, and opened a cannonade upon the woods, shattering the great branches of the trees, and adding to the terror, if not to the loss of the enemy. Little Berelee being now a heap of ashes, we re-embarked, taking with us an American flag, probably that of the "Mary Carver," which had been found in the town. We also made prizes of several canoes, one of which was built for war, and capable of carrying forty men. The wounded King Cracko, likewise, was taken on board the frigate, where, next morning, he breathed his last; thus expiating the outrage in which, two years before, he had been a principal actor. We afterwards understood that the natives suffered a loss of eight killed and two wounded.

The season for palavers and diplomacy being now over, we landed, at seven o'clock next morning, ten or twelve miles below Berelee, in order to measure out a further retribution to the natives. On approaching the beach, we were fired upon from the bushes, but without damage, although the enemy were sheltered within twenty yards of the water's edge. The boat's crew first ashore, together with two or three marines, charged into the shrubbery, and drove off the assailants. All being disembarked,

the detachment was formed in line, and marched to the nearest town, which was immediately attacked. Like the other native towns, it was protected by a wall of high palisades, planted firmly in the soil, and bound together by thongs of bamboo. Cutting a passage through these, we entered the place, which contained, perhaps, a hundred houses, neatly built of wicker-work, and having their high, conical roofs thatched with palmetto-leaves. Such edifices were in the highest degree combustible, and, being set on fire, it was worth while for a lover of the picturesque to watch the flames as they ran up the conical roofs, and, meeting at the apex, whirled themselves fiercely into the darkened air.

While this was going on, the war-bells, drums, and war-horns of the natives, were continually sounding, and flocks of vultures (perhaps a more accurate ornithologist might call them turkey-buzzards) appeared in the sky, wheeling slowly and heavily over our heads. These ravenous birds seemed to have a presentiment that there were deeds of valour to be done ; nor was it quite a comfortable idea that some of them, ere nightfall, might gratify their appetite at one's own personal expense. To confess the truth, however, they were probably attracted by the scent of some slaughtered bullocks, it being indifferent to a turkey-buzzard whether he prey on a cow or a Christian. After destroying the first town, we marched about a mile and a half up the beach to attack a second. On our advance, the marine drummer and fifer were ordered from the front

of the column to the rear, as being a position of less danger. They of course obeyed; but the little drummer, deeming it a reflection upon his courage, burst into tears, and actually blubbered aloud as he beat the *pas de charge*. It was a strange operation of manly spirit in a boyish stage of development.

As we approached the second town, our boat-keepers, who watched the scene, distinctly saw a party of thirty or forty natives lying behind a palisade, with their guns pointed at our advanced guard. Unconscious that the enemy were so near, we halted, for an instant, about forty yards from the town, and then advanced at a run. This so disconcerted the defenders, that they fled, after firing only a few shots, none of which took effect. In fact, the natives proved themselves but miserable marksmen. They can seldom hit an object in motion, although, if a man stand still, they sometimes manage to put a copper slug into his body, by taking aim a long time. After firing, the savage runs a long distance before he ventures to load. Had their skill or their hardihood been greater, we must have suffered severely, for the woods extended nearly to the water's edge, and exposed us, during the whole day, to the fire of a sheltered and invisible enemy.

After the storm and conflagration of the second town, we took a brief rest, and then proceeded to capture and burn another, situated about a mile to the northward. This accomplished, we judged it to be dinner-time. Indeed, we had done work enough

to ensure an appetite; and history does not make mention, so far as I am aware, of such destruction of cities so expeditiously effected. Having emptied our baskets, we advanced about three miles along the beach—still with the slugs of the enemy whistling in our ears—and gave to the devouring element another town. Man is, perhaps, never happier than when his native destructiveness can be freely exercised, and with the benevolent complacency of performing a good action, instead of the remorse of perpetrating a bad one: it unites the charms of sin and virtue. Thus, in all probability, few of us had ever spent a day of higher enjoyment than this, when we roamed about, with a musket in one hand and a torch in the other, devastating what had hitherto been the homes of a people.

One of the sweetest spots that I have seen in Africa was a little hamlet of three houses, standing apart from the four large towns above-mentioned, and surrounded by an impervious hedge of thorn-bushes, with two palisaded entrances. Forcing our way through one of these narrow portals, we beheld a grassy area of about fifty yards across, over-shadowed by a tree of very dense foliage, which had its massive roots in the centre, and spread its great protecting branches over the whole enclosure. The three dwellings were of the same sort of basket-work as those already described, but particularly neat, and giving a pleasant impression of the domestic life of their inhabitants. This small, secluded hamlet, had probably been the residence of one family—a

patriarch, perhaps, with his descendants to the third or fourth generation—who, beneath that shadowy tree, must have enjoyed all the happiness of which uncultivated man is susceptible. Nor would it be too great a stretch of liberality to suppose that the green hedge of impervious thorns had kept out the vices of their race, and that the little area within was a sphere where all the virtues of the native African had been put in daily practice. These three dwellings, and the verdant wall around them, and the great tree that brooded over the whole, might unquestionably have been spared, with safety to our consciences; but when man takes upon himself the office of an avenger by the sword, he is not to be perplexed with such little scrupulosities as whether one individual or family be less guilty than the rest. Providence, it is to be presumed, will find some method of setting such matters right. In fine, when the negro-patriarch's strong sable sons supported their decrepit sire homeward, with their wives, "black, but comely," bearing the glistening, satin-skinned babies on their backs, and their other little ebony responsibilities trudging in the rear, there must have been a dismal wail, for there was the ancestral tree, its foliage shrivelled with fire, stretching out its desolate arms over the ashes of the three wicker dwellings.

The business of the day was over. Besides short excursions and charges into the bush, the men had marched and countermarched at least twelve miles upon the beach, with the surf sometimes rolling far

beyond our track. Some hundreds of slugs had been fired at us, and, on our part, we had blazed away at every native who had ventured to show his face; but the amount of casualties, after such a day of battle, reminds one of the bloodless victories and defeats of an Italian army during the middle ages. In a word, we had but two men wounded, and whether any of the enemy were killed or no, it is impossible to say. At all events, we slew a number of neat cattle, eight or nine of which were sent on board the ships, where they answered a much better purpose than as many human carcasses. The other spoil consisted of several canoes, together with numerous household utensils, which we shall bring home as trophies and curiosities. There was also a chain cable, and many other articles belonging to the "Mary Carver," and a pocket-book, containing a letter addressed to Captain Robert McFarland. The purport of the epistle is not a matter of public interest, but it was written in a lady's delicate hand, and was probably warm with affection; and little did the fair writer dream that her missive would find its way into an African hut, where it was probably regarded as a piece of witchcraft.

Thus ended the warfare of Little Berebee. The degree of retribution meted out had by no means exceeded what the original outrage demanded, and the mode of it was sanctioned by the customs of the African people. According to their unwritten laws, if individuals of a tribe commit a crime against another tribe or nation, the criminal must either be

delivered up or punished at home, or the tribe itself becomes responsible for their guilt. An example was of peremptory necessity, and the American vessels trading on the coast will long experience a good effect from this day's battle and destruction. The story will be remembered in the black man's traditions, and will have its due weight in many a palaver. Nevertheless, though the burning of villages be a very pretty pastime, yet it leaves us in a moralizing mood, as most pleasures are apt to do; and one would fain hope that civilized man, in his controversies with the barbarian, will at length cease to descend to the barbarian level, and may adopt some other method of proving his superiority than by his greater power to inflict suffering. For myself personally, the "good old way" suits me tolerably enough, but I am disinterestedly anxious that posterity should find a better.

We sailed at daylight for Grand Berebee. Nearing the point on which it is situated, the ships hoisted white flags at the fore, in token of amity. A message was sent on shore to the King, who came off in a large canoe, and set his hand to a treaty, promising to keep good faith with American vessels. He likewise made himself responsible for the good conduct of the other tribes in the vicinity.

On board the Macedonian there were five prisoners, who had been taken two months ago by the brig "Porpoise." One was the eldest son of this King, and the others belonged to his tribe. The meeting between the King and Prince was very affecting, and

fully proved that nature has not left these wild people destitute of warmth and tenderness of heart. They threw themselves into each other's arms, wept, laughed, and danced for joy. To the King, his son was like one risen from the dead; he had given him up for lost, supposing that the young man had been executed. The prisoners were each presented with a new frock and trousers, besides tobacco, handkerchiefs, and other suitable gifts. The prince received a lieutenant's old uniform coat, and when they got into their canoe, it was amusing to see how awkwardly he paddled, in this outlandish trim. He made two or three attempts to get the coat off, but without success. One of his companions then offered his assistance, but as he took the prince by the collar, instead of the sleeve, it was found impracticable to rid him of the garment. The more he pulled, the less it would come off; and the last we saw of Prince Jumbo, he was holding up his skirts in one hand, and paddling with the other. There will be grand rejoicings to-night, on the return of the prisoners. All will be dancing and jollity; plays will be performed—the villages will re-echo with the report of fire-arms and the clamour of drums—and the whole population will hold a feast of bullocks.

“ Journal of an African Cruiser.”

AMATEUR MESMERISM AT DAMASCUS.

I MADE the acquaintance of an Arab physician, who was possessed of considerable wealth, and was, moreover, a person of literary attainments, and apparently free from the prejudices, if not from the belief, of the Koran. I accepted an invitation to visit him one evening; and after traversing many silent streets with guarded gates at either end, I arrived at a low and unpretending doorway.

I was admitted by a tall, black slave, and ushered through a long, dark passage into a court-yard, which presented a very striking appearance. In the midst, the usual fountain leaped and sparkled in the rays that, falling from a painted lantern, converted each drop of spray into rubies or emeralds. Mimosas, hanging their flowery wreaths, and orange-trees bending with their golden fruit, stood around, themselves shadowed by some tall, luxuriant palms. On one side, many lights twinkled in the lattices of the harem; on the other, rose a wide alcove, with fretted roof, and a raised marble floor. The divan was occupied by some gorgeously-clad Turks, some merchants, and two Armenian priests in violet robes and high black turbans. A large painted lantern threw its coloured light upon this picturesque and imposing group.

The circle, except the priests, rose as I entered, and remained standing until I had taken my seat; then resuming theirs, each laid his hand upon his heart, and bowing slowly, muttered something about Allah. A pipe was then presented, and according to the pleasant Eastern usage, no observation was addressed to me, until I had time to become familiarized with the appearances that surrounded me.

My host was a noble-looking fellow, with a piercing eye and a long black beard; yet his countenance wore an expression of mirth and good-humour that contrasted curiously with that reverend beard and lofty look. A long robe of dark, flame-coloured silk was wrapped round his waist by a voluminous shawl, and a white muslin turban was folded broadly on his forehead.

He led the conversation (through an interpreter), with great animation and interest, to European topics, inquiring eagerly about steam, chemistry, and railways. When I observed that almost all our knowledge of chemistry and astronomy came originally from his country, he said that the Arab science was only like *water* when it came to us in Frangistan; "we put fire under it, and turned it into *steam*. Ah! yes," he continued, "you English know all things, and can do what you please; you know more of us than we do ourselves."

After some conversation on medical subjects, he inquired very eagerly about mesmerism, and begged that I would show him how it was done. Vainly I

disclaimed any knowledge of the art; his enthusiasm on the subject was not to be evaded; and at last I consented to explain the simple process.

He beckoned to a black slave, who was standing by with folded arms, to approach; and as the gaunt negro knelt before me, the whole circle closed around us, and looked on in breathless suspense, while I passed my hands slowly over my patient's eyes. Suddenly, to my surprise and their astonishment, a shudder passed over his gigantic frame, and he sank upon the ground, huddled like a black cloak that has fallen from a peg. A low exclamation of "Walleh!" escaped from all the by-standers, who, one by one, endeavoured to waken him, but in vain. At length they said, quietly, "He is dead!" and resumed their pipes and their placid attitudes on the divans, as if it was all quite regular. My host was quite beside himself with astonishment, and overwhelmed me with eager questions, to which I only replied with that invaluable Burleigh nod that throws all the responsibility of perception on the inquirer and off the nodder. The physician then gazed in silence for some time on the apparently breathless black mass of humanity that lay heaped upon the floor, and then, with great diffidence and many apologies, requested I would bring him back to life, as he was worth nearly a hundred pounds. I was far from certain whether, or in what manner, this was to be done, and postponed the attempt as long as possible. At length, I tried, and succeeded with a vengeance! It was

like a thousand wakenings from a thousand sleeps—long-suppressed consciousness seemed suddenly to flash upon his brain, too powerfully for its patient endurance. With a fearful howl, he started to his feet, flung wide his arms, threw back his head, and while his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, he burst into a terrible shrieking sort of laughter. He seized a large vase of water, and dashed it into fragments on the marble floor; he tore up the divan, and smashed the lantern into a thousand bits; then, with his arms tossed wildly in the air, he rushed about the court-yard, while the terrified Turks hid themselves, or fled in every direction. As I watched their horror-stricken countenances, hurrying to and fro in the various light of the moon and the remaining lantern, their long draperies tangling in the plants and pillars, their black pursuer stalking along as if engaged in some grim game of “blindman’s-buff,” together with the howl of the maniac, ringing far and wide through the silent night, the shrieks of the women in the harem above, the rapid tread of the pursued and the tramp of the pursuer among the palms and mimosas in the strange-looking court-yard, the whole seemed to me like some fearful dream, of which I watched the result in painful and constrained suspense.

At length, the slave became exhausted by the violence of his emotions, and flinging himself on the ground, sobbed as if his heart would break. Gradually, he came to himself, looked puzzledly round on the scene of devastation he had wrought, and

then quietly resumed his meek attitude, and stood with folded arms on his naked chest. Peace being restored, the scattered audience appeared, one by one, from their hiding-places, the lantern and fresh pipes were lighted, and we all resumed our seats, except the Armenian priests, who had disappeared in the confusion. The negro was then examined, and he described his sensations as those of exquisite delight, but he was quite unconscious of all that he had done.

As I had preserved an air of quiet indifference (which I was far from feeling) through the transaction, the Orientals thought the matter was all quite right, and looked upon me with great respect. My host professed himself as much obliged as astonished by the performance, and begged of me to return the next evening, to repeat the experiment. "Heaven forbid!" thought I, as I took leave of my host, as the following day I did of Damascus.

Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross."

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN, AT COPENHAGEN.

I CAME here at a very gay season, during the Festival of St. John, which lasts three weeks, and during which the Zoological Garden is changed into a kind of annual fair, which swarms with people every evening, but especially on Sundays and Wednesdays. It lies about a mile from the city, and the way to it is dusty and without a causeway, so that few people go on foot. Indeed, there is no

reason why they should, for hired carriages must be extremely cheap. I see numbers of them drawn up before the doors, with four benches, one behind the other, so that they will hold twelve persons. In these, the townspeople drive out, a dozen together, sufficiently crowded, doubtless, with the addition of several children, who stand beside their parents. At the gardens, all sorts of amusements are going on. Feats of horsemanship, rope-dancing, tumblers, and jugglers, wild beasts, and wild men; swings, and fencing-matches, puppet-shows, and panoramas, *cafés*, and refreshment-rooms, all of them set forth to their best ability, some speculating on large profits, others with more moderate expectations. Here may be seen a coffee-house in the Gothic style, there a table covered with a white cloth, and laid out with liqueur-flasks and gingerbread. In one place, an enormous booth, adorned with flags, where the diorama is exhibited; in another, a humble puppet-show, with a footstool before it, on which children are standing, held by their mothers. The most discordant music is heard everywhere, for each booth has its own, and endeavours to outdo its neighbour. All these amusements are going on beneath the most beautiful beech-trees that ever were seen. Indeed, they are so fine and large, that I may almost call them monstrous. Their branches begin so near the ground, and spread out so far and so straight, that the trunks are almost hid, and the trees seem rather to sit than stand upon the ground. I could almost

say that they are too well grown, too bushy, too round; we cannot distinguish that which is the chief beauty of a tree—its make, its manner of growth, and the form of its limbs, for the branches are concealed by the thickness of the foliage. Now this concealment of the form does not appear to me suitable to a beech-tree, for I always think of beech-trees as men, and of birch-trees as if they were women—strong, straight northern youths, and fair, gentle northern girls,—and if ever an enchanter should come into the world who has the power of liberating the spirits now slumbering within trees, and plants, and other natural objects, he will prove that I am right. A male spirit will step forth from the beech, and a female one will soar gently from the birch. Now fancy these beech-trees standing like so many gigantic green wigs, with flowing locks, upon a gold-embroidered carpet of turf, with long, bright sunbeams glancing in between them, like the glittering wings of a dragon-fly or a fairy; here and there a few scattered hills, from which you have a peep at the Sound, as blue as heaven itself, and now and then catch glimpses of the white sails gliding by tranquilly as swans, or dashing past, with the rapid flight of the dove. This is the Zoological Garden. The whole of this part of the coast of Sieland, from the fortress of Kronburg to Copenhagen, has just the same appearance. Villages, castles, country houses glitter white among the fresh, green foliage. The blue waters of the ocean circle far and wide

around the land, no islands or peninsulas to break their smooth expanse. On the left, is seen the dusky, undulating outline of the coast of Sweden. The passage through the Sound to Copenhagen is as beautiful as the picturesque approach to Stockholm, and it surpasses it in grandeur—I mean that sort of grandeur which speaks more to the mind than to the eye. It gives that foreboding of eternity which I seek in all the forms of earth, and which suggests itself to me nowhere so forcibly as in poetry; for poetry alone speaks directly to the soul, the other arts address us through the medium of our senses. And that blue and boundless sea presents no images to the eye, but its waves murmur soft music to the soul, unaccompanied by words or any earthly sound.

The people seem to amuse themselves very well in their way—with gay dresses, fine sights, and good eating and drinking. There is no noisy mirth; indeed, with these northern people, one never hears any sounds of festivity, except when they are dancing. That seems to be the only amusement which is capable of forcing some notes of joy from their heavy bodies. But at the Zoological Gardens there was no dancing—the people wandered up and down, staring about them, the women in the gayest attire. The peasant-girls wear very pretty gold-embroidered caps, with long, cherry-coloured ribands, which are not tied but float loosely over their shoulders. This rich and handsome head-dress makes the common merino, or

coloured cotton gowns, which they wear with it, appear to great disadvantage. There are other country girls whose caps are less costly, not so richly embroidered, and without ribands; they wear dark green woollen gowns, with two stripes of red or yellow to form a border, large white muslin aprons, and long, narrow sleeves, ornamented with a broad gold lace. The men who accompanied them had a great many small, bright silver buttons on their waistcoats and jackets. The rest of the men whom I saw were chiefly workmen and little tradespeople, whose better halves were decorated in a style truly amazing, and quite peculiar to themselves. Silk shawls, which last winter may have adorned very elegant shoulders, were now thrown over very awkward ones. Dirty white feathers, which plainly showed that they had not passed uninjured through the dust of the ball-room, were worn by most; pocket-handkerchiefs were abundantly displayed, with just enough embroidery in their corners to make a show with—in short, it was a gala day—a full-dress assembly caricatured. The dresses of the country girls looked quite handsome and respectable beside all this frippery. One man has made his fortune during this festival, and shows, too, that he is quite up to the spirit of the age. He has set up a kind of miniature railway, where nothing is wanting; there are locomotives, and tenders, and wagons behind; there are the shrill whistle of the conductor, and the harsh noise of the train, and policemen at the stations with their little

coloured flags. And besides all this, there is something which is wanting in a real railway—there is the certainty of reaching your journey's end without accident. The crowd pressed as eagerly round as if it had been a real railway; and as curiosity could be satisfied without any danger, the number of female spectators far exceeded that of the men. Such a place as this offers a good opportunity for studying character. Dispositions and peculiarities show themselves in the rough, without any polish or disguise. Alas, there are some mournful things to be seen, too! A little maiden, beside her father, who was a travelling musician, decked out in tawdry finery, and singing as loud—oh! much louder, than she was able; for when the poor little screaming voice sank and failed, he roused her up until she shrieked quite wildly. There was one man—how it pained me to see him!—just opposite the railway, under a canopy of rose-coloured calico, with a little table set before him, on which cakes and biscuits were laid out for sale; and whilst all were hastening to the railway exhibition, and its fortunate possessor was receiving dollar after dollar, no one had any inclination to taste his unfortunate biscuits; and the poor man stood there with anxious expectation in his eyes, and perhaps with anguish in his heart, beside his rose-coloured canopy, thinking perhaps to himself, “Last Sunday it was very bad; I hoped it would have been better to-day; but, alas! it is not any better; and now I have only next Sunday to trust to, and that is the last of the

festival." Alas! these humble distresses, these little disappointments, are the harder to bear because the sufferer is almost ashamed to ask for sympathy, as if the mere contact with suffering in some way involved the sympathizer in the ignominy attached to want and wretchedness. Before a puppet-show of very mean and shabby appearance stood a crowd of people, waiting in anxious expectation till their turn came to look into it. An inscription informed the public that here they might learn their future fate. This announcement was particularly attractive to the women, for with them the future fate means the future husband, whom they always expect and can seldom choose; men, on the contrary, know that they have the power of choosing, and therefore feel more independent of fate. Three young peasant girls were consulting with each other whether they should take a peep into this box of futurity. I know not whether it was money or courage that they wanted, or whether they feared that they might see something which would not agree with their secret inclinations, but it was a long time before they summoned resolution to join the expecting crowd, which at last, after much tit-ttering and poking each other's sides with their elbows, they ventured to do. It is much more amusing to observe women than men, because they have so many more little amiable weaknesses. The weaknesses of men are either so colossal or so brutal that they cease to be amusing; and if they have none, they are wearisome. The only thing I have

remarked of those I saw here is, that they were rather indifferent to the shows, but very bold customers wherever there was eating and drinking. The usual stalls for refreshments were laid out in one part of the garden ; long benches and tables were placed round, and there was fine feasting going on. The men drank to each other's health in great jugs of ale, and the women joined in with them. A smell of eatables pervaded the atmosphere. From the inside of the little booths the fires flashed brightly; and several cows, which were to supply milk, if any one should ask for such a simple beverage, were wandering about, lowing anxiously for their companions. There was a confusion of noises in every note of the gamut. We made a pilgrimage in sport to a little fountain, to which, in earlier times, pilgrimages were made in serious earnest and with undoubting faith, because its waters, if drunk on St. John's Eve, were said to possess some very wonderful and sacred virtues. The faith in the healing power of fountains on certain days arose, perhaps, from the story of the pool of Bethesda, in the Bible ; it has spread, with many variations, over very distant countries. With us in Germany, the blessing-bringing water is that which is first touched by the sunbeams on Easter-day ; and though it is not pretended that it has any other effect than that of improving the personal charms, yet what a number of women go early on Easter-day to procure some of this water. The fountain in the Zoological Gardens is fitted up like

the springs at a watering-place, and the water has the advantage of being tasteless. I could not discover that it possessed any other virtue than that of quenching thirst.

Countess Hahn-Hahn's "Sweden," &c.

VISIT TO ST. ANTONIO, CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS.

THIS group of islands is chiefly interesting to Americans, as being the resort of our whale-ships, to refit and obtain supplies, and of other vessels trading to the coast of Africa. Little was generally known of them, however, in America, until 1832, when a long-continued drought parched up the fields, destroyed the crops, and reduced the whole population to the verge of death, by famine. Not less than ten thousand did actually perish of hunger; and the remainder were saved only by the timely, prompt, and bountiful supplies sent out from every part of the United States. I well remember the thrill of compassion that pervaded the community at home, on hearing that multitudes were starving in the Cape de Verd Islands. Without pausing to inquire who they were, or whether entitled to our assistance, by any other than the all-powerful claim of wretchedness, the Americans sent vessel after vessel, laden with food, which was gratuitously distributed to the poor. The supplies were liberal and unremitted, until the rains returned, and gave the usual crops to the cultivators.

Twelve years have passed since that dismal famine; but the memory of the aid extended by Americans has not yet faded, nor seems likely to fade, from the minds of those who were succoured in their need. I have heard men, who were then saved from starvation, speak strongly and feelingly on the subject, with quivering lip and faltering voice. Women, likewise, with streaming eyes, to this day, invoke blessings on the foreign land that fed their children, when there was no other earthly help. England, though nearer, and in more intimate connexion with these islands, sent not a mouthful of food; and Portugal, the mother country, shipped only one or two small cargoes to be sold; while America fed the starving thousands gratuitously for months. Our consul at Porto Praya, Mr. Gardner, after making a strong and successful appeal to the sympathies of his own countrymen, distributed his own stores to the inhabitants, until he was well nigh beggared. He enjoys the only reward he sought, in the approval of his conscience as well as the gratitude of the community; and America, too, may claim more true glory from this instance of general benevolence, pervading the country from one end to the other, than from any victory in our annals.

We left the ship in the launch on an expedition to the neighbouring island of St. Antonio, being despatched by the commodore to procure information as to the facilities for anchoring ships, and obtaining water and refreshments. Our boat was

sloop-rigged, and carried three officers, a passenger, and ten men. At 11 A.M., we "sheeted home," and stood out of the harbour with a fair breeze, and all canvas spread : but within an hour, the wind freshened to a gale, and compelled us to take in everything but a close-reefed mainsail. The sea being rough, and the weather squally, our boat took in more water than was either agreeable or safe, until we somewhat improved matters, by constructing a temporary forecastle of tarpaulins. Finding it impossible, however, to contend against wind and current, we bore up for an anchorage called Santa Cruz. This was formerly a notorious haunt for pirates ; but no vestige of a settlement remains, save the ruins of an old stone house, which may probably have been the theatre of wild and bloody incidents, in bygone years. The serrated hills are grey and barren, and the surrounding country shows no verdure. Anchoring here, we waited several hours for the wind to moderate, and tried to get such sleep as might perchance be caught in an unsteady boat.

By great diligence in working against wind and current, we succeeded in reaching Genella at nine o'clock in the evening of the second day. Our mulatto pilot, Manuel Quatrine, whistled shrilly through his fingers ; and after a brief delay, the response of a similar whistle reached our ears from shore. A conversation was sustained for some moments, by means of shouts to and fro, in Portuguese ; a man then swam off to reconnoitre ; and

on his return, the people launched a canoe, and carried us ashore, weary enough of thirty-six hours' confinement in an open boat. We took up our quarters in the house of a decent negro, who seemed to be the head man of the village; and after eating such a supper as the place could supply, sallied out, to give the women an opportunity of preparing our beds.

Meanwhile, the pilot had not been idle. Though a married man, and the father of six children, he was a gay Lothario, and a great favourite with the sex; he could sing, dance, and touch the guitar with infinite spirit and tolerable skill. Being well-known in the village, it is not surprising that the arrival of so accomplished a personage should have disturbed the slumbers of the inhabitants. At ten o'clock, a dance was arranged before the door of one of the huts. The dark-skinned maidens, requiring but little time to put on their ball-costume, came dropping in, until, before midnight, there were thirty or forty dancers on foot. The figures were compounded of contra-dance and reel, with some remarkable touches of the Mandingo balance. The music proceeded from one or two guitars, which, however, were drowned, a great part of the time, by the singing of the girls and the clapping of each individual pair of hands in the whole party. A calabash of sour wine, munificently bestowed by a spectator, increased the fun, and it continued to wax higher and more furious as the night wore away. Our little pilot was, throughout, the leader of the frolic, and acquitted himself admirably. His nether gar-

ments having received serious detriment in the voyage, he borrowed a large, heavy pea-jacket, to conceal the rents, and in this garb danced for hours with the best in a sultry night. Long before the festivity was over, my companions and myself stretched ourselves on a wide bag of straw, and fell asleep, lulled by the screaming of the dancers.

The next morning we were early on foot, and looked around us with no small interest. The village is situated at the point where a valley opens upon the shore. The sides of this vale are steep, and in many places, high, perpendicular, and rocky. Every foot of earth is cultivated; and where the natural inclination of the hill is too great to admit of tillage, stone walls are built to sustain terraces, which rise one over another like giant steps to the mountain-tops. It was the beginning of harvest, and the little valley presented an appearance of great fertility. Corn, bananas, figs, guavas, grapes, oranges, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, and many other fruits and vegetables are raised in abundance. The annual vintage in this and a neighbouring valley, appertaining to the same parish, amounts to about seventy-five pipes of wine. It is sour and unpalatable, not unlike hard cider and water. When a cultivator first tries his wine, it is a custom of the island for him to send notice to all his acquaintances, who invariably come in great force, each bringing a piece of salt fish to keep his thirst alive. Not unfrequently, the whole produce of the season is exhausted by a single carouse.

The people are all negroes and mulattoes. Male and female, they are very expert swimmers, and are often in the habit of swimming out to sea, with a basket or notched stick to hold their fish; and thus they angle for hours, resting motionless on the waves, unless attacked by a shark. In this latter predicament, they turn upon their backs, and kick and splash until the sea-monster be frightened away. They appear to be a genial and pleasant tempered race. As we walked through the village, they saluted us with, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Whether this expression (a customary courtesy of the islanders) was mere breath, or proceeded out of the depths of the heart, is not for us to judge; but at all events, heard in so wild and romantic a place, it made a forcible impression on my mind. When we were ready to depart, all the villagers came to the beach, with whatever commodities they were disposed to offer for sale—a man carrying a squealing pig upon his shoulders, women with fruits and fowls, girls with heavy bunches of bananas, or bundles of cassada on their heads, and boys, with perhaps a single egg. Each had something, and all lingered on the shore, until our boat was fairly off.

Five or six miles further, we landed at Paolo, where reside several families, who regard themselves as the aristocracy of St. Antonio, on the score of being connected with Señor Martinez, the great man of these islands. Their houses are neatly built, and the fields and gardens well cultivated.

They received us hospitably, principally because one of our party was a connexion of the family. I was delighted with an exhibition of feeling on the part of an old negro servant-woman. She came into the parlour, sat down at the feet of our companion, embraced his knees, and looked up in his face with a countenance full of joy, mingled with respect and confidence. We saw but two ladies at this settlement. One was a matron with nine children; the other a dark brunette, very graceful and pleasing, with the blackest eyes and whitest teeth in the world. She wore a shawl over the right shoulder and under the left arm, arranged in a truly fascinating manner.

The poorer classes in the vicinity are nearly all coloured, and mostly free. They work for eight or ten cents a day, living principally on fruit and vegetables, and are generally independent, because their few wants are limited to the supply. The richest persons live principally within themselves, and derive their meats, vegetables, fruits, wine, brandy, sugar, coffee, oil, and most other necessities and luxuries, from their own plantations. One piece of furniture, however, to be seen in several of the houses, was evidently not the manufacture of the island, but an export of Yankee-land. It was the wooden clock, in its shining mahogany case, adorned with bright red and yellow pictures of Saints and the Virgin, to suit the taste of good Catholics. It might have been fancied that the renowned Sam Slick, having glutted all other

markets with his wares, had made a voyage to St. Antonio. Nor did they lack a proper artist to keep the machine in order. We met here a person whom we at first mistook for a native, so identical were his manners and appearance with those of the inhabitants, until, in conversation, we found him to be a Yankee, who had run away from a whale-ship, and established himself as a clock and watch-maker.

After a good night's rest, another officer and myself left Paolo early for a mountain ride. The little pilot led the way on a donkey, my friend followed on a mule, and I brought up the rear on horseback. We began to ascend, winding along the rocky path, one by one, there being no room to ride two abreast. The road had been cut with much labour, and in some places, was hollowed out of the side of the cliff, thus forming a gallery of barely such height and width as to admit the passage of a single horseman, and with a low wall of loose stones between the path and the precipice. At other points, causeways of small stones and earth had been built up, perhaps twenty feet high, along the top of which ran the path. On looking at these places from some projecting point, it made us shudder to think that we had just passed, where the loosening of a single one of those small stones might have carried us down hundreds of feet to certain destruction. The whole of the way was rude and barren. Here and there a few shrubs grew in the crevices of the rocks, or wild flowers, of an aspect strange to our eyes, wasted their beauty in solitude; and

the small orchilla weed spread itself, moss-like, over the face of the cliff. At one remarkable point, the path ran along the side of the precipice, about midway of its height. Above, the rock rose frowningly, at least five hundred feet over our heads. Below, it fell perpendicularly down to the beach. The roar of the sea did not reach us at our dizzy height, and the heavy surf-waves, in which no boat could live, seemed to kiss the shore as gently as the ripple of a summer lake. This was the most elevated point of the road, which thence began to descend; but the downward track was as steep, and far more dangerous. At times, the animals actually slid down upon their haunches. In other places, they stepped from stone to stone, down steep descents, where the riders were obliged to lie backwards flat upon the cruppers.

Over all these difficulties, our guide urged his donkey gaily and unconcernedly. As for myself, though I have seen plenty of rough riding, and am as ready as most men to follow, if not to lead, I thought it no shame to dismount more than once. The rolling of a stone, or the parting of stirrup, girth, or crupper, would have involved the safety of one's neck. Nor did the very common sight of wooden crosses along the path, indicating sudden death by accident or crime, tend to lessen the sense of insecurity. The frequent casualties among these precipitous paths, together with the healthfulness of the climate, have made it a proverb, that it is a natural death, at St. Antonio, to be dashed to pieces

on the rocks. But such was not our fate. We, at length, reached the sea-shore, and rode for a mile along the beach to the city of Poverson, before entering which metropolis it was necessary to cross a space of level, sandy ground, about two hundred yards in extent. Here the little pilot suddenly stuck his heels into the sides of his donkey, and dashed onward at a killing pace, while mule and horse followed hard upon his track, to the great admiration of ragamuffins, who had assembled to witness the entrée of the distinguished party.

Poverson is the capital of the island, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, who, with few exceptions, are people of colour. The streets are crooked and narrow, and the houses mean. We called upon the military and civil governors, and after accepting an invitation to dine with the former, left the place for a further expedition. Passing over a shallow river, in which a number of women and girls were washing clothes, we ascended a hill so steep as to oblige us to dismount, and from the summit of which we had a fine view of the rich valley beneath. It is by far the most extensive tract of cultivated land that we have seen in the island, and is improved to its utmost capacity. We thence rode three miles over a path of the same description as before, and arrived at the village and port of Point-de-Sol. The land about this little town is utterly barren, and the inhabitants are dependent on Poverson for food, with the exception of fish. A custom-house, a single store, a church,

and some twenty houses of fishermen, comprise all the notable characteristics of the principal seaport of the island.

It was a part of our duty to make an examination of the harbour, for which purpose we needed a boat. Two were hauled up on the beach ; but the smallest would have required the power of a dozen men to launch her ;—whereas, the fishermen being absent in their vocation, our party of three, and a big boy at the store, comprised our whole available masculine strength. The aid of woman, however, is seldom sought in vain ; nor did it fail us now. Old and young, matron and maid, they all sallied forth to lend a hand, and with such laughing and screaming as is apt to attend feminine efforts, enabled us to launch the boat. In spite of their patois of bad Portuguese, we contrived to establish a mutual understanding. A fine, tall girl, with a complexion of deep olive, clear, large eyes, and teeth beautifully white and even, stood by my side ; and like the Ancient Mariner and his sister's son, we pulled together. She was strong, and as Byron says, "lovely in her strength." This difficulty surmounted, we rowed round the harbour, made our examination, and returned to the beach, where we again received the voluntary assistance of the women, in dragging the boat beyond the reach of the waves. We now adjourned to the store, in order to requite their kindness by a pecuniary offering. Each of our fair friends received two large copper coins, together equal to nine cents, and were

perfectly satisfied, as well they might be—for it was the price of a day's work. Two or three individuals, moreover, "turned double corners," and were paid twice; and it is my private belief, that the tall beauty received her two coppers three times over.

After a lunch of fried plaintains and eggs, we rode back to Poverson. On the way, we met several persons of both sexes with burdens on their heads, and noticed that our guide frequently accosted them with a request for a pinch of snuff. With few exceptions, a horn or piece of bone was produced, containing a fine yellow snuff of home manufacture, which, instead of being taken between the thumb and finger, was poured into the palm of the hand, and thence conveyed to the nose. Arriving at the city, we proceeded at once to the house of the commandant, and in a little time were seated at dinner.

Our host was fitted by nature to adorn a far more brilliant position than that which he occupied, as the petty commander of a few coloured soldiers, in a little island of the torrid zone. He was slightly made, but perfectly proportioned, with a face of rare beauty, and an expression at once noble and pleasing. His eyes were large, and full of a dark light; his black hair and moustache were trimmed with a care that showed him not insensible of his personal advantages; as did likewise his braided jacket, fitting so closely as to set off his fine figure to the best effect. His manners were in a high degree polished and graceful. One of the guests,

whom he had invited to meet us, understood English; and the conversation was sustained in that language, and in Spanish. The dinner was cooked and served in the Portuguese style; it went off very pleasantly, and was quite as good as could be expected at the house of a bachelor, in a place so seldom visited by strangers. Each of the Portuguese gentlemen gave a sentiment, prefaced by a short complimentary speech; and our party, of course, reciprocated in little speeches of the same nature. The commandant did not fail to express the gratitude due from the people of the Cape de Verd Islands to America, for assistance in the hour of need. Time did not permit us to remain long at table, and we took leave, highly delighted with our entertainment.

Mounting again, we rode out of town more quietly than we had entered it. A serjeant was drilling some twenty negro soldiers in marching and wheeling. His orders were given in a quick, loud tone, and enforced by the occasional application of smart blows of a ratan to the shoulders of his men. Suspecting that the blows fell thicker because we were witnesses of his discipline, it seemed a point of humanity to hasten forward, especially as the approach of night threatened to make our journey still more perilous than before. After riding about three miles, we met two well-dressed mulatto women, on donkeys, accompanied by their cavaliers. Of course, we allowed the ladies to pass between us and the rock—a matter of no slight courtesy in

such a position, where there was a very uncomfortable hazard of being jostled headlong down the precipice. We escaped, however, and spurring onward through the gloom of night, passed unconsciously over several rough spots where we had dismounted in the morning. The last mile of our mountain ride was lighted by the moon; and as we descended the last hill, the guide gave a shrill whistle, to which the boat's crew responded with three cheers for our return.

A good night's rest relieved us of our fatigue. The following morning, with a fair breeze and a six hours' sail, we reached our floating-home, and have ever since entertained the mess-table with the "yarn" of our adventures; until now, the subject is beginning to be worn thread-bare. But as the interior of the island of St. Antonio is one of the few regions of the earth as yet uncelebrated by voyagers and tourists, I cannot find in my heart to spare the reader a single sentence of the foregoing narrative.

"Journal of an African Cruiser."

DARING ABDUCTION OF A SPANISH NOBLEMAN.

DE LOS TORRES, a nobleman of great wealth, had just arrived at his estates in the vega of Granada. His chateau is situated on the skirts of a populous village, about eight or nine miles from Granada, and to seize and carry him off from his own castle was

the daring scheme of the Robber Chief. For several days, some of the robbers were stationed in the neighbourhood as spies, to watch his motions, and to report when and where he could be most successfully met with. The Marquis, however, seldom stirred from the immediate vicinity of his castle, and the number of his servants, as well as the neighbourhood of the village, rendered any attempt to carry him off, during his short walks or rides, all but hopeless ; and whenever he visited Granada, he was well armed and well attended. Despairing of any more favourable opportunity occurring, and impatient of delay, the bandit resolved to surprise him in his chateau itself. It was about half an hour after midnight, when the porter of the chateau was disturbed by a summons to the gate. His inquiries were answered by a man who, in the pale light of the moonless sky, appeared dressed like a courier, and who stated that he had just arrived from Cadiz with despatches of consequence for the Marquis's own hand. The unsuspecting porter immediately undid the strong fastenings of the gate, and admitted the pretended courier. The stranger, on entering, proceeded to disencumber himself of his cloak, when, suddenly wheeling round on the porter, who was busy securing the gate, he cast the cloak over his head, and having fairly enveloped him in its ample folds, so as to prevent the slightest cry, he deliberately gagged and bound him. This done, the gate was again gently opened, and a score of robbers glided noiselessly into the hall. Under the direction of some who must have

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THE MAN WHO WAS HUNG

been intimately acquainted with the chateau, the band then divided, the greater number proceeding to the servants' apartments, lest any of them should escape and alarm the village, while the captain himself advanced directly to the sleeping chamber of the Marquis. All this was not managed so quietly as not to disturb the lord of the mansion, who, on hearing some unusual noise, hastily arose, and appeared at the door of his bed-chamber with a lighted lamp in his hand. This was all the robbers required to guide them to their prey, and after an ineffectual attempt to escape, he was secured without resistance. Meantime, the rest of the band having gagged and bound all they could find in the chateau, they made haste to depart with their prize. A number of valuables which lay readily to hand were carried off, but they refrained from ransacking the house, having suspicion that one or more of the domestics had escaped unperceived, and fearing that the village might be alarmed, and their retreat cut off. Their suspicions were not groundless; the villagers were aroused—the alarm spread from house to house—and seizing their firelocks, a band of half-naked peasants rushed to the castle, but too late to rescue the captive nobleman, and all they heard of the robbers was the rapid clang of their horses' hoofs as they galloped at full speed in an opposite direction. Intelligence of this daring exploit was immediately despatched to Granada, and no little stir and commotion it excited. Large bodies of soldiers were sent to scour the mountains; the most

noted thief-catchers were sent upon the trail, and every exertion made to trace the robbers to their lair, and rescue their captive. Meanwhile, the bandits, having secured their prisoner, coolly sent information to his family, that he was in perfect safety, and should want for nothing, but should not be set at liberty until a sum equal to 30,000*l.* sterling should be paid down for his ransom. This only roused the authorities to still greater exertions. Again the soldiers scoured the mountains and searched the valleys, but neither bandit nor marquis was to be heard of. By what means his hiding-place was ultimately discovered, I could not learn; but he was found at last, neither among the inhospitable rocks of the barren mountains, nor in the recesses of their secluded valleys, but in a quiet village not many miles from the city of Granada. Once at liberty, the rage of the Marquis against his captors knew no bounds, and through his information and exertions, six of the robbers were seized, and his emissaries are still on the watch for the rest. But what is most singular in the whole affair is, that several of the robbers are known to be at this moment in Granada—nay, they have actually put themselves in communication with their late captive, offering to restore the articles carried off from the chateau, provided their comrades be liberated, and the pursuit after the rest of the band given up; and yet no exertions of the police can discover where these bold negotiators are concealed. Meanwhile, the Marquis has rejected all proposals

of accommodation, and thirsts for nothing but vengeance. This is regarded as a piece of perfect infatuation, and it is universally expected that he will ultimately fall a sacrifice to his own revenge, and be murdered by those for whose blood he thirsts.

Robertson's "Visit to the Peninsula."

TOMBS OF THE CHINESE.

IN the south of China, the natives form no regular cemeteries or churchyards, as we do in Europe, but the tombs of the dead are scattered all over the sides of the hills, generally in most pleasant situations. The more wealthy generally convey their dead to a considerable distance, and employ a kind of fortune-teller, whose duty it is to find out the most proper resting-place. This individual goes with the corpse to the place appointed, and of course pretends to be very wise in the selection of the spot, as well as the choice of the soil in which the ashes of the dead are to mingle in after years; and, upon trial, should the particular earth appear unsuitable, he immediately orders the procession off to some other place in the neighbourhood, where he expects to be more successful in the choice of soil. I believe many of the Chinese have all these points settled before they die; for, one day, when one of our principal merchants in China went to call on old Howqua, the late Hong merchant at Canton, a tray was brought in, with

several kinds of earth upon it, which the old man examined with great care, and then fixed on one to accompany his remains in the grave. A particular kind of situation on the hill side is also considered of great importance. A view of a beautiful bay or lake, or perhaps what is better, a winding stream, which in its course passes and almost returns again to the foot of the hill where the grave is to be made, is considered a most eligible situation, and always chosen when it can be found. The director of the ceremonies above alluded to, with a compass in his hand, settles the direction in which the body is to lie, which is another point of great importance. An intelligent Chinese, with whom I was acquainted, informed me, that this individual is often very eloquent in his descriptions of the future happiness of those who obey his directions; he informs them that they, or their children, or some one in whom they are much interested, will enjoy riches and honours in after life, as a reward for the attention and respect they have paid to the remains of their fathers; that as the stream which they then behold when standing around their father's grave flows and returns again in its windings, so shall honours, and riches, and everything which they can desire, flow into their possession. These fellows are generally great rogues, and play upon the prejudices of the people. It frequently happens, that after interment has taken place for some time, they call upon the relatives, and inform them that, from some cause, it is absolutely necessary to remove and re-inter the body.

Should the relations object to this, the answer is, "Very well, I don't care; but your children and relations will also be regardless of you when you die, and you will be miserable in your graves." The feelings of the poor deluded Chinese are thus wrought upon, and a further sum of money is extracted in the finding of a more suitable grave for the relative in question.

In my travels in the south of China, I often came upon graves in the most retired places amongst the hills: they were all less or more of the same form—namely, a half circle out of the hill side, having the body interred behind it. Sometimes, indeed generally, there were several of these half-circles with a succession of terraces in front of the grave; and in the cases of the more wealthy, the semicircles were built of brick or stone, and on rather a more extensive scale. In the centre of the semicircle, and of course close to the body, the gravestone is placed, with its inscription. M. Callery, who is an excellent Chinese scholar, informed me that these inscriptions are of the most simple kind, merely stating the name of the deceased, that he died in such a dynasty, in such a year. This is the plain and unflattering tale which the Chinese tombstone tells, and might, perhaps, be a useful lesson to those who are so fond of flattering on tombstones in Europe. In some instances—I cannot tell if in all—after the body has decayed, the bones are dug up, and carefully put into earthenware cans, and placed on the hill side above ground. These, as well as the graves,

are visited at stated times by the relatives: they go first to the patriarch, or father of the tribe, and then to the others in rotation; there they perform their devotions, offer incense, and dine together after the ceremonies are over.

Near Amoy, which is a very populous place, the scattered mode of interring the dead has been departed from, and perhaps necessarily, from its immense population: in the country, however, near that place, I often found tombs in retired and inaccessible parts of the hills, as well as in the more southern provinces; but these were certainly the property of the more wealthy inhabitants.

As the traveller proceeds northward, the circular form of constructing the tombs is less common, and they become more varied in their appearance. In Chusan, Ningpo, and various other places in that district, a great proportion of the coffins are placed on the surface of the ground, and merely thatched over with straw. You meet these coffins in all sorts of places, on the sides of the public highway, on the banks of the rivers and canals, in woods and other retired parts of the country. Sometimes the thatch is completely off, the wood rotten, and the remains of the Chinamen of former days exposed to view. On one hill side on the island of Chusan, skulls and bones of different kinds are lying about in all directions, and more than once, when wandering through the long brushwood, I have found myself with my legs through the lid of a coffin amongst the bones

of a poor Chinaman, before I was aware of the circumstance.

The wealthy in these districts, I believe, generally bury their dead, and some of them build very chaste and beautiful tombs. There are three or four very fine ones in the island of Chusan, where the paving in front of the mound which contains the body is really beautiful, and the carving elaborate and superb, the whole of the stonework being square, instead of circular, as in the tombs of the south of China. Here, as at home—and I believe in almost every part of the world—the Pine tribe are great favourites, and harmonize well with the last resting-places of the dead. The Chinese frequently plant them in half-circles around their tombs; *Photinia serrulata* is often used in Chusan for the same purpose.

In the Shanghae district I have frequently visited large houses which seem to have been built by the rich to hold their bodies when they die. In these houses I generally found a coffin in one of the principal rooms, and an altar, with all the trappings of idolatry, where incense on high days is burned to the memory of the deceased, and various other ceremonies are gone through by the relatives. These houses are generally in a pine wood, and sometimes the body is buried out of doors, the altar and the records only being kept in the house, where a Chinese with his family is always placed to look after them.

But the most curious tomb of all, was one I once

met with during a journey in the interior, near the town of Lun-kiang-foo. It was placed on the side of a hill, and evidently belonged to some very wealthy or important personage in that city. From the base of the hill to where the tomb was—which was about half way up—the visitor ascends by a broad flight of steps, on each side of which a number of figures carved out of stone were placed. As far as I can recollect, the following was the order in which the figures were placed; first a pair of goats or sheep, one on each side; second, two dogs; third, two cats; fourth, two horses, saddled and bridled; and fifth, two most gigantic priests; the whole presenting a most strange and striking picture to the view. I have since seen another or two of the same kind near Ningpo, but on a much smaller scale.

The poor, as well as the rich, often keep their dead in their dwelling-houses for a long time after they die: I should imagine, from the numerous coffins which I met with in such circumstances, that many are thus kept for years. The coffins are remarkably thick and strong, and the joints carefully cemented, in order to prevent any unpleasant smell from being emitted during the decay of the body. Much of this respect which is paid by the Chinese to the memory of their deceased relatives, is doubtless a mere matter of form, sanctioned and rendered necessary by the customs of ages; but in charity we must suppose that a considerable portion springs from a higher and purer source, and I have no doubt that when the Chinese periodically visit the tombs of their

fathers to worship and pay respect to their memory, they indulge in the pleasing reflection, that when they themselves are no more, their graves will not be neglected and forgotten, but will also be visited by their children and grandchildren, in whose hearts and affections they will live for many, many years after their bodies have mouldered into dust.

"Athenæum."

QUARANTINE AT BEYROUT.

A BOAT from the Board of Health announced to us a quarantine of twelve days, but permitted us to take a cottage for ourselves, apart from the lazaretto. Here we were to be watched and guarded, like so many felons ; still it was a reprieve from the great pesthouse, the lazaretto, whose melancholy inmates we could see wandering to and fro upon their narrow rock.

The next day, my friend W—— rowed me ashore, to examine and take possession of our cottage, which was prettily situated in a mulberry-grove. Here I was soon joined by P—— and M——, who were to share my quarters ; while the Italians and the Swiss had taken possession of a terrace, on which they pitched their tent, and a hen-house, in which they slept, on the top of a cottage about a hundred yards off.

The first sensation of change was very agreeable, from the incessant pitching of the schooner, to the

repose of shore; from the perpetual glare of the sunny sea, to the rich green of the mulberry-groves; and from our monotonous sea-life to all the gay variety of Syrian scenery and its picturesque people.

Our cottage-prison consists of a large apartment, open to the north; from this, branch off three sleeping-apartments and a kitchen; and over all are terraces, of various altitudes, commanding splendid views of the city and the bay. The only article of furniture on the premises when we took possession was a plank, which served for a sofa, near a window, in front of which was a little gallipot-garden, that presented the only verdure within our reach. This specimen of horticulture was tended with care by each successive prisoner, who found in every weedy plant that it contained a Picciola. For the rest, our comforts were but few, even when we had nominally furnished our apartments from the city. My pallet was laid on the cold stone floor, and there was no glass to the windows, through which the noonday sun and the midnight blast came pouring in unchecked. M——, as being more luxurious, possessed himself of a wooden shelf, as a substitute for a bedstead; but as it was much too short for the purpose, both ends of him used to hang over it, like a large salmon on a small plate. This couch, moreover, was so narrow, that he could only lie edgeways on it; and his falling asleep was always announced to my wakeful ears by his also falling on the floor, where he was fain to finish his rest in

a less apoplectic, if in a less dignified position. Our own servants were of course included in the quarantine; and we were obliged to employ what were called "clean" men to go into the city, to procure for us the necessaries of life.

For my part, I bore our quarantine with great philosophy, and was never weary of contemplating the novel scene of busy Syrian life around me. A large family occupied the lower part of our premises; and the small court-yard into which our windows looked was occupied with all the little domestic incidents of daily life, in which I soon took almost as much interest as if I had been one of the family. I sympathized with the changes of weather that affected the operations of the silkworms; I grieved for the illness of the little child; I took as much interest in the attentions paid by the young Syrian swains to Katarin and Dudu as they did themselves; and a baking or a washing-day appeared to me full of importance.

There was a very old woman, with a costume as indistinguishable in its various wrappings, as were her features in their wrinkles. This old Maronite lady had three daughters, the eldest of whom was married to the man who farmed the orchard and the groves. She was very handsome, and industrious, moreover, and while she carried a sprawling, merry little imp at her open bosom, she was perpetually spinning silk on a spindle, and superintending the economy of her household. Her two sisters were also very handsome; indeed, to our eyes, so

long accustomed to Egypt's dusky faces, they seemed beautiful. Their large dark eyes were full of expression, but had none of that sensational look so universal in Egypt, or the mournfulness of those of Nubia. Sparkling, and unornamented but by their own dark lashes, these Lebanonian eyes gazed about restlessly, in search of whatever pleasure they could get. Their complexion was not so dark as that of a thoroughbred Italian, and there was a rich glow in their somewhat sun-coloured cheeks that told of health and freshness. The married women wore that extraordinary ornament that seems peculiar to them and to the unicorn, consisting of a horn, from one to two feet in length, projecting from the upper forehead. This ornament is made of tin or silver, according to the wealth of the wearer; it rests upon a pad, and is never taken off, even at night. At a little distance, it gives a majestic and imposing character to the figure, and a veil hangs gracefully from it, which can be gathered round the shoulders, and enshrines the fair wearer as in a tent. This ornament is confined to the matrons; the virgins wore their hair floating in exuberant curls over their shoulders. Their dress is indescribable by male lips; and all I can say of it is, that it is very graceful and pretty, and lavishly open at the bosom. The men, Christians as well as Moslems, wore turbans, loose drawers tied at the knee, and silk waistcoats, buttoned up to the neck. Over this was worn, on Sundays and holydays, a large loose robe, which gave to groups a very pic-

turesque, and to individuals a very dignified appearance.

The household were astir at the first light; Eleesa, the comely matron, first gave liberty to the denizens of her poultry-yard, and then opened and shut more doors than I thought a village of such houses could contain. Then she called her pretty sisters, who seemed always loath to leave their beds; and then the screaming of children, the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cattle, and the woman-talk, that ceased not thenceforth, announce that the day is fairly begun. Michaelé is ingeniously ploughing the ground between the mulberry-trees with a beautiful little pair of milk-white oxen; Katarin and Dudu are picking mulberry-leaves for the silk-worms; the old woman is crooning a low song, as she sits and spins in the early sunshine; and the little children are lisping Arabic requests for bonbons and backsheesh; a wayfarer diverges from the path to light his pipe, and refolds his turban as he recounts the news; then succeed other visitors, and all seem welcome, and all squat on the ground, and none derange the business that is going on. About noon, the family assembles for a repast of bread and clotted milk, and cucumbers and celery, and some thin soups, redolent of tomatoes; and then they loiter about in the pleasant shade, and laugh, and enjoy the mere consciousness of living; and the matron smokes her nargileh (water-pipe), and the man his chibouque, and then they disperse again to their light labour, until sunset restores them to

their leisure and their supper. Then come some men of various ages, and gaily-dressed girls from the city, each sex arriving apart, and only joining company in presence of their mutual friends; or a priest pays a friendly visit, with his dark robes and black turban, and the simple and social people continue in animated talk, until the muezzin's call from the minaret announces the hour of prayer to the Moslem, and of retirement to the Christians.

While time thus passes with our hosts, we are rigidly confined to our upper-story, except when, once a day, we take a short walk, accompanied by our guardiano, who announces to every one he meets that we are unclean! This calumnation only means that we are in quarantine, and people shun us accordingly, yet never seem to think it unreasonable that such dirty fellows should be allowed to go so much at large.

Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross."

INDIAN SALMON-FISHING AT WILLAMETTE FALLS.

EARLY in the morning, we set out for the Falls of Willamette. As they are approached, the river becomes much narrower, and the banks, which are of trap-rock, more precipitous. This river is navigable for small vessels, even at its lowest stage, as high as the mouth of the Klackamus, three miles below the Falls.

We reached the Falls about noon, where we found the missionary station, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Waller. After we had partaken of our dinner, consisting of salmon and tea, with bread and butter, Mr. Waller took us to see the Falls. They are about twenty feet in height. At the time of our visit, the salmon fishery was at its height, and was to us a novel, as well as an amusing scene. The salmon leap the fall; and it would be inconceivable, if not actually witnessed, how they can force themselves up, and, after a leap of from ten to twelve feet, retain strength enough to stem the force of the water above. About one in ten of those who jumped would succeed in getting by. They are seen to dart out of the foam beneath, and reach about two-thirds of the height at a single bound. Those that thus passed the apex of the running water, succeeded; but all that fell short were thrown back again into the foam. I never saw so many fish collected together before; and the Indians are constantly employed in taking them. They rig out two stout poles, long enough to project over the foaming cauldron, and secure their larger ends to the rocks. On the outer end, they make a platform for the fisherman to stand on, who is perched on it with a pole thirty feet long in hand, to which the net is fastened by a hoop four feet in diameter: the net is made to slide on the hoop, so as to close its mouth when the fish is taken. The mode of using the net is peculiar. They throw it into the foam as far up the stream as they can reach, and it being

then quickly carried down, the fish which are running up in a contrary direction are caught. Sometimes, twenty large fish are taken by a single person in an hour, and it is only surprising that twice as many should not be caught.

The river at the Falls is three hundred and fifty yards wide, and its greatest fall is twenty-five feet. When the water is not very high, the rapids begin some distance above the Falls. Some of the Indians are in the habit of coming down in canoes to the brink of the Falls, where they secure themselves by thrusting down poles in the crevices of the rock. There they take many fish that have succeeded in passing the lower fall with a hook fastened to the end of a pole. These are esteemed to be of the best flavour, as they are the strongest and fattest. It is said, from these places the fish can be seen, very distinctly, passing up, and are taken very rapidly; but few Indians are willing, or expose themselves to the risk of fishing there. The number of Indians at Willamette Falls, during the fishing season, is about seventy, including all ages and sexes: there are others who visit the Falls, in canoes, for fish, which, at times, will raise the number to not far from one hundred. Those fish which are unable to get up remain some time at the Falls, very much exhausted, and finally resort to the smaller streams below.

Wilkes's "United States Exploring Expedition."

THE "SLEEPY DISEASE" OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

HAVING procured a guide, we crossed the river, and at the mouth of Logan's creek, exchanged our boat for a large canoe, in which we followed the windings of the deep and narrow inlet for nearly two miles. This brought us to a village of six huts. Without ceremony, we entered the dwelling of the old Queen (who was busied about her household affairs), and looked around for her grand-daughter—to see whom was the principal object of our excursion. On my former visit to Maumee's town, four or five months ago, this girl excited a great deal of admiration by her beauty and charming simplicity. She was then thirteen or fourteen years of age,—a bright mulatto, with large and soft black eyes, and the most brilliantly white teeth in the world. Her figure, though small, is perfectly symmetrical. She is the darling of the old Queen, whose affections exhaust themselves upon her with all the passionate fire of her temperament—and the more unreservedly, because the girl's own mother is dead.

We entered the hut, as I have said, without ceremony, and looked about us for the beautiful grand-daughter; but on beholding the object of our search, a kind of remorse or dread came over us, such as often affects those who intrude upon the awfulness of slumber. The girl lay asleep in the adjoining

apartment, on a mat that was spread over the hard ground, and with no pillow beneath her cheek. One arm was by her side, the other above her head, and she slept so quietly, and drew such imperceptible breath, that I scarcely thought her alive. With some little difficulty she was roused, and awoke with a frightened cry—a strange and broken murmur—as if she were looking dimly out of her sleep, and knew not whether our figures were real, or only the fantasies of a dream. Her eyes were wild and glassy, and she seemed to be in pain. While awake, there was a nervous twitching about her mouth and in her fingers; but being again extended on the mat, and left to herself, these symptoms of disquietude passed away, and she almost immediately sank again into the deep and heavy sleep in which we found her. As her eyes gradually closed their lids, the sunbeams, struggling through the small crevices between the reeds of the hut, glimmered down about her head. Perhaps it was only the nervous motion of her fingers, but it seemed as if she were trying to catch the golden rays of the sun, and make playthings of them—or else to draw them into her soul, and illuminate the slumber that looked so misty and dark to us.

This poor, doomed girl, had been suffering—no, not suffering, for, except when forcibly aroused, there appears to be no uneasiness—but she had been lingering two months in a disease peculiar to Africa. It is called the "sleepy disease," and is considered incurable. The persons attacked by it are those

who take little exercise, and live principally on vegetables, particularly cassady and rice. Some ascribe it altogether to the cassady, which is supposed to be strongly narcotic. Not improbably, the climate has much influence, the disease being most prevalent in low and marshy situations. Irresistible drowsiness continually weighs down the patient, who can be kept awake only for the few moments needful to take a little food. When this lethargy has lasted three or four months, death comes, with a tread that the patient cannot hear, and makes the slumber but a little more sound.

I found the aspect of Maumee's beautiful granddaughter inconceivably affecting. It was strange to behold her so quietly involved in sleep, from which it might be supposed she would awake so full of youthful life, and yet to know that this was no refreshing slumber, but a spell in which she was fading away from the eyes that loved her. Whatever might chance, be it grief or joy, the effect would be the same. Whoever should shake her by the arm—whether the accents of a friend fell feebly on her ear, or those of strangers, like ourselves—the only response would be that troubled cry, as of a spirit that hovered on the confines of both worlds, and could have sympathy with neither. And yet, withal, it seemed so easy to cry to her—"Awake! Enjoy your life! Cast off this noontide slumber!" But only the peal of the last trumpet will summon her out of that mysterious sleep.

"Journal of an African Cruiser."

WHALE-FISHING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

THERE exists among the whalers a certain code of laws, handed down by tradition, and almost universally adhered to, relating to adverse claims to a whale. Each whaling-bay has its own law or custom, but they are generally very similar. It is recognised, for instance, that he who has once made fast has a right to the whale, even should he be obliged to cut his line, so long as his harpoon remains in her ; and each harpooner knows his own weapon by some private mark. The boat making fast to the calf has a right to the cow, because she will never desert her young. A boat demanding assistance from a rival party shares equally with its assistant, on receiving the required help. These, and many other regulations, are never written down, but are so well known, that a dispute rarely arises, and if so, is settled, according to precedent, by the oldest headmen. The only instance I ever knew of going to law on the subject, occurred in 1843, when a boat had seized a whale that drifted from her anchorage, and returned the harpoon remaining in her to its owner. The whale was nearly ten miles from the place where she was killed, but universal indignation was expressed against the man who insisted on appealing to a court of justice against the " laws of the bay."

The season for which the men engage themselves begins with the month of May, and lasts till the beginning of October, thus extending over five months, which includes the winter. It is during this season that the female or cow whales resort to the coasts of New Zealand with their young calves, and this in such numbers, during some years, that whaling-ships were accustomed to anchor at Kapiti, Port Underwood, and the ports in Banks's Peninsula, and thus to carry on a fishery subject to less hardship than in the open seas.

The men are enrolled under three denominations—headsman, boat-steerer, and common man. The headsman is, as his name implies, the commander of a boat, and his place is at the helm, except during the moment of killing the whale, which task falls to his lot. The boat-steerer pulls the oar nearest the bow of the boat, fastens to the whale with the harpoon, and takes his name from having to steer the boat under the headsman's directions, while the latter kills the whale. The common men have nothing to do but to ply their oars according to orders, except one called the tub-oarsman, who sits next to the tub containing the whale-line, and has to see that no entanglement takes place. The wages are shares of the profits of the fishery, apportioned to the men according to their rank—the headsman getting more shares than the boat-steerer, and the boat-steerer than the common man. The leader of the party commands one of the boats, is called the "chief heads-

man," and is said to "head" the party, as each headsman is said to "head" his own boat. The boat-steerer, or harpooner, is likewise said to "steer" the boat to which he belongs, or more frequently its headsman. Thus, on meeting two whalers, and asking them what is their situation, one might answer, "I heads the 'Kangaroo;'" while the other would say, "And I steers 'Big George.'" * *

The parties enrolled in Sydney received an advance, and spent it there; a brig or schooner then carried the whole "mob," as the party was sometimes called, to their station in New Zealand, with new boats, tackle, provisions, spirits, goods, with which to barter for firewood and fresh food from the natives, clothing, tobacco, and various other necessities, which were placed under the care of the chief headsman, and charged to him, at an immense profit, by the owner of the party in Sydney, as an advance on the produce of the season. Arrived in New Zealand, the party was joined by such numbers as had considered it agreeable or convenient to spend their summer there, and soon stood on a complete footing.

The boats, which are now painted and fitted up, deserve a particular description. The whale-boat is a long, clinker-built boat, sharp at both ends, and higher out of the water at the head and stern than amidships; about twenty to thirty feet long, and varying in breadth according to the make. At the stern, a planking, even with the gunwhales, reaches five or six feet forward, and is perforated perpen-

dicularly, by the "loggerhead," a cylindrical piece of wood about six inches in diameter, which is used for checking the whale-line, by taking a turn or two round it. On this, too, it is customary to cut a notch for every whale killed by the boat. The old-fashioned boats were generally made to pull five oars, the rowers of which were called respectively, beginning from the bow, the boat-steerer, bow-oarsman, midship-oarsman, tub-oarsman, and after-oarsman. Boats are now built, however, for the shore parties, to pull six, seven, and even eight oars. I believe an uneven number is the best, as, in that case, there remains an equal force on each side of the boat when the boat-steerer, who is also harpooner, stands up to do his work. The boat is steered by means of a long and ponderous oar, called the steer-oar, which leans on a piece of wood fixed to the stern-post, and is confined to its place by a strap reaching from the top of the stern-post to the end of the support. The oar, however, moves freely in this loop, and is generally covered with leather for eighteen inches of its length, to protect it from wear and tear. Close to the handle is a transverse iron peg, which is held with the right hand, and serves to turn the oar. The headsman stands up to steer in the stern-sheets, and exhibits great skill in the management of the steer-oar, which is twenty-seven feet long in large boats. In a rough sea, an inexperienced person would not fail to be thrown overboard by it, but a whaler manages it with great ease and grace. The oars pull between

thole-pins, which always have a small thole-mat and spare pin attached, and are also protected by leather. On the opposite side of the boat to the tholes, below the level of the thwarts, a piece of wood with a small niche is strongly fixed to the side of the boat. This is for "peaking the oars," or placing the handles into, without taking the oar out of the thole, so that the blade of the oar remains out of reach of the water, whether sailing or running, when fast to a whale. A boat in the act of peaking her oars to stop, is said to "heave up." The mast and large lug-sail are stowed, while rowing, under the after thwart, with the other end projecting on the starboard hand of the helmsman, who can thus stow or unstow it himself. A whiff, or light flag-staff, with fancy colours attached, is stowed with the mast and sail. The mast is shipped in the bow or second thwart, and the halyards are made fast to the midship thwart. These boats are very fast under sail, and will bear a great press of canvas. In the bow of the boat, a planking, similar to that in the stern, reaches some three or four feet aft, and has, at its after end, a notch large enough to admit a man's leg. This is to steady the harpooner while striking the whale. One of the forward thole-pins is called the "crutch," from having branches on it which support the harpoons ready for use. The harpoon is an iron weapon, shaped like the top of a fleur-de-lis, and barbed, so as not to draw out. It is placed on an ashen handle, five feet long, and its point is covered by a small wooden

case. The line is already fast to them, and communicates with two tubs in the middle of the boat, in which two hundred fathoms of whale-line are neatly coiled. Spare harpoons, and lances with oval, steel pointed heads, all covered at the points, are ranged under the thwarts; a light kedge is in the head-sheets; a water-keg and a bottle of grog are placed in the stern-sheets, with the pea-coats of the crew, and a box of biscuits, if they expect to remain out late. Sometimes a "spade" is added to the armoury of the boat; this is a sharp iron weapon, like a small baker's shovel, on a long handle. It is used by some of the boldest whalers to cut about the whale's tail, and render her less dangerous after she has been struck.

The boats are fancifully painted by their heads-men with mouldings of different colours, and a "nose" different from the body. In the nose is generally painted some fanciful design—as a star, a crescent, a ball, or an eye. The name, too, frequently figures along the outside of the stern-sheets.

The words of command are, as they need be, short and clear: one side is called the "two-side," where the two oars are in the five-oared boat, and the other, the "three-side;" but in giving directions, the headsman only says, "Pull, *two*; back, *three*," or vice versâ. The other terms of "head all," "starn all," "peak," "heave up," &c., require no explanation. These boats are remarkably lively in a sea-way, will run very long before a gale of

wind with safety, and will land safely through a very high surf. They often run on when they are obliged to reef the sail by fastening the weather-yard-arm to the gunwhale, and are believed capable of standing any weather, if hove-to, with the steer-oar peaked, under the lee of a raft formed of the oars, mast, and sail. Some years ago, two whale-boats reached Guam in safety from Drummond's Reef, near the Equator, where their vessel had been wrecked. During heavy weather, they had frequent recourse to this plan, in the course of their perilous voyage of two thousand miles.

The "try-works," or large iron vats for boiling out the oil, are also cleaned, repaired, or renewed, as circumstances may require; the ways for launching the boats are strengthened and repaired; the "shears" and scaffolding, with their tackle, the windlass, and planked way, used for cutting the blubber of the whale, are looked to, and made fit for use; the boat-sheds, dwelling-houses, cook-house, and cooperage, are made weather-tight against the winter, and the provisions and other "property" stowed away. The proper officers have been selected—such as cooper, carpenter, steward, cooks, painter, and "tonguer." The last-mentioned dignitary takes his name from having an exclusive right to the oil obtained from the tongue and other interior parts of the whale, in payment of his duty of "cutting-in," or dissecting the whale. To a large party there was generally attached a clerk, who kept the accounts of each man at the store—that is to say, that the men were all allowed

to run into debt at the beginning of the season, receiving clothing, tobacco, and spirits, at most exorbitant prices, so that the balance, if any, to be paid to them in money, at the end of the season, might be as small as possible. Then the station was provisioned with potatoes and fire-wood, bought from the natives; pigs bought, killed, and salted down, and every preparation made. * * *

The preliminary orgies are nearly over; the clerk stops the advances until something has been earned; the headsmen administers a severe personal castigation to some few notorious characters who grumble at this curtailment of their ease; the boats are practised every day in pulling and sailing; when, at length, one morning, early in May, a whale is signaled from a hill near the bay, where a look-out is constantly kept.

Three or four boats have quickly launched, and leave the ways at a racing pace; the boats of the rival stations are seen gathering towards the same point; and the occasional spout of the whale, looking like a column of smoke on the horizon, indicates the direction to be taken. A great deal of stratagem and generalship is now shown by the different headsmen in their manœuvres to be first "alongside." The whale may probably go for two or three miles in one direction, and then, after the various speed of the boats has placed them in a long file, tailing one after another, suddenly reverse the position by appearing close to the last boat. The six and seven oared boats have greatly the advantage, while the

chase continues in a straight line, but the short, old-fashioned five has the best of it, if the fish makes many turns and doubles. It is very common for some of the boats to dog the motions of that of a rival party, commanded by a headsman of known experience; and thus two boats may sometimes be seen starting suddenly in a direction totally opposed to that taken by the others, and a race shortly begins between these two, the rest having no chance. The "old file" in one of these two has guessed, from some circumstance in the tide, wind, or weather, or from some symptom noticed in the last spout, that the fish would alter its course a point or two; and another headsman, who has been attentively watching his movements, at last declares that "George is off;" and, with a fresh word of encouragement to his crew, follows swiftly in his wake. The chase now becomes animating: this last manœuvre has cut off a considerable angle described by the whale; her course and that of the boats almost cross each other, and the crisis seems approaching. The headsman urges his rowers to exertion by encouraging descriptions of the animal's appearance. "There she breaches!" shouts he; "and there goes the calf! Give way, my lads! Sharp and strong's the word! There she spouts again! give way in the lull!—make her spin through it! George arn't two boats' lengths ahead of us. Hurrah! now she feels it! Pull while the squall lasts! Pull!—go along, my boys!" All this time he is helping the after-oarsman, by propelling his oar with the

left hand, while he steers with the right. This is technically called "backing-up." Each oar bends in a curve; the foam flies from the boat's bows as a tide ripple as passed; and both boats gain perceptibly on the whale. "And there goes flukes!" continues the headsman, as the huge animal makes a bound half out of the water, and shows his broad tail as it plunges again head-first into the sea. "Send us alongside, my lads—now give way!—hurrah, my bonnies—hearty and strong!—hurrah! I'll wager a pint (there goes the calf again!)—I'll wager she tries out eight tun, if she makes a gallon! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, then! Three or four strokes more, and she'll come up under our nose. Stand up, Bill!" The boat-steerer peaks his oar, places one leg in the round notch in the front of the boat, and poises the harpoon, with line attached, over his head.

A new hand, pulling one of the oars, begins to look frightened, and flags at his work, looking occasionally over his shoulder; a volley of oaths from the headsman accompanies a threat to "break every bone in his skin if he shirks now;" and beginning to fear the man more than the fish, he hardens his heart, and pulls steadily on.

A momentary pause is occasioned by the disappearance of the whale, which at last rises close to the rival boat. Their boat-steerer, a young hand lately promoted, misses the whale with his harpoon, and is instantly knocked down by a water-keg, flung full in his face by his enraged headsman, who spares

no "bad French" in explaining his motives. Our original friend then manœuvres his boat steadily to the place where the whale will probably appear next. "Pull two, back three!" shouts he, following a sudden turn in the whale's wake; and as she rises a few yards in front of the boat, he cries, in rapid succession, "Look out!—all clear?—give it her!" and the harpoon flies true and straight into the black mass. This is called "making fast." "Peak your oars," says the headsman; the line whistles over the bow; a turn is taken round the loggerhead, to check the rapidity with which the line runs out, and the boat flies positively *through* the water, forming ridges of foam high above her sides. The men sit still, with folded arms, by their peaked oars, the boat-steerer with a small hatchet in his hand to cut the line, should any entanglement occur; and the after-oarsman occasionally pours water on the loggerhead, which smokes furiously. Now is shown the skill of the headsman, in steering the boat at this tremendous speed, and in watching every motion of the frightened whale. Now he gives directions to "haul in!" when the line slackens; now says, "Veer away again," as the fish takes a new start; and ever and anon terrifies the new hand, who can't tell what's going to happen, into a sort of resignation. The others seem to think the "running" rather a relief from work than anything else—they positively look as if they would smoke their pipes, were it not against all rule.

The whale rapidly takes the line; and the two hundred fathoms in the boat are nearly exhausted by its sudden determination to try the depth of water, technically called "sounding;"—but another boat of the same party, which had "hove up," or peaked her oars, when the chase was resigned to the two; comes up, in answer to a whiff hoisted by our boat, and fixes a new harpoon in the whale, as she rises to take breath. She soon becomes exhausted with her efforts, runs less rapidly, and rises more frequently to the surface; and the headsman at last foresees the lucky moment.

"Come aft!" he cries; and he and the boat-steerer change places. The boat ceases her progress as the whale stops to rest. "Down oars—give way!" are the orders given, in sharp, clear tones; and the crew, at least, the old hands, know that he is nerved for his work by the decision apparent in his voice, and the way in which he balances the sharp, bright, oval-pointed lance.

The whale seems to sleep on the surface; but she is slowly preparing for a move as the boat comes up.

He follows her every movement. "A steady pull! Row dry, boys!—lay on! Pull two, back three!—lay on! Head of all, lay me alongside!" and as the whale slowly rolls one fin out of water, the lance flies a good foot into the spot below, where the "life" is said to be. The quick obedience to his instant order of "starn all—lay off!" saves the boat from annihilation, as the whale swings round its huge tail out of the water, and brings it down

with a tremendous report. She then "breaches," or leaps and plunges in every direction; the headsman continues to direct his crew and boat-steerer, while he poises a new lance, and keeps out of the vortex formed by her evolutions; the assistant boat and a third one have come up, and being all of one party, watch outside the splashing for the best chance. One goes in, and having fixed a lance, receives a blow which smashes the boat and two men's legs; the third boat picks up the men; our first man at last gets steered into the vortex, gives a well-aimed lance in the "life," and retreats from the foam, which receives a roseate hue. The monster leaps out of the sea, flourishing her tail and fins, and strikes the water with a noise as loud as cannon. She wriggles, and plunges, and twists more furiously than ever, and splashes blood over the boat's crew, who still restrain their excitement, and remain collected in all they do. She is now in her "flurry;"—she is said to "spout thick blood;" and is a sure prize. The boat, by great good management, escapes all accident; and the headsman chuckles as he cuts a notch on the loggerhead, and gives the crew a "tot all round," promising the novice that he will have to treat the party to a gallon to-night, in order to pay his footing, on killing his first fish.

If the tide is favourable, all the boats of the party assemble, and tow the whale home; if unfavourable, she is anchored for the night; and the boats reach the ways at dusk. A rejoicing lasts till the middle of the night; the headsmen meet in the principal

ware at supper, and spin long yarns about their old whaling feats, the speed of their new boats, the strength of their crews, and the likelihood of a good season; the doctor, generally the runaway surgeon of a whaling-ship, who gets fed and clothed by all the neighbouring stations, attends to the broken limbs; and the little town gradually subsides into silence, now and then interrupted by the barking of a bull-dog from one of the huts, or the jibbering of a night-bird, as it flits across the bay. So passes the season; except that, while a whale is trying out the operation goes on night and day; alternate gangs, still commanded by their headsman, being on watch at the try-works.

Should a stranger visit the settlement on his travels, he is sure of a hearty welcome. The best of eating and drinking is placed before him; the steward and the women are ordered to attend to him while the boats are away, and the best *bunk* is prepared for him at night. For the information of those who do not know what a *bunk* is, I must explain, that it is a bed-place, built against the wall of a house, or ship. They are commonly arranged in double *tier*, like those in the saloon of a Channel steamer.

A whaler's house is generally built by the natives. It is either composed entirely of reeds and rushes woven over a wooden frame, or else the walls consist of a wattled hurdle, made of supple-jack, covered inside and out with clay, and the roof is thatched. A huge chimney nearly fills one end

of the house, and generally swarms with natives, iron pots and kettles, favourite dogs, and joints of the whale's back-bone, which serve as stools. A view of some fine hams, bacon, and fish, repays the exertion of peering through the wood smoke up the chimney. *Bunks*, with neat curtains, line the greater part of the sides of the house. A large deal table and two long benches stand in the middle of the hard, earthen floor. The rafters support spare coils of rope, oars, masts, sails, lances, spades, and harpoons, and a tin oil-lamp carefully burnished. Two square holes in the wall serve as windows, with wooden shutters for the night. The harness-cask (for salt meat), flour-keg, and waterbutt stand on one side, and a neat dresser, shining with bright tin dishes, and a few glasses and articles of crockery, on the other side of the door. On the threshold, an old mongrel pig-dog, scarred all over the head and neck by repeated battles, lies repelling the advances of a tame sow, and those of some begging natives, who have an equal desire to be allowed the opportunity of picking up anything which may have been left about inside. Two or three of the women are asleep, rolled in their blankets, against the sunny wall; and a few half-caste children are playing with the goats, or hallooing at the fowls and pigeons on the oily beach before the house. The great cleanliness and neatness which prevail in the house, and in the dress of the native women and their children, remind one of a Dutch coaster; these are evidently points on which the whaler is exceedingly particular. *Wakefield's "Adventure in New Zealand."*

LEGENDS OF PENRHYN PLACE, NORTH WALES.

THE fine mountain of Carnedd Llywelyn was conspicuous as we drove along the beautiful road, which became steeper and steeper as we proceeded, till on a sudden, the clouds clearing away, the summit of the awful Mount of Ereyri, or Snowdon, the great monarch of the heights of Wales, appeared above all others. We were on our way to visit a friend in the neighbourhood, who has a house in a fine position, above the road to Abergele, commanding a magnificent sea view. We enjoyed several charming drives along and above the shore, and looked again on the strange rocks of Cefn yr Ogo, where tradition says a witch sits at the furthest extremity, anxiously watching the heap of gold which she has made her throne; no one has ever yet arrived at this extremity, which, as the cave reaches all the way to Chester, according to received report, will require some resolution to find. The mine of limestone is said to be inexhaustible, and has probably been worked for ages, for here the harassed Britons sought shelter amongst the wild and dangerous recesses from their pursuing enemies, under Hugh Lupus, the great commander of Chester; and here, it is said, a great number of them perished. The huge vaulted entrance yawns high above the foot of the rock, like a cathedral doorway, and the

eccentric turrets of Gwrych Castle dot the face of the cliff below, as if they were the playthings of the giant of the cavern's children. One of our walks led us to the hill on which stand the ruins of a manor-house, to which a singular tradition is attached. There rises, in the midst of mouldering walls, a remarkably high chimney, which is sufficiently un-picturesque, but which is regarded with some awe in the neighbourhood, for its fall involves the safety of the heir of the property, who will be destroyed at the same time that it ceases to tower upon that height. The house was formerly the abode of Ednifydd Fychan, a celebrated general of the great Llywelyn's. A few ivy-coloured windows yet remain, through which the wide sea, dotted with vessels, and the castellated church of Llandrillo, are seen. From this Fychan descend the Vaughans and Pughs of Penrhyn Creiddyn, families of note in Wales. There is a story told of some former inhabitants of Penrhyn singularly confirmed by accident not many years since. Two sisters and a brother possessed the house and estate, but they did not live in harmony, and the brother resolved therefore to change the scene, and travel abroad; before he set out, as he imagined he might be absent some years, and felt that he could not altogether trust his sisters to recognise his identity, if time should have wrought much change in his then youthful appearance, he resolved to take some precautions which should prove his knowledge of the premises. His expedient was simple enough, for it was to place a needle

between one of the joists of the ceiling, in a small kitchen, and to drive the tooth of a harrow into a pear-tree, in the orchard. He departed; and year after year passed away, yet he never returned: his sisters remained in possession, and having little affection for him, were quite content that he should leave them undisturbed. At length, when they had long ceased to think about their brother, they were surprised, one day, by the arrival of a "wretched ragged man," who seemed entirely destitute, was worn and wearied, and to their consternation proclaimed himself the master of the mansion. They heard his tale with indignation, and insisted on his being an impostor; he, however, called several persons to witness what he could disclose, and pointed out the place where the needle was rusted in the wood, and the bark of the pear-tree had grown over the harrow tooth. His asseverations were nevertheless vain, and the cruel sisters ordered him to be ignominiously chastised and driven from the place. He retired to the cottage of a peasant near, who had no difficulty in recognising his young master, in spite of his altered appearance, and there he remained for a time, endeavouring to persuade his unnatural relations to do him justice. One day, he left the cottage, and his return was looked for in vain, nor was he ever seen from that moment. The sisters retained possession, but nothing went well with them afterwards; the blood of their brother cried from the ground, and it refused to yield its crops: the light-

ning descended and destroyed their sacks, the fruit-trees withered, and the flowers perished. They were hated and avoided, and no one witnessed their death. The family became extinct, and the estates were sold. The farmer who became possessor, many years after, having occasion to build a lime-kiln, discovered in a fissure of the rock just behind the house, which had been carefully filled with earth, a perfect skeleton, which was no doubt that of the unfortunate brother of the two murderesses. Another legend of Penrhyn Place is of later date. The family of Pugh, who then possessed it, were Roman-catholics; in their establishment was a priest, named William Guy, who was a gloomy and bigoted man; and preyed upon by his religious enthusiasm, he entered into a plan with others to exterminate all the protestants in the parish of Creiddyn, which includes all the district to the east of Conway, between the river and the sea. He carried on his machinations as secretly as possible; and it was agreed that a large body of men should meet at Penrhyn, in the dead of the night, and headed by the priest, should sally forth, and commence their work of slaughter on their unsuspecting neighbours. A man-servant belonging to the family at Glod-daith, not far distant, was attached to a young girl in the service of Penrhyn, and came secretly to visit her, while preparations were going on for the reception of the band of assassins who had been gained by the priest. A quantity of provisions was laid in, and much bustle had been observed by him

in the house. The lover easily persuaded the young girl to tell him her suspicions; and finding that some extensive plot was on foot, he hastened home, and informed his masters of the fact. An application was immediately made to the military in the vicinity, a troop of horse procured, and Penrhyn Place was invested. The conspirators had, however, become alarmed, and none of them were discovered. Guy himself was missing, and could not be traced; for he had chosen for his hiding-place a dismal cavern, ninety feet below the summit of the steep rock called Rhiwleden. Here he remained concealed for some time, till one day, as the searchers were hovering on the coast in a boat, they observed a light smoke issuing from the cave. With great difficulty, for it was nearly inaccessible, they gained the spot, and there they found the priest in his lair. He was executed in a field below the rock, for his guilt was clearly proved; and the arms intended to be used for the massacre were discovered in a cave which communicated with the house. Some years after this, the family deserted the unlucky mansion, and on examining the few articles left behind, the neighbours found an old chest, which, on being opened, disclosed a withered hand, supposed to have belonged to the priest Guy.

Miss Costello's "Falls, Lakes, &c. of North Wales."

ORDEAL BY DRINKING SASSY-WOOD.

ON landing, we observed a crowd of people, about a mile off, on the beach, and learned that a man was undergoing the ordeal of drinking sassy-wood. The Commodore, with most of the officers, hastened immediately to the rescue. On approaching the spot, we saw a woman with an infant on her back walking to and fro, wailing bitterly, and throwing up her arms in agony. Further on, we met four children, from eight to twelve years of age, crying loudly as they came towards us, and apparently imploring us to save their father. Beyond them, and as near the crowd as she dared go, stood a young woman, supporting herself on a staff, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, while she gazed earnestly at the spot where her husband was suffering. Although she took no notice of us, her low moans were more impressive than the vociferous agony of the former woman, and we could not but suppose that the man was peculiarly amiable in the domestic relations, since his impending fate awakened more grief in the hearts of *two* wives than, in civilized life, we generally see exhibited by one. Meeting a colonist, with intelligence that the victim was nearly dead, we quickened our pace to a fast run.

Before we could reach the spot, however, the

man had been put into a canoe, and paddled out into a lagoon by one of the party, while the remainder moved on to meet us. The Commodore ordered two of the leaders to be seized and kept prisoners, until the drinker of sassy-wood should be given up. This had the desired effect; and in half an hour there came to the Government House a hard-featured man of about fifty, escorted by a crowd, no small portion of which was composed of his own multifarious wives and children, all displaying symptoms of high satisfaction. He looked much exhausted, but was taken into the house, and treated medically with the desired success. When sufficiently recovered, he will be sent to a neighbouring town, where he must remain, until permitted by the customs of his people to return. He had been subjected to the ordeal in order to test the truth or falsehood of an accusation brought against him, of having caused the death of a man of consequence by incantations and necromantic arts. In such cases, a strong decoction of the sassy-wood bark is the universally acknowledged medium of coming at the truth. The natives believe that the tree has a supernatural quality potent in destroying witches and driving out evil spirits; nor, although few escape, do the accused persons often object to quaffing the deadly draught. If it fail to operate fatally, it is generally by the connivance of those who administer it, in concocting the potion of such strength that the stomach shall reject it. Should the suspected wizard escape the operation of the

sassy-wood, it is customary to kill him by beating on the head with clubs and stones, his property is forfeited, and the party accusing him feast on the cattle of their victim. The man whom we rescued had taken a gallon of the decoction the previous evening, and about the same quantity just before we interrupted the ordeal. His wealth had probably excited the envy of his accusers.

"Journal of an African Cruiser."

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE immense volume of water which distinguishes Niagara from all other cataracts, is seldom fully realized by the casual visitant. Transfixed by his emotions, he forgets that he sees the surplus waters of these vast inland seas—Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie—arrested in their rushing passage to the ocean by a fearful barrier of rock, 160 feet in height. He scarcely recollects that the tributaries to this river or strait cover a surface of 150,000 miles. Indeed, how can he bow his mind to aught of arithmetical computation when in the presence of this monarch of floods?

Niagara river flows from south to north, and is two miles in width when it issues from Lake Erie. It is majestic and beautiful in its aspect, and spreads out at Grand Island to a breadth of three miles,

like a mirrored lake. At the Falls, it is less than a mile broad, and, after emerging from its terrible abyss, flows on, of a dark green or violet colour, until it reaches the whirlpool. There, compressed to between 500 and 600 feet, it rushes upon a bed of sharp rocks, boiling and breaking with great velocity and suction. After many curves, it regains its original course, and, having cleared itself of every conflict and trouble, glides with a placid loveliness to the bosom of Ontario. Altogether, it is a most noble river. Sprinkled with many islands, of a depth of 200 or 300 feet, and in some places unfathomable, it flows between banks sometimes 500 feet in height, having a descent of nearly 350 feet from its efflux at Erie to its junction with Ontario. Not like those streams, which, at some seasons, run low in their channels, and at others, swollen with a "little brief authority," inundate the surrounding country, it preserves the uniform characteristics of power and majesty.

The rapids commence about three quarters of a mile above the Falls. The river, after passing Grand and Navy Islands, becomes suddenly compressed and opposed by ledges of rugged rocks. Over a succession of these it leaps with impetuosity. The total descent is not more than sixty feet, but the effect is grand and imposing. It is more picturesque on the American shore, where the water is less deep, and the conflict more palpable.

These rapids are exceedingly beautiful, and it is desirable to secure an apartment overlooking them,

where the traveller, in the intervals of exploration, may contemplate them from his window. They are an appropriate preparation for the grandeur of the principal cataract—a preface to a volume of unutterable wonders.

The intersection of the river at the termination of the rapids by Goat Island, gives to Great Britain and America a distinct, though unequal partnership in this glorious cataract. The former, or Great Horse-shoe Fall, has far greater breadth and quantity of water; the latter has somewhat more height, and is surpassingly graceful, though less terrific than its compeer. The intervention of Luna, or, as it is sometimes called, Prospect Island, causes another sub-division on the American side, and forms the Central or Crescent Fall, a cascade of surpassing beauty. The Great Fall, on the Canadian shore, is 2100 feet in extent, and 158 in height; the American, 164 in height, and, including the Crescent Fall, has a breadth of more than 1000 feet. In comparing the British and American Falls, we cannot do better than use the words of an English traveller, the Rev. Dr. Reed: “The character of one is beautiful, inclining to the sublime; that of the other, sublime, inclining to the beautiful.”

A bridge of 150 feet, constructed with immense labour and peril, connects the mainland of the American shore with Bath Island, from whence a shorter one of about thirty yards gives access to Goat Island. This extends half a mile in length, and a quarter in breadth, and is one of the most de-

lightful spots that can be imagined. It is covered with lofty and magnificent trees, and in its rich mould a great variety of wild plants and flowers find nutriment. It is an unspeakable luxury here to sit in solitary meditation, at once lulled and solemnized by the near voice of the everlasting torrent. It seems the most fascinating of all the haunts in this vicinity—the one where we earliest linger, and latest depart. We take leave of it as from a being of intelligence, to whom we have given our heart. It has shielded us when our senses were awe-stricken and overpowered, like the cliff where the prophet was hidden when that Majesty passed by which none can “see and live.”

Embellishments have been spoken of for this island—rustic temples and winding gravel walks. It would be a pity to see them here—a desecration to remove for them one of those trees which for ages have struck their roots deep in the soil, every green leaf baptized by the spray of the cataract. Modern decoration would but detract from its solemn beauty. A few seats placed here and there, beneath the deep umbrage, or at those points of view where the sight of the falling waters best blends with their thundering hymn, might be a convenience, as would also some improvements, for the sake of those of weak nerves, in the carriage drive around its shores.

At the entrance of this sweet and sacred solitude, a neat cottage with a fine garden attracts the eye, where flowers, fruits, and other refreshments, may

be obtained from a worthy couple, natives of Caledonia's romantic clime. It was pleasant to perceive the restrictions, on a board placed over the gate, that the hallowed day of rest would be exempted from this traffic. Here, and at other places in the neighbourhood, is a great variety of Indian fancy-work, in beads, bark, and porcupine-quills, from whence keepsakes for friends at home may be readily selected. The vicinity of the Tuscaroras, Senecas, and Oneidas, with the industry of their females, keeps the market well supplied for its various purchasers. The village of Niagara possesses sufficient accommodations, in its large hotels, for the throngs of visitants who resort thither during the summer. It has two churches, several mills, and about 600 inhabitants. A descent of 200 feet, by a staircase, brings you to the Ferry, which conducts to the Canadian shore. At the base of the first flight of steps is a delightful view of the American Fall. The beauty and grace of the watery column, so fleecy, so sparkling, so flecked with the brightest emerald hue, surpass all description.

The view from the boat, while crossing the Ferry, is unique and impressive. It gives the first strong idea of the greater magnificence that awaits you. You are encompassed by an amphitheatre of towering rocks and hills. Fragments of rainbows and torrents of mist hover around you. A stupendous column rises, whose base is in the fathomless depth—whose head, wrapt in cloud, seems to join earth

and heaven. It strikes you as a living personification of His power who poured it "from the hollow of his hand." You tremble at its feet. With a great voice of thunder it warns you not to approach. The winds spread out their wings, and whelm you in a deluge of spray. You are sensible of the giant force of the tide bearing up the boat, which, like an egg-shell, is tossed upon its terrible bosom. You feel like an atom in the great creation of God. You glance at the athletic sinews of the rowers, and wonder if they are equal to their perilous task. But the majesty of the surrounding scene annihilates selfish apprehension, and, ere you are aware, the little boat runs smoothly to her haven, and you stand on the Canadian shore.

Hitherto, all you have seen will convey but an imperfect impression of the grandeur and sublimity that are unfolded on the summit of Table Rock. This is a precipice nearly 160 feet in height, with flat, smooth, altar-shaped surface. As you approach this unparapeted projection, the unveiled glory of Niagara bursts upon the astonished senses. We borrow the graphic delineation of a gentleman (D. Wadsworth, Esq.) who, nearly forty years since, was a visitant of this scene, and thus describes it, from the summit of Table Rock:—

"On your right hand, the river comes roaring forward, with all the agitation of a tempestuous ocean, recoiling in waves and whirlpools, as if determined to resist the impulse which is forcing it downward to the gulf. When within a few

yards, and apparently at the moment of sweeping away, it plunges headlong into what seems a bottomless pit, for the vapour is so thick at the foot of the precipice, that the torrent is completely lost to the view.

“The commencement of the Rapids is so distant, and so high above your head, as entirely to exclude all view of the still water, or the country beyond. Thus, as you look up the river, which is two miles wide above the Falls, you gaze upon a boundless and angry sea, whose troubled surface forms a rough and ever-moving outline upon the distant horizon. This part of the stream is called the great Horse-shoe Fall, though in shape it bears more resemblance to an Indian bow, the centre curve of which, retreating up the river, is hid by the volume of vapour which rises in that spot, except when a strong gust of wind, occasionally pressing it down, displays for a moment the immense *wall of water*. This branch of the river falls much less broken than the eastern one, and being like all the large lakes, exactly of the colour of ocean water, appears in every direction of the most brilliant green, or whiter than snow. The face of Goat Island makes an angle with it, and approaches more nearly to a parallel with the western bank; when the second division of the river appears bending still more towards you, so as to bring the last range of falls nearly parallel with the course of the river, and almost facing you. These falls are more beautiful, though not so terrific as the great one. Still they appear much

higher, as they do not, like that, pour over in a vast arch, but are precipitated, so perpendicularly as to appear an entire sheet of foam, from the top to the bottom. Seen from the Table Rock, the tumbling green waters of the Rapids, which persuade you that an ocean is approaching, the brilliant colour of the water, the frightful gulf, and headlong torrent at your feet, the white column rising from its centre, and often reaching to the clouds, the black wall of rock frowning from the opposite island, and the long curtain of foam descending from the other shore, interrupted only by one dark shaft, form altogether one of the most beautiful as well as awful scenes in nature. The effect of all these objects is much heightened by being seen from a dizzy and fearful pinnacle, upon which you seem suspended over a fathomless abyss of vapour, whence ascends the deafening uproar of the greatest cataract in the world, and by reflecting that this powerful torrent has been rushing down, and this grand scene of stormy magnificence been in the same dreadful tumult for ages, and will continue so for ages to come."

The view from the foot of the Table Rock is, if possible, still more impressive. Standing on a level with the margin of the river, and gazing upward, you obtain a more overwhelming idea of the majesty of the flood, which seems to be falling from the heavens: you better realize the height of the precipice and the tremendous force of the torrent. Skirting the base of the Table Rock, you arrive at

the point of entrance behind the vast sheet of water, which those who desire to traverse, provide themselves with fitting apparel, which is here kept for that purpose. This magnificent cavern is often tenanted by rushing winds, which drive the spray with blinding fury in the face of the approaching pilgrim. Clad in rude garments, and cap of oil-cloth, with coarse shoes,—the most unpicturesque of all figures,—he approaches, striking his staff among the loose fragments that obstruct his way. The path is slippery and perilous; the round, wet stones betray his footing, and sometimes cold, slimy, and wriggling eels coil around his ankles. Respiration is at first difficult, almost to suffocation. But the aiding hand and encouraging voice of the guide are put in requisition, and almost ere he is aware, he reaches Termination Rock, beyond which all progress is hazardous. This exploit entitles him to a certificate, obtained at the house where his garb was provided, and signed by the guide. But should he fail of attaining this honour, by a too precipitate retreat from this cavern of thunders, he is still sure of a magnificent shower-bath.

From the Pavilion Hotel, which occupies the site of another of that name, destroyed by fire a few years since, is a striking prospect of the Horseshoe Fall, and of the river above it. The deep flood rolls on in majesty, yet reluctantly, like a monarch to his overthrow. You almost believe that it is a creature of intelligence, striving to avoid some impending calamity. It seems to turn aside,

and to gather itself up, as if to escape the plunge. Like our own frail race, it would fain draw back from the adversity in which is its glory. But enforced to the dreaded leap, it makes the plunge with an appalling majesty, amid the quaking earth and thundering skies. The carriage-road from the Ferry to the Clifton House was cut through a precipitous rock, with great labour and expense. It is perfectly safe; but those who choose rather to trust to their feet, will be rewarded, especially on the descending path, with such wild and bold scenery as might content them to forego the sight of the mountain passes of Switzerland. From the piazza and windows of the Clifton House are commanding views of both the Falls. That on the American side is here surpassingly beautiful.

Conveniences are here furnished for pleasant drives on the fine roads in her majesty's dominions. Most travellers are induced to go to Drummondsville, and visit the spot where the sanguinary Battle of Lundy's Lane was fought, on July 25th, 1814. A soldier who was in that engagement, if he does not exactly, like Goldsmith's veteran,

"Shoulder his crutch and tell how fields were won,"

is still prompt and happy to point out every locality where the hosts were arrayed, where the conflict raged most furiously, and where the earth drank the deepest draughts of the blood of her sons. He also guides to the burial-ground, where officers and soldiers rest peacefully in death's embrace, and re-

cites with peculiar emphasis a poetical epitaph on the fallen brave.

On the bank of the river, a burning spring is shown, which emits a stream of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which, being confined and ignited by the touch of a candle, sends forth, through a tube, a brilliant volume of flame. This might doubtless be rendered useful for lighting houses, were there any in its neighbourhood. But its position is isolated, and the slight tenement thrown over it was filled with a close, unpleasant atmosphere, which one would think must be insalubrious to the man who exhibited it to strangers. A draught from the spring, which was presented to us, was cold, and strongly sulphureous.

Between the Clifton House and the Pavilion is a museum, whose contents display taste and perseverance; a camera-obscura, which gives a miniature and prismatic view of the Falls, and also the nucleus of a menagerie. One of its principal curiosities was a pair of immense white owls, who fixed their large round eyes upon the company with imperturbable gravity, as if determined, by an extra show of wisdom, to prove their claim to the patronage of Minerva. Their captivity seemed neither so irksome, nor so contradictory to nature, as that of a bald eagle on the American side, who wears his chain with such a sad, abject demeanour as to pain the beholder. Methinks the king of birds should be left free to soar at will, in the dominion of the monarch of cataracts. Some of the most majestic

eagles have been found in this region. Numbers of smaller birds are often seen sporting on the verge of the mighty cataract, and dipping their wings in its tinted mist, with a strange enthusiasm of delight. Do they exult in the terrific shower-bath, which man may not approach? or listen with transport to that glorious thunder-hymn, which makes their loudest warblings like the breath of the ephemeron!

There is a variety of objects and collections of curiosities on both the Canadian and American side, soliciting the attention of travellers, which, though they must dwindle into insignificance in the presence of the everlasting torrent, furnish agreeable resources for intervals of weariness. For the senses are sometimes wearied, the eye aches with splendour, and the foot shrinks from climbing; but the mind is never satiated. There is a perpetual change of beauty and of glory, an excitement that never subsides,—a fascination that grows deeper and more pervading every day that you remain.

No one, unless impelled by necessity, should make a short stay at Niagara. A week scarcely suffices for its more prominent features. It should be seen not only at morn, at noon-day, and the sun-setting, but in darkness, and beneath the exquisite tinting of the lunar-bow. It is desirable so to arrange the excursion, as to meet there the summer-moon at its full. Those who have journeyed there in winter pronounce the scenery to be gorgeous beyond all powers of the imagination.

The lover of Nature's magnificence will scarcely

be satisfied without repeated visits to Niagara. The mind is slow in receiving the idea of great magnitude. It requires time and repetition to expand and deepen the perceptions that overwhelm it. This educating process is peculiarly necessary among scenery, where the mind is continually thrown back upon its author, and the finite, trying to take hold of the infinite, falters and hides itself in its own nothingness.

It is impossible for Niagara to disappoint, unless through the infirmity of the conception that fails to grasp it. Its resources are inexhaustible. It can never expend itself, because it points always to God. More unapproachable than the fathomless ocean, man cannot launch a bark upon its bosom, or bespeak its service in any form. He may not even lay his hand upon it, and live. Upon its borders, he can dream, if he will, of gold-gathering, and of mill-privileges; but its perpetual warning is, "Hence, ye profane!"

Let none, who have it in their power to change their places at will, omit a pilgrimage to Niagara. The facilities of travelling render it now a very different exploit from what it was in the days of our fathers, who were forced to cut away with their axes the branches intercepting the passage of the rocky roads. Those whose hearts respond to whatever is beautiful and sublime in creation should pay their homage to this mighty cataract. No other scenery so powerfully combines these elements.

Sigourney's "Scenes in my Native Land."

GLIMPSES OF THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

TO-DAY, as for many previous days, the water has been beautifully clear. The massive anchor and the links of the chain-cable which lay along the bottom, were distinctly visible upon the sand, full fifty feet below. Hundreds of fish—the grouper, the red snapper, the noble baracouta, the mullet, and many others unknown to northern seas—played round the ship, occasionally rising to seize some floating food that perchance had been thrown overboard. With my waking eye, I beheld the bottom of the sea as plainly as Clarence saw it in his dream, although, indeed, here were few of the splendid and terrible images that were revealed to him :—

“ A thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.”

Nevertheless, it was a sight that seemed to admit me deeper into the liquid element than I had ever been before. Now and then came the long, slender gar-fish, and, with his sword-like beak, struck some unhappy fish which tempted his voracity. I watched the manœuvres of the destroyer and his victims with no little interest. The fish (which, in the two instances particularly observed, was the mullet)

came instantly to the surface on being struck, and sprang far out of the water. He swam on his side with a circular motion, keeping his head above the surface. From time to time he leaped into the air, spasmodically, and in a fit of painful agony, for it could not be from alarm, as the foe was nowhere visible. Gradually his strength failed, and his efforts became feebler, and still more feeble.

The fates of the two mullets were different. One received a second blow from the inexorable gar-fish, which, for a moment, increased his agony and his exertions. He then lay motionless upon the surface, at rest from all trouble. The conqueror came a third time, seized his prey, and swam swiftly out of sight.

The other mullet, which rose half an hour afterwards, swam closer to the ship than his predecessor, and received no second blow. While the poor fellow was yet in the death-struggle, came two great sable birds, with bills, wings, and legs, like those of the heron. Flapping their dark wings in the air, they circled round, and repeatedly swooped almost upon the dying fish. But he was not doomed to be their victim. Presently, with his brown back, white breast, and pink bill, came flapping along a booby, and, without a moment's hesitation, stooped upon the mullet, and appeared to swallow him in the twinkling of an eye. The fish was at least six inches in length, and the bird not twice as much. How so liberal a morsel could be so quickly disposed of was a marvel to a dozen

idlers, who had been curiously observing this game of life and death to one party, and a dinner to the other. Certainly the booby carried off the fish. Borne down by the weight of his spoil, the feathered gormandizer alighted on the water—rested himself for a moment—rose again, and re-alighted—and in this manner, with many such intervals of repose, made his way to the shore.

“ Journal of an African Cruiser.”

JEWISH LADIES AT DAMASCUS.

YESTERDAY, being the Jewish Sabbath, we had an opportunity of seeing the ladies in their best attire, which is certainly very splendid. The head-dress is adorned with natural flowers, and entwined with a wreath of diamonds; two or three large drops of emerald fall over the forehead, while the hair flows in curls and ringlets over the shoulders and waist, or is plaited in innumerable little braids, each of which has a small gold coin fastened at the point. Sometimes these plaits are made of silk, as a substitute for false hair, which is very generally worn by the ladies. Several rows of beautiful pearls are suspended round their necks, but I never saw any of a very large size. The costume is Oriental: wide pantaloons, long, open skirt and tight boddice, cut very low in front, and pinched at the waist—the chemisette or tucker being of transparent gossamer. The most violent contrasts

are preferred. One of the ladies wore cherry-coloured pantaloons, a skirt of white cambric, embroidered with a border of coloured silk and gold; a satin boddice of bright green, and a striped Persian shawl tied round the waist; another wore pantaloons of a bright citron, a rose-coloured petticoat, and a black velvet boddice; while a third was dressed in an entire suit of sky blue, fringed with gold, set off with a superb purple shawl, by way of girdle. Perhaps you will say this does not sound amiss, and still less so when I add that the majority of the women are very pretty; and yet, whenever they approached me, my first sensation was that of slight repugnance. They paint themselves so odiously!—their eyebrows of a jet black, curved as a Byzantine arch; below the under eyelid, a black stripe, which extends to the temple; their cheeks of a pretty red, but very unlike the glowing hue of nature. Beneath this disfigurement of paint, the countenance has to be sought out. The contour of their figures is completely spoilt by their compressed busts, and the thick shawl wound round their waists; and what makes them appear yet more stiff, and even awkward, is the custom of walking upon kabkabs; these are low stilts or footstools, made of wood, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, about a foot high, and fastened with a leather strap to the ankle. Upon these they walk about in the house—whether it be to keep their dress from trailing on the ground, to add to their height, or to save their feet from touching the cold marble halls, I cannot say. Upon these kabkabs they even contrive to walk up and down



THE END

stairs, an effort which requires no little dexterity; yet, for all this, it is most ungraceful. The foot must always be put out straight, and the knee stiffened, otherwise, off falls this barbarous machine, the clatter of which is, besides, intolerable—far different to the quiet, noiseless step which seems to belong to a graceful woman decked with pearls and diamonds. When first I saw them, I involuntarily thought of clod-hoppers. One of these ladies, very tall and stout, and by no means pretty, dressed in the gayest colours, with a yellow shawl round her waist, which set off her large figure to the utmost disadvantage, towering above all the men, and clattering with her kabbabs, approached me very majestically. I was quite overcome! It was for all the world as if the Queen of Chess were stalking towards me, the whole length of the chess-board! and, thought I, shall I take a Bishop's leap, and get out of her way? The sight was all too overpowering! As it is indispensable to accustom your eye to the dark, before you can distinguish the objects around you, so, when standing opposite these ladies, you must overcome their violent contrasts of brilliant colours, before it is at all possible to discover their features. When my eyes were no longer dazzled by the glare, I was delighted to find that I was surrounded by pretty faces. The features of the youthful females are very soft and delicate, and, though they assume a sharpness with age, they never lose their delicacy. The profile from the forehead to the nose is particularly beautiful. Their eyes are disfigured by the painting around them;

they may be beautiful, but to me they were not attractive; they are neither eloquent in silence, nor animated in conversation. A salutation is made by touching the lip with the tips of the fingers of the right hand, laying them on the heart, and then mutually shaking hands. The ladies make these movements lightly and quickly in the air; but I, as a true German, cordially laid my hand on their painted fingers glittering with diamonds, and could not help thinking how much neater was the look of a Parisian glove. We took our seats on a broad divan; and the lady of the house, according to the Oriental custom, waited upon her guests, presenting each with lemonade and confectionary, and then with a transparent napkin, worked in silk and fringed with gold, which we passed over our lips. Pipes were not offered, as it was the Sabbath, on which the Israelites are not permitted to light a fire; on other days, the ladies smoke as well as the men, and generally use Persian nargileh. Here I can easily understand a woman's smoking: they are compelled to resort to it, to while away the time; and, indeed, if I were obliged to sit in my court at Damascus, by the side of a fountain, under oleander and orange-trees, decked in diamonds at eleven o'clock in the morning, with my hands before me, I am sure that, in less than a year, I should have recourse to the same antidote against ennui. Their days flow on from year to year, just as I have described it. The life of these wealthy females is perhaps the most easy and free from care in the world; their husbands

lavish upon them diamonds, pearls, and costly shawls to their heart's content, while they, in return, do the honours of his house with cold politeness. Some of them have a very imposing appearance; and one especially, in a gorgeous, yet chastely elegant attire, looked so queen-like and beautiful, that the fair Esther in the Court of Ahasuerus seemed to move before me.

Countess Hahn-Hahn's "Travels."

A HOT BATH AT ALGIERS.

I WENT attended by the French interpreter; we were carried into a saloon handsomely illuminated, and covered with mats, where they undressed us, and afterwards covered us with two napkins, the one tied round us like a petticoat, and the other upon our shoulders. Hence we were led into another chamber, which was agreeably warm, where we remained some time, the better to prepare us for the sudden excess of heat into which we were to pass. Next, we proceeded to the grand saloon of the bath, which is covered with a spacious dome, and paved with white marble, having several closets round it. We were told to sit down upon a circular marble seat, in the middle of the hall, which we had no sooner done, than we became sensible of a very great increase of heat; after this, each of us, separately, was taken into a closet of a milder tem-

perature, where, after placing a white cloth on the floor, and taking off our napkins, they laid us down, leaving us to the further operations of two naked, robust negroes. These men, newly brought from the interior of Africa, were ignorant of the Arabic spoken at Algiers, so I could not tell them in what way I wished to be treated, and they handled me as roughly as if I had been a Moor inured to hardship. Kneeling with one knee upon the ground, each took me by the leg, and began rubbing the soles of my feet with a pumice-stone. After this operation on my feet, they put their hands into a small bag, and rubbed me all over with it as hard as they could. The distortions of my countenance must have told them what I endured, but they rubbed on, smiling at each other, and sometimes giving me an encouraging look, indicating by their gestures the good it would do me. While they were thus currying me, they almost drowned me by throwing warm water upon me with large silver vessels, which were in the basin, under a cock fastened in the wall. When this was over, they raised me up, putting my head under the cock, by which means the water flowed all over my body ; and, as if this was not sufficient, my attendants continued plying their vessels. Then, having dried me with very fine white napkins, they each of them very respectfully kissed my hand. I considered this as a sign that all my torment was over, and was going out to dress myself, when one of the negroes, grimly smiling, stopped me, till the other returned with a

kind of earth, which they began to rub all over my body, without consulting my inclination. I was as much surprised to see it take off all the hair, as I was pained in the operation; for this earth is so quick in its effect, that it burns the skin, if left upon the body. This being finished, I went through a second ablution; after which, one of them seized me behind by the shoulders, and setting his two knees against the lower part of my back, made my bones crack, so that for a time I thought they were entirely dislocated. Nor was this all, for after whirling me about like a top, to the right and left, he delivered me to his comrade, who used me in the same manner; and then, to my no small satisfaction, opened the closet-door. I imagined that I had been a long time under their hands, but these servants are so quick and dexterous in these operations, that on consulting my watch, I found it had lasted but half an hour.

Blofeld's "Algeria."

PHYSIOLOGY OF CAMELS AND CAMEL-DRIVERS.

THE gait of the camel is as tiresome to the rider as anything can be which is not physically fatiguing. It is a very proud and important-looking stride, of vastly slow progress, to every step of which, regular as the pendulum of a clock, the rider, perched aloft on a pack-saddle, which is perched aloft on a hump, is fain to bend, as it were, in respectful acknowledgment. The effect of this is, at first,

very ludicrous, even to the performer. But after thus stalking and bowing for a certain time across the dead flat of a desert, without a chance, exert himself as he will, of mending his pace, it becomes exceedingly tiresome to him, particularly, oppressed as he is in beginning his journey at sunrise, with the sense that that pace must continue unimproved and unvaried till the setting of the same. To call the dromedary or the camel "the ship of the desert" is a great injustice to the ship of the ocean, whose every movement carries with it a feeling of life and sense, tempered by obedience; while the gait and manners of the other leave a notion only of the involuntary and mechanical.

I spoke, awhile ago, of the patient, long-suffering expression of the camel's face; but your opinion of the camel will, I think, change, as mine did, upon further and more intimate acquaintance. The truth is, he is but an ill-conditioned beast, after all. What you took for an expression of patience, becomes one of obstinate, stupid, profound self-sufficiency. There is a vain wreathing of the neck, a self-willed raising of the chin on high, a drooping of the lack-lustre eye, and sulky hanging of the lower lip, which, to any who have faith in the indications of countenance and action, betoken his real temper. Then that very peculiar roar of his, discordant beyond the roar of any other beast, which continues during the process of his being loaded, from the moment that the first package is girded on his back to when he clumsily staggers up upon his feet to

begin his lazy journey, is a sound betraying more of moral *dégradation* than any I ever heard from any other four-legged animal—a tone of exaggerated complaint and of deep hate, which the shape of his open mouth well assorts with. The dromedary is said to be to the camel what the thoroughbred horse is to the hack. But he who has ridden a dromedary will never again profane the qualities of a thoroughbred horse by using his name in any such company. The dromedary, it is true, is lighter than the camel, and capable of going much faster; but in temper and spirit he differs from him in nothing but in being even more obstinate. Though able to go at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, (and some are made to do it by dint of a rough education,) the dromedary who has not been from his early youth in the hands of a Tatar, or of an Arab of one of those tribes whose trade is war and plunder, cleaves to his favourite pace of two miles and a half. You cannot, do what you will, make friends with him, or coax him out of what he seems to consider as his privilege of thwarting and annoying his rider. He always goes slow, and whenever he can, goes wrong; if you strike him for any misconduct, he bellows, turns round, and lies down. If you, as the term is, “make much of him,” he behaves like an animal who cannot take delight in anything. He is never young. The yearlings, of whom you see large troops pasturing by the sides of their dams, wherever there is a patch of scanty verdure in the desert, never frisk. They have the same look, the

same action; they aspire to the same roar with those of the caravan. * *

And now a few words about his driver. The Arab of the desert, or the Fellah working in the fields, is, in many respects, higher in the social scale than the Arab of the town. The Bedouin, while he is among the sandy wilds, which are to him a home, is independent of all control, save of his wants, which are few, and his superstitions, which are many. Often with travellers, and with caravans of travellers, he is in a station of high trust, which naturally raises him in his self-respect. This establishes for him a certain code and sense of honour rarely violated while in trust, but never having reference to any engagement, save what he has formed with those to whom his services and good faith are formally pledged. These special engagements, and the general duty of hospitality to strangers in the desert of which he is master, (a duty, I believe, hardly ever betrayed or neglected,) are his only moral obligations. * *

Every Arab, whether of the town, or the fields, or the river, or the desert, is an indefatigable talker. He is lazy about business, but his real relaxation from labour, and his comfort while labour is going on, is in loud and rapid talk, accompanied with the most painfully restless gesticulation. All day, if travelling, his joy is to double himself up upon the top of the other burdens his camel has to bear, and there, with his pipe in one hand, and his beads in the other, to mutter and crone himself into a coma-

tose state. While he is walking at his camel's tail, he pours forth an endless, dreary song, always composed by himself for the occasion—always to the same air, if air it can be called, and relating to the number of travellers, and place of destination. For the first day or two, we thought it was some sacred canticle or prayer: it had a tone of psalmody. But all our respect for it was at an end when our dragoon thus translated it:—"We are twelve—four are Hawadjis: go on, camels, to Gaza. Why should we not go on to Gaza? We are twelve—four are Hawadjis," &c. &c. This, set to never more than three bars of very sad music, the singer repeats, over and over again, to the self-same tune and words, in which his companions alternately relieve him throughout the day.

But when the season of natural repose arrives, and everything invites to it—when the bread has been baked, and the rice boiled, and the evening repast concluded, and more fuel collected, and the fires made up for the night, and the groups of men and camels are well and snugly established around them, and the Hawadji, or travelling gentleman, within the tent, is wrapped up in that chrysalis state in which every man who feels he has a hammock or a blanket hopes, after a long day's ride, that he may remain undisturbed, at least, from midnight to sunrise—'tis then, sad man! that his Arabs, who surround him, have fairly entered upon active life. They shout, they sing, at the highest pitch their voices can attain. If there is a pause, it is that one

of them may tell a story, about nothing at all, a dozen times over, beginning, continuing, and ending each time to the same effect, and in the same words: how certain travellers, or how a certain sheik or pasha, or how a certain camel—but no matter what—the whole troop applauding as vociferously as if the story was a new one, which it never is—or had a point in it, which it never has. And thus they go on, sometimes breaking off for a firing of pistols and muskets, and a general howl, to inform the desert that they have arms. Then comes morning, and then the preparations to renew the journey. Then, after the violent debate which every morning occurs about how the camel-loads are to be re-adjusted, (an operation on which daily discussion and practice have been expended in vain,) those who ride fall asleep, as the day before; and those who walk resume the former chant about the number of their party, and where they are going, and the question, why should they not go there?

Lord Nugent's "Lands Classical and Sacred."

A PEEP AT MADEIRA.

OUR ship lies gently at her anchor. The Loo Rock rises fifty feet perpendicular from the water, at so short a distance that we can hear the drum beat tattoo in the small inaccessible castle on its summit. This rock is the outpost of the city of Funchal. The city stretches along the narrow strip of level

ground near the shore, with vine-clad hills rising steeply behind. On the slopes of these eminences are many large houses, surrounded with splendid gardens, and occupied by wealthy inhabitants, chiefly Englishmen, who have retired upon their fortunes, or are still engaged in business. On a height to the left stands a castle of considerable size, in good repair. High up among the hills, in bold relief, is seen the church of Our Lady of the Mount, with its white walls and two towers. The hills are rugged, steep, and furrowed with deep ravines, along which, after the heavy rains of winter, the mountain torrents dash headlong to the sea.

My remarks on Madeira will be thrown together without the regularity of a daily journal, for our visit to the island proves so delightful, that it seems better worth the while to enjoy than to describe it.

The annual races are well attended. During their continuance, throngs of passengers on foot, on horseback, and in palanquins, are continually proceeding to the course, a little more than a mile and a half from town. The road thither constantly ascends, until you find yourself several hundred feet above the sea, with an extensive prospect beneath and around. A tolerable space for the track is here afforded by an oblong plain, seven-eighths of a mile in length. Near the judges' stand was a large collection of persons of all classes—ladies, dandies, peasants, and jockeys. Here, too, were booths for the sale of eatables and drinkables, and a band of music to enliven the scene.

These musicians thought fit to honour us in a very particular manner. They had all agreed to ship on board our vessel, and, with a view to please their new masters, when three or four of our officers rode into the course, they played "Hail Columbia." We took off our caps in acknowledgment, and thought it all very fine. Directly afterwards, two other officers rode in, and were likewise saluted with "Hail Columbia!" Anon, two or three of us dismounted, and strolled about among the people, thinking nothing of the band, until we were reminded of their proximity by the old tune again. In short, every motion on our part, however innocent and unpretending, caused the hills of Madeira to resound with the echoes of our national air. Finding that our position assumed a cast of the ridiculous, we gave the leader to understand, that if the tune were played again, the band's first experience of maritime life should be a flogging at the gangway. The hint was sufficient; not only did we hear no more of "Hail Columbia," but none of the musicians ever came near the ship.

With few exceptions, the running was wretched. One or two of the match races (which were ten in number, all single heats of a mile each) were well contested. The first was run by two ponies—a fat black one, with a chubby boy on his back, and a red, which, as well as his rider, was in better racing condition. The black was beaten out of sight. The second race was by two other ponies, one of which took the lead, and evidently had the heels of his

antagonist. Suddenly, however, he bolted, and leaped the wall, leaving the track to be trotted over by the slower colt. Two grey horses succeeded, and made pretty running, but their riders, instead of attending to business, joined hands, and rode a quarter of a mile in this amiable attitude. Rather than antagonists, one would have taken them for twin-brethren, like two other famous horsemen, Castor and Pollux. To the ladies, this mode of racing appeared delightful; but the remarks of our party, consisting of several English and American officers and gentlemen, were anything but complimentary. The last quarter of this heat was well run, one of the horses winning apparently by a neck. The judge, however, a Portuguese, decided that it was a dead heat.

At one extremity of the course, the hill rises abruptly, and here were hundreds of persons of both sexes in an excellent position to see the running, and to impart a pretty effect to the scene. A large number of peasantry were present, dressed in their peculiar costume, and taking great interest in the whole matter. Both men and women wear a little blue cap, lined with scarlet, so small that one wonders how it sticks on the head. In shape it is like an inverted funnel, running up to a sharp point. The women have short, full dresses, with capes of a dark blue, trimmed with a lighter blue, or of scarlet with blue trimming. These colours form a sectional distinction—the girls of the north side of the island wearing the scarlet capes, and those

of the south side, the blue. In the intervals of the races, ladies and gentlemen cantered round the course, and some of them raced with their friends. Three Scottish ladies, with more youth than beauty, and dressed in their plaids, made themselves conspicuous by their bold riding, and quite carried off the palm of horsemanship from their cavaliers.

A sketch of Madeira would be incomplete, indeed, without some mention of its wines. Three years ago, when it was more a matter of personal interest, I visited this island, and gained considerable information on the subject. Madeira then produced about thirty thousand pipes annually, one-third of which was consumed on the island, one-third distilled into brandy, and the remainder exported. About one-third of the exportation went to the United States, and the balance to other parts of the world. The best wines are principally sent to our own country—that is to say, the best exported—for very little of the first-rate wine goes out of the island. The process of adulteration is as thoroughly understood and practised here, as anywhere else. The wine sent to the United States is a kind that has been heated, to give it an artificial age. The mode of operation is simply to pour the wine into large vats, and submit it for several days to a heat of about 110°. After this ordeal, the wine is not much improved by keeping.

There are other modes of adulteration, into the mysteries of which I was not admitted. One fact, communicated to me by an eminent wine-merchant,

may shake the faith of our connoisseurs as to the genuineness of their favourite beverage. It is, that, from a single pipe of "mother wine," ten pipes are manufactured by the help of inferior wine. This "mother wine" is that which has been selected for its excellence, and is seldom exported pure. The wines, when fresh from the vintage, are as various in their flavour as our cider. It is by taste and *smell* that the various kinds are selected, after which the poorer wines are distilled into brandy, and the better are put in cases, and placed in store to ripen. The liquor is from time to time racked off, and otherwise managed until ready for exportation. It is *invariably* "treated" with brandy. French brandy was formerly used, which being now prohibited, that of the island is substituted, although of an inferior quality.

Besides the "Madeira wine," so famous among convivialists, there are others of higher price and superior estimation. There is the "Sercial," distinguished by a kind of poppy taste. There is the Malmsey, or "Ladies' wine," and the "Vina Tinta," or Madeira Claret, as it is sometimes called. The latter is made of the black grapes, in a peculiar manner. After being pressed, the skins of the grapes are placed in a vat, where the juice is poured upon them and suffered to stand several days, until it has taken the hue required. The taste of this wine is between those of port and claret. There is a remarkable difference in the quality of the vintages of the north and south sides of the island ;

the former not being a third part so valuable as the latter. The poorer classes drink an inferior and acid wine.

The vineyards are generally owned by rich proprietors, by whom they are farmed out to the labourer, who pays half the produce when the wine has been pressed ; the government first taking its tenth. The grape vines run along frame-work, raised four or five feet from the ground, so as to allow the cultivator room to weed the stalks beneath. The finest grapes are those which grow upon the sunny side of a wall. At the season of vintage, the grapes are placed in a kind of canoe, where they are first crushed by men's feet, (all wines, even the richest and purest, having this original tincture of the human foot,) and then pressed by a beam.

Perhaps the very finest wines in the world are to be found collected at the suppers given by the clerks, in the large mercantile houses of Madeira. By an established custom, when one of their corps is about to leave the island, he gives an entertainment, to which every guest contributes a bottle or two of wine. It is a point of honour to produce the best ; and as the clerks know, quite as well as their principals, where the best is to be found, and as the honour of their respective houses is to be sustained, it may well be imagined that all the *bon-vivants* on earth, were they to meet at one table, could hardly produce such a variety of fine old Madeira, as the clerks of Funchal then sip and descant upon. In no place do mercantile clerks hold so respectable a

position in society as here ; owing to the tacit understanding between their principals and themselves, that, on some future day, they are to be admitted as partners in the houses. This is so general a rule, that the clerk seems to hold a social position scarcely inferior to that of the head of the establishment. They prove their claim to this high consideration, by the zeal with which they improve their minds and cultivate their manners, in order to fill creditably the places to which they confidently aspire.

At my second visit to Madeira, I find the wine trade at a very low ebb. The demand from America, owing to temperance, the tariff, and partly to an increased taste for Spanish, French, and German wines, is extremely small. Not a cargo has been shipped thither for three years. The construction given to the tariff, by the secretary of the treasury, will infuse new life into the trade.

The hills around the city of Funchal are covered with vineyards, as far up as the grape will grow ; then come the fields of vegetables, and the plantations of pine for the supply of the city. The island took its name from the great quantity of wood which overshadowed it, at its first discovery. This being long ago exhausted, considerable attention is paid to the cultivation of the pine tree, which produces the most profitable kind of wood. In twelve or thirteen years, it is fit for the market, and commands a handsome price. Far up the mountains, we saw one plantation, in which fifty or sixty acres had been covered with pines, within a few years ;

some of the infant trees being only an inch high. Thus, in the course of a morning's ride, we ascend from the region of the laughing and luxuriant vine, into that of the stately and sombre pine ; it is like being transported by enchantment from the genial clime of Madeira into the rugged severity of a New England forest.

In going up the mountain, the traveller encounters many peasants, both men and women, with bundles of weeds for horses, and sticks for fire-wood, which are carried upon the head. Thus laden, they walk several miles, and perhaps sell their burthens for ten or twelve cents a-piece. Articles cannot easily be conveyed in any other manner, down the steep declivities of the hills. In the city, burthens are drawn by oxen, on little drags, which glide easily over the smooth, round pavements. The driver carries in his hand a long mop without a handle, or what a sailor would term a "wet swab." If any difficulty occur in drawing the load, this moist mop is thrown before the drag, which readily glides over it.

The beggars of Funchal are numerous and importunate, and many of them wretched enough, as, in one instance, I had occasion to witness. With a friend, I had quitted a ball at two o'clock in the morning. The porter of our hotel, not expecting us at so late an hour, had retired ; and, as all the family slept in the back part of the house, we were unable to awaken them by our long and furious knocking. Several Englishmen occupied the front

apartments, but scorned to give themselves any trouble about the matter, except to breathe a slumberous execration against the disturbers of their sleep. On the other hand, our anathemas were louder, and quite as bitter upon these inhospitable inmates. Finally, after half an hour's vigorous but ineffectual assault upon the portal, we retreated in despair, and betook ourselves to walk the streets. The night was beautifully clear, but too cool for the enervated frame of an African voyager. We were tired with dancing, and occasionally sat down ; but the door-steps were all of stone, and, though we buttoned our coats closely, it was impossible to remain long inactive.

Near morning, we approached the door of the cathedral, and were about to seat ourselves, when we perceived a person crouching on the spot, and apparently asleep. The slumber was not sound ; for when we spoke, a young girl, a mere rose-bud of a woman, about fourteen years of age, arose and answered. She was very thinly clad ; and, with her whole frame shivering, the poor thing assumed an airy and mirthful deportment, to attract us. It was grievous to imagine how many nights like this the unhappy girl was doomed to pass, and that all her nights were such, unless when vice and degradation procured her a temporary shelter. Ever since that hour, when I picture the pleasant island of Madeira, with its sunshine, and its vineyards, and its jovial inhabitants, the shadow of this miserable child glides through the scene.

One of the most beautiful houses of worship I have ever seen, is the English church, just outside of the city of Funchal. The edifice has no steeple or bells, these being prohibited by the treaty between Portugal and Great Britain, which permits the English protestants to erect churches. You approach it through neat gravel walks, lined with the most brilliant flowers, and these in such magnificent profusion, that the building may be said to stand in the midst of a great flower-garden. The aspect is certainly more agreeable, if not more appropriate, than that of the tombstones and little hillocks which usually surround the sacred edifice ; it is one method of rendering the way to heaven a path of flowers. On entering the church, we perceive a circular apartment, lighted by a dome of stained glass. The finish of the interior is perfectly neat, but simple. The organ is fine-toned, and was skilfully played. Pleasant it was to see again a church full of well-dressed English—those Saxon faces, nearest of kin to our own—and to hear once more the familiar service, after being so long shut out from consecrated walls!

Sunday is not observed with much strictness, in Madeira. On the evening of that day, I called at a friend's house, where thirty or forty persons, all Portuguese, were collected, without invitation. Music, dancing, and cards, were introduced for the entertainment of the guests. The elder portion sat down to whist; and, in a corner of the large dancing room, one of the gentlemen established a faro-

bank, which attracted most of the company to look on, or bet. So much more powerful were the cards than the ladies, that it was found difficult to enlist gentlemen for a single cotillon. After a while, dancing was abandoned, and cards ruled supreme. The married ladies made bets as freely as the gentlemen; and several younger ones, though more reserved, yet found courage to put down their small stakes. I observed one sweet girl of sixteen, standing over the table, and watching the game with intense interest. Methought the game within her bosom was for a more serious stake than that upon the table, and better worth the observer's notice. Who should win it?—her guardian angel?—or the gambling fiend? Alas, the latter! She bashfully drew a little purse from her bosom, and put her stake down with the rest.

The currency of Madeira is principally composed of the old-fashioned twenty cent pieces, called cruzados, which pass at the rate of five for a dollar. Payments of thousands of dollars are made in this coin, which, not being profitable to remit, circulates from hand to hand.

"Journal of an African Cruiser."

ANECDOTES OF CIRCASSIAN BRAVERY.

THE Circassians possess surpassing dexterity in horsemanship. In the various equestrian games practised among them is one which I had never yet witnessed in the East. It is two horsemen starting off at speed, side by side, each clasping the hand of the other, and thus endeavouring to pull his adversary from the saddle. I tried the experiment, on one occasion ; but, as might have been expected, very soon had the worst of it ; for on presenting my hand, it was grasped with such force, as almost made me doubt, for the moment, whether or not I had by some mistake thrust it into a smith's vice.

In less than two minutes, my head was down to my saddle-bow. I held on like grim death, but gradually found my hold loosening, when my antagonist very considerably released me, by flinging my arm from him with so much force, that I regained my seat almost at the expense of dislocating my shoulder.

The experiment was perfectly sufficient ; and I inwardly resolved, previous to repeating it, to take a few preparatory lessons, and to experimentalize upon those whom I should discover to be equally ignorant, or more so, than myself.

Of the various noble families, the most renowned and esteemed is not of Circassian origin, but, com-

paratively speaking, recently transplanted among them: I allude to the illustrious house of Gheray. Several members of this distinguished race have served with and risen to the highest rank in the Russian armies. One of them, Aslan Hamed Gheray, at a very early age, acquired considerable reputation as one of their ablest and most efficient officers in the late Turkish war, as general of brigade in the army under Field-Marshal the Prince Paskevitch, by whom he was despatched, on his advance to Erzeroom, with a summons for the surrender of the town.

The pasha, unwilling to accede, yet afraid to refuse, had recourse to the expedient of raising a popular outcry against the envoy, which, like a true Oriental diplomatist, he anticipated would save his credit either way; with the Russians, in the event of their success, by throwing the blame of whatever might happen on the populace, whose infuriated passion he might assert he had been wholly unable to restrain; and if the reverse, by lauding to the sultan the tact and zeal he had displayed in his service, by thus, at one stroke, arresting the progress of the invaders, and depriving their army of one of its ablest officers. Unfortunately for the success of his plan, his highness on this occasion reckoned without his host; and no one ever so completely succeeded as himself in "catching a Tartar," as the phrase goes, in every sense of the word. The unsuspecting envoy had scarcely been ushered into the pasha's presence, and entered upon his errand,

before loud shouts and yells were heard on every side of the house, while missiles of all descriptions came crashing against the windows, at which, apparently greatly disturbed, the Seraskier presented himself for the purpose of repressing the tumult. But the general, however much accustomed he may have been to the slow routine of Russian military movement in the course of his career, had never lost the presence of mind, quickness of perception, and daring resolution of a mountain chief, prompt to determine, and swift to execute. Accordingly, the moment he was alive to the peril of his situation, he caught the pasha in the most heterodox manner in his iron grasp, by the Moslem's most cherished gift of nature—alike his pride and ornament—the beard, and dragging him to the window, drew a concealed pistol, which he levelled at his head, at the same time thundering out to the mob his determination, that the very instant one single person passed the threshold of the building, their ruler was a dead man.

The old sinner, now really frightened out of his wits, in desperate bitterness of alarm, bellowed out at the full pitch of his lungs to the insurgents to keep quiet and disperse, while he shouted to his guards to cut down, shoot, bastinado, and bowstring all they could lay their hands on, who did not immediately obey. This very quickly produced the desired effect, and in a few minutes not a soul was visible; satisfied with which, the general hurled the

pacha to the end of the room, and mounting his horse, rejoined the marshal's camp.

These noble families possess quantities of highly-tempered and richly-wrought arms of the old Milan workmanship. Though purchased by the Russians and others at enormous prices, they are rarely to be obtained, it being but seldom that their possessors (who regard them as heir-looms transmitted by their forefathers) can ever be induced to part with them. In consequence of this, the Cossacks and soldiery, after an action in which fortune has favoured them, occasionally realize large sums of money by the sale of the arms and accoutrements of their fallen adversaries; indeed, the usual price given for a coat of mail of the choicest make falls little short of a hundred pounds sterling.

These coats of mail are most exquisitely wrought in point of temper, as well as being light and elastic, fitting as close to the frame as a military surtout, only much less stiff and inconvenient. Of their great proof, some idea may be formed from the following anecdote, which, however incredible it may appear, was related to me by an authority on which the fullest reliance may be placed, not to mention, as another proof of its authenticity, that the invaders are not generally inclined to bestow too much praise upon their adversaries.

On one occasion, in a charge upon a Russian square, a Circassian chieftain, known to the Muscovite armies as a most formidable champion, in the

act of leading on his men, had his horse shot under him. When the ball took effect, the advancing cavalry were in full career, and not more than fifty yards distant from their opponents.

The animal still continued his onward course with unabated speed, almost close up to the bristling phalanx of bayonets before him, when he stumbled and fell, absolutely pitching his rider, till then unconscious of the accident, right into the midst of the hostile array! He rose on the instant, borne up, as it appeared, by the hostile bayonets, of which a score had apparently transfixed him, when, as if by a stroke of lightning, no less than three of the soldiers nearest him each fell successively a quivering corpse, cloven to the jaw by his powerful arm, whilst his own men, who were close behind, now crushed in upon the ranks, already disarrayed and confused by the incident.

The square was broken, the sabre plied its work with fearful vigour, the unfortunate infantry being mowed down like grass, in one indiscriminate work of slaughter, and the Circassian chieftain, rescued and remounted by his followers, with the exception of a few bruises and scratches, escaped unwounded!

Lieut. Cameron's "Adventures in Georgia," &c.

SEA-BATHING IN PORTUGAL.

ST. JOAO DA FOZ, or Saint John's, as it is called by the English, boasts of a club-house with a terrace before it, on the sea-beach, assembly-rooms where balls are held every week, and one or two billiard-tables, so that it has doubtless a right to consider itself a most fashionable watering-place. The principal amusement there, however, is the bathing, which is a public affair—all ranks, ages, and both sexes, enjoying an immersion in the briny ocean at the same time. There are two or three places of clear sand, with rocks on both sides of them, between which the sea washes up. Here, a whole village of little tents are pitched, with square frames, each of which is intended for the dressing-room of bathers of either sex. They may be seen issuing forth, the ladies being generally led by stout bathing men, the men by women, who accompany them into the water, while the rocks are crowned by spectators, sitting or standing, and the beach in front of the tents is lined with well-dressed ladies, sitting on a row of chairs, placed for their accommodation. The fashionable aquatic costume of the ladies is far from unbecoming. It consists of Turkish trousers, sandals, and a smock, or short gown of blue coarse cloth, while some have their hair dressed without any covering, others binding

it with a handkerchief, and mostly wearing large gold rings, depending from their ears. The dress of the men is much the same in colour, material, and shape, except that the coat is shorter, (indeed, I have seen jackets which did not meet the trousers on an overgrown grocer or tallow-chandler,) and they wear long, pendent caps of various colours, red being the favourite.

It is an amusing sight, and enlivening withal, to look at the rows of white tents, the beautiful girls and their elegant dresses, the crowds of spectators, each sheltered by a bright coloured umbrella, and some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, fat and thin, tall and short, old and young, in the water together, dipping and spluttering, shouting and shrieking, as the white-crested wave rolls towards them—some attempting to swim, others, fearful of being carried out to sea, clinging to their attendants' arms, and endeavouring to make their escape to *terra firma*. Here, an old woman, bearing aloft a little cherub, independent of any costume, to dip it a due number of times—there a bathing-girl, encouraging a stout old gentleman to venture into the water, after he has received the first souse on the head from the contents of a basin, to prevent his feeling the effect of the shock to his feet. Sometimes, three or four young ladies will go in together, or a gentleman may be seen gallantly leading some fair one of his acquaintance; but everything is conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum; so that, however extraordinary the style may appear

at first to a stranger, he soon becomes accustomed to it.

The most amusing scenes have passed, never to recur, when the friars came down to bathe. Some years ago, there was an enormously fat friar, who was ordered to take a certain number of baths at a certain hour in the morning, and it was the general amusement to go down and see him perform the ceremony. He had ten persons to attend him—six men, who stood on the shore, holding ropes attached to his waist, (for he had, conscious of his own floating qualities, a most pious horror of being washed away,) and four women, who accompanied him into the water. When they got him there, with a proper solicitude for his health, they took good care to make him perform his ablutions abundantly. While the men slackened the rope, they used to dip him and duck him most unmercifully, pressing his head down with their hands, like the Merry Wives of Windsor, packing Sir John Falstaff into the clothes'-basket. He dared not resist, for fear they should leave him to his fate, and they would not let him out till he had taken the prescribed number of dips, he spluttering, and crying, and praying, and swearing all the time. Now and then, though seldom, the same scene is enacted with a stout artizan, or a country farmer. The English ladies generally bathe by themselves, at some little distance from the general throng; there is also an admirable place, half a mile further on, where a pier has lately been run out into the

Atlantic, and there all the Englishmen resort, and are never intruded on.

Towards the end of the summer, many country people crowd to Foz, to take a few baths. Some have been directed to take a certain number; but time passes, the patient must return home—he has to take thirty baths, but he has only six days to spare, so he divides them equally, and undergoes five per diem, and feels rather surprised that he does not recover, entertaining at the same time considerable doubts of his physician's talent. The people living on the borders of the river come down in boats, with sheds built in them, whence I have seen a whole family issue, with bag and baggage, ready to occupy the first room they found empty. In the evening, the visitors either walk on the borders of the river, or on a terrace beneath the lighthouse, or sit on the rocks close down to the water. Such is St. João da Foz, a spot where I have spent many pleasant days.

Kingston's "Lusitanian Sketches."

THE END. .

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